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MONSIEUR GUIZOT

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

AUTHORISED ENGLISH TRANSLATION.

MONSIEUR GUIZOT

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

1787–1874.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,

MADAME DE WITT.

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TRANSLATED BY

M. C. M. SIMPSON,

TRANSLATOR OF 'NAPOLEON'S LETTERS TO KING JOSEPH;'
'MEMOIR AND REMAINS OF ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE;'
'MICHELET'S SUMMARY OF MODERN HISTORY,'
ETC.

IN ONE VOLUME.

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PREFACE.

'I AM weary of seeing my friends die,' said M. Guizot on the 29th August, 1867, as he stood beside the grave of his friend Herbet; and this thought was ever in his mind. While still young, he had lost many that were dear to him, and his old age was repeatedly saddened by the departure of those companions of his long life who preceded him into eternity. He even survived nearly all the friends whose public career had begun long after his own. Many of them might have told the history of their common lives: they died before him, and it became his duty to render homage to their memory. On several occasions he endeavoured to make known to the world the nobility of soul and the great intelligence of those who had passed away. Not one of them, however, stood more in need than he himself did of this last solemn tribute. His whole life was devoted to his country, and his country knew only his external life and

character. The most precious, if not the most splendid of the gifts bestowed on him by God were hidden within the small circle of those whom he loved. This is the reason why the public did not always understand his character, his motives, or his objects. It is this mistaken view which I earnestly desire to rectify. I do not propose to retrace my father's public career; he has already, in his Memoirs, written all that he wished to have said about it. It is *himself* that I desire to make known to a generation which soon will have ceased to be his. Some extracts taken from his private correspondence will, I hope, attain this end. I have not until now had the courage to make the selection.

NOTE BY THE TRANSLATOR.

'M. GUIZOT is never greater or more amiable than in his own family.'

These are the concluding words of Mr. Senior's record of our delightful visit to Val-Richer; and all who read the following pages will agree in their truth, and will acknowledge that Mdme. de Witt has nobly and completely fulfilled the task she proposed to herself of making known to the world her father *himself*, and thus preventing his being handed down to posterity as 'the stiff, tragical, and solitary personage that will end by becoming legendary, and as false as any other legend' (see p. 315).

No one, however, who had the happiness of knowing M. Guizot would have recognised him in the 'legendary' character here described by himself. Nothing could be more open and friendly than his manner, which at once set his youngest and most insignificant visitor at ease; his voice was in itself a

cordial, and neither age nor sorrow ever dimmed the brightness of his eye or diminished the vivacity of his mind. In the words of M. de Tocqueville, 'Guizot is always charming. He has an *aplomb*, an ease, a *verve* —arising from his security that whatever he says will interest and amuse. He is a perfect picture of an ex-statesman—*homme de lettres et père de famille*— falling back on literature and the domestic affections.'

It is with great diffidence that I offer this English translation to the public. I cannot hope that it does justice to the grace and spirit of the original which is so evidently written with the pen of love. Still I hope that its substance has been preserved, and that some readers may be grateful for this imperfect version of Mdme. de Witt's charming book.

M. C. M. S.

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MONSIEUR GUIZOT

IN PRIVATE LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

1787–1805.

CHILDHOOD AND EARLY EDUCATION.

FRANÇOIS-PIERRE-GUILLAUME GUIZOT was born at Nîmes on the 4th October, 1787. Both his father and mother belonged to old Protestant families which during the religious persecutions furnished several pastors to the *Désert.**

They were both young, and tenderly attached to each other. Mdme. Guizot (Sophie-Elisabeth Bonicel), clever, pretty, lively, fond of music and dancing, and excelling in both, obstinately refused to marry—according to the fashion of those days, and sometimes,

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* 'To retire to the *Désert*' meant, in the language used by the Port-Royalists, to shut oneself up in a narrow retreat.

'To go to hear God's words in the *Désert*' was the expression used by the Protestants when, after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, they assembled in out-of-the-way and desert places to hear their preachers, who were interdicted under severe penalties. (From Littré's Dictionary.)—TR.

even, of our own—for the sake of family or fortune. She often used to tell, laughingly, of a persevering suitor, whom she finally got rid of by singing to him a ballad of the time :—

> 'If ever I take a husband
> It must be from the hands of love.'

Mademoiselle Bonicel was one-and-twenty, and M. André-François Guizot had attained the same age, when they were married on the 27th of December, 1786, by a pastor whose ministry was still proscribed. M. de Rulhières and M. de Malesherbes had long been pleading the cause of the French Protestants. M. de la Fayette joined his efforts to theirs. In the Assembly of Notables he had the honour of supporting the proposed measure for granting civil rights to Protestants. M. de Calonne, prime minister of Louis XVI. at that time, introduced it, and the Parliament urged its adoption. At length, in the month of December, 1787, a royal edict secured to the French Protestants their elementary rights ; but the measure was not retrospective, and the birth of M. Guizot was never legally registered.

The long-endured sufferings of the Protestants naturally aroused their ardent sympathy in favour of the reforming movement which had obtained their liberty. André-François Guizot, already a well-known and distinguished advocate, followed the same impulse as his co-religionists: he took an active part in political meetings, where his brilliant eloquence soon attracted attention.

My grandmother, during her long and faithful widowhood, often said to her son, after he had taken his place among the great orators of his country: 'You inherit your talents from your father; if he had lived he would have become celebrated.'

But soon these generous hopes were disappointed. The consciences of all honest men were disturbed; and many who had entered joyfully upon the new path, found themselves obliged to stop or to retrace their steps: the Révolution fell into the hands of the Jacobins. The Reign of Terror began throughout France; it was felt most cruelly in the south, and those who sought to oppose its force soon became its victims. For several weeks in danger of his life, a fugitive from one asylum to another, protected by the devotion of a few friends, André-François Guizot was at length arrested. The gendarme who discovered his retreat had long known him—he was in despair. 'Shall I let you escape?' he said to his prisoner. 'Are you married?' was the quick response. 'Yes,' said the gendarme, 'I have two children.' 'And so have I,' returned his prisoner; 'but you would have to pay for me—let us go on!' A few days after M. Guizot died on the scaffold. At the moment when his sentence was pronounced, he recognised in the revolutionary tribunal some men that he had formerly known, and called on them to appear in their turn before the judgment-seat of God. More than one of his judges was made uneasy by his eloquence.

One consolation only remained to his wife in the calamity which ruined her life for ever. From the

prison in which he had been confined for several days, André-François Guizot wrote to her a long and tender letter, somewhat tinged with the exaggeration of the period, but nevertheless simple and courageous, like the heart which dictated it and the one to which it was addressed. Mdme. Guizot was ill, and not able to see her husband again: his children alone bade him farewell.

At her death, which took place in England on the 31st March, 1848, on the morrow of another revolution, that exhausted the last remnant of her strength, she murmured, in a voice still firm, in spite of her weakness, 'I am going to join him!' And those who paid the last duties to her remains, found upon her heart the farewell letter of the husband whom she had so exclusively and devotedly loved.

The prisoner's two children were brought to him at the 'House of Justice.' The elder, François, was only six and a half years old; his brother, Jean-Jacques, was two years younger. The remembrance of their father's person became gradually effaced, there was no portrait to fix it in their memory. My father, however, recollected his visit to the prison, and still more distinctly the day when the news of Robespierre's fall reached Nîmes. Mdme. Guizot was with her children on the terrace of her house, and she knelt down with them to thank God for the deliverance of France. Since the fatal day of her bereavement the young widow had not once appeared in the street. Mourning was forbidden to the relations of the victims — so many black gar-

ments would have betrayed the ravages of the Reign of Terror.

From that time Madame Guizot's life belonged entirely to her children. Her husband had asked her to live for their sake; she lived, therefore, but the indelible impression of her grief never faded from her mind. For a long time the sorrow which overwhelmed her weighed even upon her sons. Her passionate nature spent all its strength in the effort to endure her pain. The soft liveliness and gay vivacity which had distinguished her in early life, and which at times came back in the calm of old age, were succeeded by a certain austerity. 'I shed so many tears,' she used to say, 'in my little room. They say that weeping spoils the eyes—I ought to have become blind!' Her listeners looked with tender astonishment at her beautiful eyes, still brilliant and penetrating as they had been in youth. 'Yes,' she would reply, with a smile, 'I have indeed wept much.'

She had not forgotten her tears, when, forty-six years later, on her son's birthday (he was then ambassador in England), she wrote: 'I slept little last night, my dear son. My thoughts kept me wide awake, and I did not try to banish them. I was with you. I went back to the date of the 4th of October, 1787, to that day beginning with great physical suffering, ending in such exquisite, deeply-felt joy, both to me and to your excellent father, who was as tender to his children as you are to yours. I think I see him now, carrying you in his arms to

my bedside, agitated, his eyes full of tears as he said to me, "Here is our son, we shall love him dearly, shall we not? and our happiness will be greater than ever." I love to repeat to you these words with which every day of his life, I can attest, was in accordance. A noble, elevated, loving soul, an excellent enlightened understanding;—such was the husband whom God bestowed on me, my child, and I fully appreciated his worth. Alas! the days of misery soon came to overwhelm me, and it was with difficulty, with great difficulty, that I resigned myself to God's will. I had promised my beloved to live for our children, to supply to them his place as well as my own, and all my energy with God's help has been devoted to this task,—a long and hard one for my poor broken and often failing heart,—but the impression of my sufferings has never worn away, any more than that of the happiness which once was mine; the remembrance of that happiness has remained alive in my heart of hearts, it has been associated with all my joys and sorrows, and it has often helped me in bearing the burthen of existence.

'My dear son, this was the first part of my long life; during the second your trials have been added to my own, I have shared them all. You may, perhaps, not always have known how great was my love, but I do not think that any love could be greater. I say this without any pride, but with humility and gratitude; for I owe this gift of loving to God, who has bestowed it on me so generously that even now, in my old age, the spring has not yet dried up. Your dear children.

have found me as young and as loving as if I were only twenty. I bless God for it with all my heart. I wanted to speak to you of your father. I have, perhaps, done so too seldom, but I yielded to circumstances—you knew so little of him. And yet you are like him in many respects, and every time that I detect this resemblance it is to me a source of tender consolation. But what more can I now add to what I have already said? that I earnestly pray for you, that I implore our Heavenly Father to guard you—all this you know, my dear son; at nine o'clock, when the children are dressed, we will all four pray together, and each one will offer his own little prayer in his own way.'

The passionate devotion which inspired the whole life of Mdme. Guizot claimed her energies at the moment when the most terrible grief had taken possession of her soul. All around her was nothing but suffering. Her mother had fifteen children, of whom she was the eldest; several died in infancy; two daughters, one in the flower of her youth, the other, almost a child, died during those bitter days, shattered by the violent convulsions which agitated at that time every life. M. Guizot remembered his young aunts, and the void created in the house by their death.

My father and his brothers, however, did not suffer; they yielded a willing obedience to their mother's authority, even taking her part against the weak indulgence of their grand parents. An extraordinary power of command became henceforth the

principal feature in Mdme. Guizot's character; she exercised it with all the ardour of a strong mind sorely stricken but rigidly bracing itself to endure the weight of sorrow and responsibility. The education of her children was her principal occupation; France at that time offered few resources; among the vague projects which passed through the minds of the chiefs of the Revolution, public instruction had held a place more apparent than real, and the central schools established in several directions failed to answer the end they had in view. Mdme. Guizot resolved to leave everything in order to seek at Geneva the means of education which were wanting at Nîmes.

It is a distinguishing feature in the work of Calvin that every institution founded by him has withstood, in a remarkable degree, the effects of time. In 1799, when Mdme. Guizot arrived at Geneva with her two children, and accompanied by her father, who was anxious to settle her in her new abode, she found the *Gymnasium* and the *Auditories* as they were called, conducted in the same way as they were in the sixteenth century, under the powerful influence of their founder.

Mdme. Guizot's education, like that of most of the young girls of the period, had been somewhat superficial. She had, however, the good fortune to meet in her early youth with an intelligent teacher, who inspired her with an ardent love for learning, the traces of which remained to the very end of her life. She was also animated by a firm resolution to cultivate in her sons, especially the elder one, the natural.

gifts which were already perceptible. François Guizot was eleven years old when his mother established herself at Geneva; but he was hardly six when his mother found him one day standing on the ledge of the bookcase passionately declaiming the imprecations of Camille* which had captivated his imagination. He did not, however, preserve any very definite recollections of his childhood and his early studies; the strong will and absolute direction of his mother entirely absorbed his existence.

Mdme. Guizot established herself in a small house opposite to the one inhabited by the Professor who directed the education of her sons; she was present at all their lessons, she took part in all their work, she studied for and with her children; sometimes in the winter when the severe climate of Geneva covered their little hands with chilblains the mother wrote their exercises from their dictation. My father preserved several copybooks thus written.

They led a hard and simple life. Mdme. Guizot's small fortune suffered from the disturbed state of France; the system of 'assignats' had diminished the resources of the country. The mother resolved to devote all she had to the education of her children. Their table was plainly served: Mdme. Guizot had no assistance in the household work, except that of a woman who came in for a few hours every day; but, on the other hand, her sons attended the lectures of the best professors; they took lessons in riding,

* Corneille's tragedy, *Les Horaces*.—Tr.

swimming, and drawing; at the same time she made them learn a trade, in accordance with the teaching of Rousseau, to which the violent shocks sustained by French society during the Revolution had given practical influence. François Guizot became a skilful joiner, and excelled in turning.

Year after year went by, actively and usefully employed, so austerely devoted to work and duty, that M. Guizot's mind never lost the impression it then received. His mother seldom left her home; she could not bear society. Music, which she had once passionately loved, was now painful to her—even in church she could not bear it: the art, however, retained so great an influence over her that when, towards the end of her life, she was present at a concert at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*, in which the artists from the 'Conservatoire' took part, her nerves were shaken for several days. Now and then during the summer she accompanied her sons in their excursions round the Lake of Geneva; the extreme beauty of the scenery exercised a soft and powerful influence over her mind. This sort of enjoyment never ceased to please and to soothe her. At the age of eighty her eyes would sparkle at the sight of a new wild flower.

CHAPTER II.

1805–9.

LAW STUDIES AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

In 1805 M. Guizot's education was finished, as far as an education can be finished at the age of eighteen. His mother enjoyed his success, with all the intensity of her passionate heart.

She had known him so absorbed in his work that his companions in vain attempted to divert his attention by all sorts of practical jokes. It was one of their chief amusements to pull his hair or pinch his arms, without ever succeeding in making him raise his eyes. More than once his coat-tails had remained in the hands of his persecutors. Yet it was only after he had entered the philosophical school, in the last year of his sojourn at Geneva, that the young man awakened to the sense of his own powers—of his personal existence. 'My recollections go back no further,' M. Guizot was in the habit of saying; 'it was then only that I began to live.' He preserved all his abstracts of M. Peschier's course of lectures.

The time had come for a cruel separation. Mdme. Guizot returned to her parents at Nîmes, in the

course of the summer of 1805. She preserved the companionship of her second son, but the elder was obliged to go to Paris to commence his law studies, accompanied by one of his fellow-students, who became a faithful and life-long friend—M. Achille de Daunant.

M. Guizot had a taste for literature, poetry, and the serious branches of learning; he soon exhibited a decided turn for politics. Neither the one nor the other of these inclinations pleased his mother, who did not consider literature as a serious career, and who regarded politics with the terror of a wife whose husband had fallen a victim to the Revolution. He was, therefore, to be an advocate, like his father. He studied law conscientiously, but without taking pleasure in it. Moreover, his life was a sad one in other respects, and his isolation weighed upon him heavily. He frequently wrote to his mother long letters, marked private, which were not, like his other letters, to be communicated to the rest of the family.

On the 20th November, 1806, he attained the age of nineteen: his temperament was melancholy and his will determined, he was as austere in his opinions as in his conduct.

In the early days of the Empire, and while the license permitted during the Directory had still left its traces everywhere, he wrote to Mdme. Guizot:

'I sent off a long letter to you this morning, my dear mother, and this evening I feel that I must write to you again: this quiet and solitary life

leaves me abundant time for reflection; my ideas are no longer scattered, and my convictions strengthen by concentration. If I did not write to you I should be restless and unhappy. You are the only person to whom I can open my mind without fear; if I can, I shall write to you every day, and I will send off my letters every week in a single packet.

'You will see in them a faithful picture of my thoughts and opinions; you may, perhaps, find in them apparent, sometimes even real, inconsistencies. Do not be surprised: I know nothing more uncertain than the human mind, and if a man had not some steadfast principles to cling to from time to time, he could not reckon for a single instant upon his actions or his desires.

'I possess these rallying points, and I consider this to be a great happiness; God and the religion of Christ are my guides; Moral Law is the law to which I would refer every question. I look upon every temptation to step aside as a danger, and I disregard every path which does not lead me back to the right road. I have one quality which is, perhaps, favourable to my principles, although it is often reviled by the world—obstinacy. I may be wrong, but whenever I think that I am right, the whole universe has no influence upon my opinions; to change them I must be convinced that I am wrong, so that I am always obliged to be in earnest, and I hope that I shall never fail in this respect. I never put forward my opinions unless I think them better than those of others, and this I

daresay gives me the appearance of pride. It may indeed be only through pride that I carefully avoid all discussion with those who do not seem to me to share, in reality, my opinions: there is a want of candour in arguing when one is determined not to join the ranks of one's opponents; in short, I always intend to hold fast, and to proclaim openly, my principles of morality, of religion, and of virtue. I found that I had sensibly weakened them by making some concessions which were recommended to me; I began to consider my steadfastness as exaggerated, and I was beginning to howl with the wolves. I wish to preserve myself from this contagion, even if I should fall into extreme severity. It is less hurtful to my character than extreme weakness.

'As all things diminish and become weaker with time, the man who at twenty professes the doctrines of Epicurus will have neither principles nor vigour left at fifty; it was reserved for the century which professed extreme sensibility to set forth as maxims the cowardly and effeminate opinions which destroy morality on pretence of softening manners—and to worship as divine a love without energy; by trying to make virtue wear a perpetual smile all strength has been taken out of it; the age was so amiable that it could not be virtuous; people were so polite that they left off being sincere; women were so much courted that they ceased to be loved; they had been so much flattered that it was necessary to grow like them in order to please them; tenderness was every-

thing, every sentiment that was not tender was banished. The charms of virtue were no longer felt in this sentimental mania; the very name of duty terrified these polite sybarites; independence was their God, yet they themselves hung upon a word or a smile, and were the slaves of their least desires as of their most trifling annoyances. I cannot help being indignant when I think of the perpetual efforts they made to remove all the thorns from virtue: they could not rise to her level, so they tried to pull her down to their own; they no longer possessed the courage to overcome obstacles, and convenient moralists undertook to smoothe over difficulties in order to tranquillise timid consciences. Let us leave to virtue all her difficulties, and at the same time let us redouble our efforts to conquer them: there are many brambles on the road to heaven—the path which leads thither is not strewn with flowers.'

It was the remembrance of the inflexibility of his early youth, and of the benefit which he derived from it, which made M. Guizot, in later life, indulgent to young people whose gravity was beyond their years, when he heard them blamed for their narrowness and intolerance. 'Let them alone,' he used to say, 'they have plenty of time to lower their tone.' Not two years afterwards the young man, although still imbued with the same aspirations and resolutions, seemed to have a juster appreciation of the weakness of human nature and of the absolute necessity for divine aid. He wrote to his mother on the 4th

January, 1809: 'I know not why I am so serious, I might almost say sad, to-day. Few days are to my mind so solemn as the one that begins the new year. When we look back upon the year which has just passed away, we find that it has been for us so different from what it ought to have been, so full of faults—perhaps serious faults—that it is impossible not to tremble for the one about to follow. The weakness of our resolutions, our vacillations of purpose, distress, and sometimes frighten, me. The older I grow the more I feel how essential is religion to give man the energy and love of goodness which he needs. I am convinced that without religion, without the continual help of God, man can never succeed in wiping out the original stain which defiles his nature, nor attain to the holiness and purity which ought to be in him who would worship God in spirit and in truth. The idea that the moment in which we commit a fault escapes and carries away its consequences beyond the possibility of recall, is terrible; it would be enough to paralyse our faculties, if faith did not in a measure restore our confidence. It is like passing from Hell to Heaven when we leave the spectacle of our weakness and our faults, to contemplate in Jesus Christ the model of what God intended man to become. It is delightful to think of this ideal of human perfection; it fills without agitating, humbles without overwhelming, the human heart, and gives us at the same time strength, courage, consolation, and hope.

'I know of no enjoyment so great as that of meditating on the divine character of Christ—on the goodness of God in giving it to man to be a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path. Weary of the vices, the errors, the degradation it meets in every direction, the soul turns with inexpressible happiness to the beloved Saviour, stained by no vice, misled by no error, untouched by any imperfection. I will not allow myself to enlarge upon this subject; it is for me an abundant source of thought and feeling, and I dare not in the attempt to express it plunge into that ocean of beauty and perfection, the fulness of which dwells in God alone. But what I rejoice in telling you, because I rejoice in feeling it, is this,—that every year confirms my convictions and my hopes, every new thing that I learn strengthens my faith in Christ's Gospel. I have never been ashamed to acknowledge this, and I never shall be. It is inconceivable that we should not dare to own how powerfully our being is penetrated and influenced by the Divine Image. The strongest proof of the degradation of man is that he has sometimes blushed to acknowledge that the source of all his happiness and his glory ought to be in Jesus Christ.'

Sixty-four years later, in the month of December, 1873, M. Guizot began his will by a declaration of his religious belief, and expressed strongly and briefly the results of the experience of his long life, which confirmed the blessed hopes of early youth.

'I have examined, I have doubted, I have believed

that the human mind had power enough to solve the problems presented by man and by the universe, and that the human will had force enough to regulate human life according to the dictates of law and morality. After a long life spent in thought and action I became, and I am still, convinced that neither the universe is competent to regulate its own movements, nor man to govern his own destiny, by means only of the permanent laws by which they are ordered. It is my profound conviction that God, Who created the universe and man, governs, preserves, and modifies them either by the action of general laws, which we call natural, or by special acts which we call supernatural, and which, as well as the general laws, are the emanations of His free and perfect wisdom and His infinite power; we are permitted to discern them in their effects, and forbidden to understand them in their essence and design. I have therefore returned to the faith of my childhood. I am still firmly attached to the use of my reason and to the free will which are my gifts from God, and my birthright and my title of honour upon earth, yet I have learned to feel myself a child in the hands of God, and sincerely resigned to my large share of ignorance and weakness.

'I believe in God and worship Him without attempting to understand Him. I see His presence and His action not only in the unchangeable law of the universe and in the secret life of the soul, but in the history of human society; and especially in the Old and New Testament—those records of revelation and

of the Divine action in the mediation and sacrifice of our Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation of the human race. I bow before the mysteries of the Bible and the Gospel, and I refrain from the discussions and scientific solutions by means of which men have tried to explain them. I have a firm faith that God allows me to call myself a Christian; and I am convinced that when I shall, as will soon be my lot, enter into the full light of day, I shall see how purely human is the origin, and how vain are most of the discussions in this world concerning the things which are divine.'

CHAPTER III.

1809–12.

LITERARY AND SOCIAL OCCUPATIONS.

When in 1809 M. Guizot professed so openly his belief in Christianity, he had for some time been subject to an influence which was calculated to strengthen and enlighten his religious convictions. M. Stapfer, formerly Swiss Minister in Paris, a man as learned as he was excellent, had made a friend of M. Guizot, attracted to him by his having been brought up at Geneva, and by his earnest devotion to duty. M. Stapfer pitied also the young man's isolated position in Paris, and the distaste he felt in carrying on his difficult and ill-directed studies. M. Stapfer was not contented with giving the assistance of his advice and experience. With a kindness that my father never forgot, he took him to his home, introduced him to his family, and admitted him as a guest for several months to his country house, *Bel-Air*, on the outskirts of Paris. M. Stapfer's kindness did not stop here. He recognised in M. Guizot those rare mental faculties which it is a vain attempt to repress or turn from their bent; perhaps the young man had already con-

fided to him the regret which he felt so acutely when he wrote to his mother on the 23rd of November, 1806 :

'I do not know how I chanced to open the drawer to which I had banished the first attempts of my pen. I was not able to resist the temptation of reading some of them, and it made me sad to do so. I possess talents, but I cannot yield to their impulse, I cannot devote my youth to studying the art of writing, and all that appertains to it, so as to enable me in my riper years to give free expression to my ideas. I shall never be able to recover the time which I might have spent with so much satisfaction; it will never come back. Must I then be, in every way, thwarted by circumstances? I was intended by nature for a distinguished man of letters; I am sometimes devoured with the longing to write if it were only for myself; I am oppressed by my thoughts, and I am continually occupied in resisting my inclinations. Now that I have taken my resolution I shall not go back; but I cannot always stifle my regret. I ought to throw into the fire all those early essays, of which the sight annoys me, but I cannot make up my mind to do so, it irritates me to look at them. I feel drawn towards literature and poetry by a charm which makes me miserable. Do not fear that I shall yield to it. I have said good-bye to them for a long time, perhaps for ever, but do not be angry if I sometimes speak to you of the fire that consumes me. I shall long continue to suffer from it. I should soon be settled if I might only choose my work; but all men cannot

follow their wishes; this happiness is reserved for the select few.'

Thanks to M. Stapfer, this envied happiness became the lot of M. Guizot. His mother at last consented to set him free to devote himself to literary work, and it was under the direction of this excellent friend that he returned to the studies which he himself felt had been left incomplete. Henceforth he was happy, and his joy redoubled his diligence. 'Since the new year began,' he wrote to his mother from Bel-Air, on the 25th of April, 1808, 'I have only to tell you of a happiness as real and delightful as it is deep and lasting; how eagerly I would close the bargain if God would allow me to continue in the same position all my life long, without any change! If I could only have you with me, all my desires would be fulfilled; I enjoy a happiness beyond my expectations or my hopes; it is without alloy, without effort; everything around me suggests well-being and repose. To-day I am here alone with the children. A—— is quite well now, but how anxious her poor mother was about her while we were in Paris! However, God had mercy on us. I could not love my own children more than I love these, the bare idea of anything happening to them freezes my blood, and they amply return my affection, the dear little ones are quite happy with me, we talk, I make them work a little, I tell them stories. The only thing wanting to my happiness is to have you with me.'

A few months later M. Guizot was absorbed by

various and important works; he was twenty-two years of age, and he already bore the salutary burthen of necessary toil, which was to continue to be his portion always. 'I am grieved at not having written to you before,' he says to his mother on the 21st January, 1810. 'I have been, and am still, so overpowered with business that I can scarcely find time for letter-writing. At length I made up my mind to shut myself up for ten days entirely alone in the country. All the family, including the children, are in Paris; and I came hither last night to spend this week in trying to get on a little with my work. If you could see for yourself all that I have to do, and all that I am doing, you would not scold me for being behindhand in my correspondence with everyone but you.

'I will give you an accurate description of it: I reckoned upon having plenty of time for my *Travels in Spain**—not at all—the publishers are anxious to bring it out, because the moment appears to be favourable. I shall hurt their interests if I am in arrear, and I am obliged to deliver the manuscripts to be printed very quickly, to say nothing of correcting the proofs, which occasions always a considerable loss of time. After this comes Gibbon,† for which Maradan is on his side very pressing, and which ought to be in a more forward state; I

* My father was translating at this time a volume of *Travels in Spain* by Rehfus.

† These notes on Gibbon are reproduced in all the recent English editions of the work of the great historian.

have promised two parts before the 15th of April, and I wish to keep my word; I attach importance to this work; it is already talked of, and asked for in Germany. I am told, both by word and by letter, that I shall render a great service; it must be well done, and the task is a long one, all the more that the necessary materials are not all to be found in France. At present I am occupied with the history of the different heresies. The *Dictionary of Synonyms* is no less pressing, the first part must be finished by the 1st of April; the time is short, I am beginning to work at it. Besides all this, there is the *Mercure*, which I will not give up. Le Breton, with whom I breakfasted last Thursday, paid me all sorts of compliments, seemed enchanted with my first article, and asked me for three or four more as quickly as possible, that he may be able to give me a fixed position. I shall give him three articles on the *Ancient History of Prussia*, by Kotzebue, a book which has just appeared, and which is not yet translated; and then a biography of the historian Müller, after which I hope that my position will be assured. Add to these my regular work for the newspapers, and lastly, my daily lessons, and you will see that my time is more than filled up, that very little of it remains at my own disposal, and that, in order to fulfil my engagements, it is my duty to curtail, as much as possible, all correspondence that is not absolutely necessary.

'You know as well as I do that this does not include my correspondence with you, it is neces-

sary to both of us; I delight in repeating this to you, God grant that your belief in my words may be as deep as their truth! You are constantly in my thoughts, my dear mother, your grief harrows me more than I can tell; I would give half my life to restore some of your lost courage and happiness. Poor, dear mother! there is no one who more fully understands the void that you suffer from, I am aware of the impossibility of ever filling it up, nothing can repair your loss. Nothing can make up or console you for it. I am perfectly certain that no son ever loved his mother more than I love you, but I have no hope of filling my father's place in your heart; in that relation there is a charm, a perfect union which is above every other; its pleasures and its ties can be compared to nothing else. Those whom God has joined are henceforth beyond the reach of their fellow-men; there can be no complete consolation for the sorrow which springs from this source. Nevertheless, dear mother, I am not afraid of hurting you when I tell you that resignation should inspire not only submission but courage. Forgive me if I venture to say that one must try to enjoy, even in the midst of this hard life, the good which still remains to us. Continue to speak to me of my father, of your grief, of the things which made his happiness; but let me have the power of somewhat alleviating your sorrow. If I ever do any real good, the consolation that it may afford you will be my sweetest recompense. I ask you this for my own sake, for my own happiness.'

The sphere of M. Guizot's life and ideas was beginning to widen. He was presented by M. Stapfer to M. Suard, the permanent Secretary of the French Academy, and received with much kindness, and was thus introduced into an entirely new world.

M. Guizot has himself described it in an article in the *Revue Française*, which was the basis of his notice on Mdme. de Rumford :—

'A woman seventy-nine years old; two Academicians, one eighty-two, the other seventy-six years of age—these were the only rallying-points left in 1809 to the society, which, in 1769, so many distinguished people tried so anxiously to attract to their houses. The *salons* of Mdme. Houdetot, of M. Suard, and of the Abbé Morellet, were almost the only retreats in which the conversational talent of the last century could display itself at its ease and without constraint. The memory of that age was, however, still held in great honour, and many were proud of belonging to it; how, indeed, could the new men—children of the Revolution and the Empire—disavow the eighteenth century? But how far were they from resembling it! They were absorbed in politics—practical, actual politics—all their thoughts and all their efforts were in constant tension, either for their own or for their master's interests—no meditation, no leisure; action, nothing but labour and action. The eighteenth century, it is true, thought much about politics, but as a study, not as a business. It was the difference between

a pleasant walk in the fields and the labour of driving the plough. Politics held a great place in their imaginations, a small one in their lives. They reflected, discussed, and planned a great deal, but acted very little. Political as it no doubt was in its aspirations and in its results, the eighteenth century was a great deal besides; society took a pleasure in the truth and the expression of its ideas, quite independently of any use to be made of them by journalists and legislators.

'This is the real philosophical temperament, very different from the political spirit which cares for ideas only in their relation to social facts, and to their practical application. Certain classes, certain coteries in the eighteenth century—the economists for instance—occupied themselves especially with politics; but the century in general, the society in general, cared above all things for intellectual enjoyment, and for discoveries of every kind, in every direction and at any cost. The imaginations of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot, would have felt imprisoned if they had been at liberty to deal only with such questions as concern the form of government and the fate of nations.

'The last contemporaries of these great men, the survivors of this philosophical school—M. Suard and the Abbé Morellet—were undoubtedly not endowed with such insatiable and comprehensive minds. M. Suard had no strong desire to learn or to produce, even if literature could have opened the whole universe to him; he was more a man of the world

than a man of letters. Fastidious, indolent, aristocratic in his refinement and his scorn for the things he disapproved, he cared little to develope his faculties, or to acquire fame, if only he might have an honourable life, full of tender interests and agreeable associates. Since work had become no longer a necessity he treated it as a pastime—taking it up and laying it down, reading and writing at leisure—without any object but his own satisfaction, with a sort of intellectual epicureanism, which, however, was neither selfish nor indifferent.

'The studies of the Abbé Morellet were more serious, more patient, but very special. He devoted himself almost exclusively to political economy. One would have thought that to both these men the remnant of the old society of the *Constituante*,* which was to be found in the *salons* of Mdme. de Tessé and the Princesse de Hénin, preserving as it did its ancient traditions, its polished manners, its respect for literature, and its monarchical principles, would have been amply sufficient. And yet this was not at all the case. Following the example of the master-spirits of their time both these men had wider and more various intellectual requirements. In the development of the thoughts and projects of the human mind, they took a more disinterested interest (if I may use the term), more free from any particular direction or immediate application; the coterie, suited to their wants, must present a more complete and faithful reflection of the

* The National Constituent Assembly of 1789.—Tr.

age and society in the bosom of which they had been brought up.

'Such a circle, in fact, was theirs. Old friends of the same standing and the same tastes; M. de Boufflers, M. Dupont de Nemours, M. Gallois, and a few Academicians whose election M. Suard had supported, and who formed a little party devoted to him in the Academy; a few young men whose talents he encouraged with a kindness which was perfectly sincere; some members of the Senate, and other bodies who professed independence; a few foreigners who would never have forgiven themselves if they had left Paris without knowing the last contemporaries of Voltaire, and of the century whose glory has reached farther than that of any other: these were the materials of which this society was composed. They met every Thursday in the rooms of the Abbé Morellet, and on Saturdays and Tuesdays at M. Suard's; sometimes a smaller circle would meet oftener. On Wednesdays Mdme. d'Houdetot received at dinner a certain number of people who were invited once for all, and who might go there whenever they pleased. There were about eight or ten guests in general, sometimes more. There was no display, no luxuries; the dinner was the means, not the end, of the entertainment.

'After the meal was over, Mdme. d'Houdetot, seated herself in the chimney-corner, in her large arm-chair, with bent back and head inclined almost on her chest, speaking low and little, almost motionless, assuming the part of a listener rather than that of a leader in the

conversation; suggesting nothing, never interrupting, giving herself no airs as hostess; kind, easy, but taking in everything that was said—in literary discussion, in social or theatrical news, in the slightest incident or witty saying—a lively and discriminating interest: she was a piquant and original mixture of old age and youth, of quiet and animation.

'There was less ease, less absence of form at M. Suard's; *tête-à-têtes* between neighbours were seldom allowed, or digressions for the sake of some passing fancy: a general conversation, keeping to the subject under discussion, was the rule. It was the custom of the house, and it was observed; the consequence was sometimes a little constraint and coldness in the beginning of the evening; but, on the other hand, much greater real liberty and variety in that house than in any other. M. Suard was not afraid of any subject being ventured upon either by himself or by his guests. Nowhere was the freedom of thought and speech so great, so openly allowed and encouraged, as by the master of the house. Those who did not see it, cannot imagine, and those who witnessed it have forgotten, the timidity of men's minds at that time, or how constrained were the conversations; to what an extent as soon as the smallest approach to politics was suspected, faces grew long, and observations conventional.

'A censor of this period showed one of his friends a passage in a play which it was his duty to examine. "You see no allusions in it," he said, "nor would the public see any; well, then, there are

allusions, and I shall take good care not to let them pass."

'From 1809 to 1814 every one was pretty much like this censor; every one behaved as if there were allusions where none were to be seen; and every serious conversation on politics, or even on philosophy, was at once paralysed. M. Suard never allowed this paralysis to invade his circle: no man, indeed, ever stood more apart from any political design or intrigue, or could have been more really moderate in his opinions and wishes; he had no taste or talent for politics or for action. But freedom of thought and speech was his life; it was a point of honour with him: he would have felt degraded in his own eyes if he had given it up, and he maintained it for the benefit of us all. This was sufficient to give interest, animation, and a real moral value to his circle. The conversation was not wanting in width of range and variety in other respects; no tradition, no prejudice narrowed the field; every subject—philosophy, literature, history, art, times ancient and modern, foreign countries—each and all were received with favour. Even new and crude ideas, however little in harmony with the traditions of the eighteenth century, did not meet with hostile rejection; their repulsiveness was forgiven on account of the animation excited by their novelty. For animation was the great want; society was living on ideas and discoveries which had long ago been sifted to the bottom; the same people, the same reflections, the same anecdotes, were perpetually

recurring; and although there was real activity of thought, it was neither fertile nor progressive. But we always felt the sincerity and the single-mindedness which, perhaps, constitute the greatest charm in the interchange of thought. We met, we conversed without any obligation or object, animated only by the attraction of intellectual intercourse. It was not, indeed, the serious discussion of a circle of friends passionately devoted to truth and science, but it was still less the narrow selfishness and petty aims of a society caring only for the practical, and acting and speaking only with a view to some special design or definite result. It was not indeed entirely for their own sake that opinions and ideas were sought or expressed; something more was demanded from them—social enjoyment—but nothing beyond.'

Young as he then was, M. Guizot, himself, sought for more than social pleasure in conversation; he already foresaw that his ideas must one day obtain the triumphs which belong to truth, and which she never fails sooner or later to attain.

CHAPTER IV.

1807–12.

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.

THERE was one pleasure which M. Guizot found in M. Suard's house of a kind that he valued above all others. This feeling finds expression in a letter to his second daughter, Madame Cornelis de Witt, dated the 26th December, 1867 :

'I know not how many years ago, but it is very long ago, I was at M. de Talleyrand's one morning, with a very small circle of friends ; there was the Duchesse de Dino, M. Piscatory, and I forget who else, all full of talk. I happened to say, "Conversation is a great pleasure." "There is one still greater," said M. de Talleyrand, with a somewhat scornful smile—"action !" Whereupon I retorted, "Yes, Prince, but there is another which is greater far than the other two—affection !" He looked at me with some surprise, but without smiling. I think that this dry, corrupt, old diplomatist had wit enough to see that I was right. I have said good-bye to action, but affection above all things, and in a lesser degree, conversation, still occupy a large space in my

life. My thoughts continually overflow, and want to pour themselves into another soul.'

M. Guizot had met with a soul to whom he was able to confide the incessant activity of his thoughts, one who was worthy of understanding him, and who offered to him in return treasures of inestimable value. The story of the sudden, sympathetic impulse which drove him, when only twenty years old, to offer the assistance of his pen to Mdlle. de Meulan, at a moment when she was overpowered with cares and sorrows, which, for the time, shook even her firmness and courage, has been often repeated.

M. Guizot has himself related the circumstance in the notes that he left on his wife. I will give here a few extracts:*

'Throughout her childhood she was languid and delicate. From a very early age, her lively sensibility, perfect uprightness, and extreme quickness, attracted notice; but she appeared to have no taste for any intellectual labour. She did not dislike her lessons, but she took no pleasure in them. She did them because it was more easy to do as she was told than to resist, and from a sense of duty, but without any feeling of interest in her work. She always spoke of her childhood as of a period of cold vacuity. She was, however, passionately attached to her sister, who was about eighteen months her junior; and she also conceived an intense affection for a little brother,

* M. de Rémusat was the only person who ever saw these notes, which guided him in his beautiful notice of Mdm e. uizot, published at the beginning of his *Conseils de Morale.*

named Basile, who died, and of whom she made a kind of idol, that for a long while visited her in her dreams. Between the ages of ten and fourteen her intelligence developed in such an extraordinary manner that her family regarded her as a prodigy, and yet she never lost her languor and her distaste for every kind of study. She wrote plays and fables in a style both lively and correct, but with no originality or power of invention. Only on rare occasions did the keen sensibility of her nature exhibit itself: her ordinary mood was silent and dreamy. The family physician, Vicq d'Azyr, attended her with intense and affectionate interest.

'Her father, Charles-Jacques-Louis de Meulan, head of the fiscal department of the city of Paris, was a good and upright man of lively manners, whose sole occupation was to enjoy his fortune, and to make other people participate in his enjoyment. He was fond of plays, songs, and light literature in general, and took Collé into his house in the capacity of private secretary. He considered philosophers pedantic and presumptuous, and detested them accordingly. Her mother, Marguerite-Jeanne de Saint-Chamans, was a woman of exalted feeling and refined mind. She enjoyed the society of the clever men who professed all the new opinions more in consequence of her generous spirit and refined taste than because she shared their convictions, or was animated by any party spirit. She was connected with all the men of the eighteenth century who professed serious and moral principles: M. Necker and his followers, the economists; M. de

Rulhières, and M. de Condorcet, passed almost all their time at her house. Her father, M. le Comte de Saint-Chamans, colonel in a line regiment, and a man of high character, supported the opinions held by the minority of the nobility in the Constituent Assembly.

'Mdlle. de Meulan's intellect was first roused into activity in the early days of the Revolution. She lived in the midst of all shades of opinion; her father and many of his relations were aristocrats; her mother and a few intimate friends, such as M. de Lamillière, were followers of M. Necker, and in favour of doubling the members of the third estate, and of legal and philanthropic reforms. Many others, as for instance, M. de Champfort, were republicans. She, herself, had no fixed opinions; most of the acts of the Revolution were displeasing to her, but the excitement and liberty were delightful. She always remembered with transport the state of society at that time, and two sittings of the Constituent Assembly to which she was taken. Thenceforth she became possessed of a strong and unaffected enthusiasm for equality. She was at the same time liberal and anti-revolutionary, and yet unconscious of holding either opinion.

'Between 1788 and 1790 the fortunes of her family began to decline. Her father was ill, anxieties of every kind began to harass her relations, and developed in her ardent family affections. She could no longer bear the contrast presented by the quiet of her own life with the violent convulsions which agitated society. All her energy turned to sympathy and self-devotion: and she soon had an opportunity for its

exercise. Her father died in 1790, and the remains of his large fortune produced nothing but lawsuits for his widow and children. Mdlle. de Meulan was miserable because she could not persuade her family to make a grand resolution—to give up everything, and reduce themselves to what was strictly necessary. Her mother's incapacity for business was absolute. Mdlle. de Meulan was the only one who was able, later on, to disentangle their sadly complicated affairs. She preserved a bitter recollection of the cruel deceptions of that time. "To count many friends without being able to count *upon* any of them," she says, in an essay called *Friends in Misfortune*, "plenty of money passing through your fingers, without being able to keep any of it; many debts to pay, and none to receive, many investments which bring you in nothing!"

'In 1794, all the nobles were exiled from Paris, and Mdme. de Meulan established herself at Passy. The two sisters had scarcely any other amusement than to go daily and sign their names on the municipal register, and to hear the mayor (an honest man enough) say, "Citoyennes, how is your mother?" In this uneventful home life, the advent of the Reign of Terror gave a violent shock to the mind of Mdlle. de Meulan. Her character henceforth became strongly emotional, and she acquired the habit of solitary meditation. It was at this time, that, as she sat one day drawing, she suddenly discovered that she was clever, and very clever. She was as much pleased as if she had found a companion or a friend.

'On her return to Paris, after the 9th Thermidor, she soon found her intellect develope as quickly as her character. She took an ardent interest in the politics of the time, in the determined resistance offered by liberty to Revolutionary principles; but she had no general theories, no precise object, her point of view was entirely moral and practical. Her confidence in the strength of her youthful powers continued to increase; her natural bent was to strong opinions and energetic resolutions. In her were combined all the exquisite delicacy, all the refinements of mind, of feeling, and of manners, which distinguished the *Ancien Régime*, with the frank, open, and somewhat unconventional habits of the Revolution.

'In the midst of all this political excitement, she read and thought much, especially on metaphysics. She began the works of Locke, Helvetius, Condillac, and many other authors, but without finishing any. She stopped every minute to reflect, and to write. Ideas crowded and jostled each other in her head, and no one was near to help her to disentangle the confusion.

'In 1798 she saved the life of M. de Lamillière, who was summoned before a military commission for being an emigrant. Treilhard, who was Director at that time, was much struck by her. No one else was interested on behalf of the accused; and yet, in spite of the difficulty of the case, M. Treilhard succeeded in arranging that he should not be brought before the commission. She always remembered with pleasure this, her first personal success, and the obstinacy

with which she had conquered her aversion to Treilhard in her frequent visits to discuss the affair at his house. When it was over she again went to see him two or three times as a proof of gratitude, but her timidity and dislike of the man were so great that one evening she was on the point of bursting into tears in his reception-room.

'It was about this time that she began to work for her family. She knew that she had ability, and M. de Vaines and M. Suard suggested that she might turn it to account; until that moment the idea had never entered her head.

'In 1800 she published the *Contradictions*, and *La Chapelle d'Ayton;* in 1801 she began writing in the *Publiciste*, a paper that M. Suard had just set up. Her articles had from the first great success in social circles. She had taken to going out in the evening whenever she had time; she found amusement, but no satisfaction in society, feeling no real sympathy with anyone; always independent, she seemed a stranger wherever she went; she was untamed, if one may say so; she was even inclined to despise any pleasure that she felt in society, for she knew that she possessed a force of intelligence and will far superior to any that she saw around her, and to all that she had hitherto herself put in action, but she was not capable of turning it to account, or of developing it properly. Her criticisms were affected by the bent of her mind; they were not entirely literary, philosophy was always creeping in to connect her literary judgments with descriptions of

human nature, of social habits, and of different periods.

'In 1803, her sister married M. Jacques Dillon, a distinguished engineer, who belonged to the branch of the Dillon family established in Naples. M. de Barnet, one of Mdlle. de Meulan's relations, left 20,000 frs. to each sister. She added her own legacy to her sister's; for she was convinced that she never would marry. Her inclination to sacrifice her own personal happiness did not destroy her capacity for passionately enjoying happiness. Never, perhaps was seen a combination of such entire disinterestedness with such intense individuality. Her sister adored her.

'M. Dillon died towards the end of March, 1807. M. Suard, in whose company I was dining at M. Stapfer's table, told us the story of his death two days after it occurred, and described the poverty in which he had left his family, and the anxiety of Mdlle. de Meulan, herself ill from sorrow and fatigue.

'I wrote to him that very day; by the following morning I had finished an article for her. It was inserted in the *Publiciste* of the 31st March.

'I spent a fortnight in writing for her without making myself known. In the beginning, I had not at all decided on letting her ever know my name, or ever seeing her. Nevertheless, I am sure that when I went to her for the first time, I felt a presentiment that I was doing something which would, perhaps, influence my whole life.

'I saw her for the first time on the 13th of April.

In the month of June I settled myself in the country near Montfort l'Amaury in the house of M. Stapfer, with whom I was very intimate. I was in bad health. She took charge of all my literary affairs and relations in Paris. I went thither about once in six weeks for three or four days. At that time I had just made my appearance in the society formed out of the relics of the eighteenth century. These relics were of two kinds: the one consisted of the philosophers, and the other of that portion of the aristocratic society which, without caring for the philosophers, had had no violent quarrel with them. This was the society which I saw whenever I went to Paris —she had lived in it always. The differences of birth and of habits for a long time interfered with our perfectly understanding each other. Perfect harmony was attained only after long and reciprocal influence. I raised and widened the sphere of her life; she greatly contributed to the truth of mine. It was between 1810 and 1812, after I had definitely returned to Paris, that our intimacy became perfect, and our ideas and opinions completely fused. In July, 1811, I made a tour in Languedoc. It was thence that I wrote to tell her all that she had become to me. On my return, in September, our marriage was arranged, but it could not take place until the 7th April, 1812.'

M. Guizot's correspondence with Mdlle. de Meulan during this period bears witness to the constant progress of their intellectual intimacy and of their mutual affection. The differences of birth and education, far

more than that of age, often caused a diversity of opinion which astonished and annoyed them. 'You thank me for my advice on foreign literature,' Mdlle. de Meulan writes on the 24th February, 1809 :

> 'Mon frère, vos conseils sont les meilleurs du monde
> Ils sont bien raisonnés et j'en fais un grand cas,
> Mais vous trouverez bon que je n'en use pas.'*

'Very well, M. Orgon, all you want is a great beard on your face.' But as you are so fond of advice (which you do not follow), I will add that our Editor came this morning to complain to me that you had sent him five articles on Walstein, and I saw that he was so embarrassed with the two last that I advised him to put them in the body of the paper to make a little variety, and for the sake of those who complain of having had already three in the outside sheet (*feuilleton*). You must know that M. de Saint Légier did not come to tell me this of his own accord. The same thing was told to Lacretelle. M. Suard insinuated to me something like it, as well as M. Marignié. What do you say, my lord, to my advice? And what did I really advise, "*to repeat things which have been said over and over again by French critics?*' Oh yes, I am so fond of repetitions! Here is this rigid author determined to express his opinion, whatever it may be, and who, in order to reject my advice, attributes to

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* 'My brother, your counsels are the best in the world; they are well argued, and I value them highly, but you must not be offended if I do not follow them.' (From Molière's *Tartuffe*, Act iv., Scene 3.)—Tr.

me an opinion which he well knows is not mine. Seriously, my dear friend, did I ever tell you that you were not to follow your own method? I am so far from wishing this that if I feared that my counsels had any influence over you, (which, however, thank Heaven, I have no cause to fear), I should abstain from bestowing them on you, lest you should change, or be constrained, or cease to be yourself; you can be nothing better than that, in the first place because your ideas and your method are excellent, and in the second because they are your own; and everything in you is so consistent, forms such a perfect whole, that you ought to alter nothing.

'But you have certain other peculiarities which are inconsistent with this whole, which are not natural to you. You have some prejudices, my dear friend, because you have thought a great deal and acted little; some expressions, the effect of which you cannot appreciate because you gave up mixing with the public you are writing for just at the moment when you began to write for it, just when your observation of society might have instructed and warned you. You are not writing for me, dear friend, nor for yourself, nor for your cultivated and reasonable friends. You do not know the people for whom you write, you cannot follow their passing prejudices, nor tell what it would be advisable—not to feign—but to avoid stating too crudely. And after all, can we be certain, even after long meditation, that the knowledge of ideas differing from our own, even if they were false, would not change our own in

any respect, if it were only by suggesting new ones? You will tell me that you expect nothing from your public. Ah, indeed, I thought that you expected for it the price of our work undertaken to procure the means of living, and that this price was to be proportioned to your success. You care only for a moderate competency; but, my friend, the greater your success and your reputation, the sooner and more easily will you accomplish your modest desire. Are not these considerations worth thinking of, lazy one? You have often told me that you wished to be useful; when one wants to be useful to mankind, and has no whip with which to threaten them, one must begin by pleasing them in order to make them obey in the end. Listen to me—there is another reason why you should try to please the public; it is that I, your man of business, ought to be paid for my trouble, and I like to hear you praised. For this reason, dear friend, take care not to change, be and remain yourself; only (to gratify their tastes) give the public fewer articles on the same subject. This done, all that you will say will be right. Even if the form should be a little peculiar they will become accustomed to it; variety is the one thing needful.

'Here is the end of my sermon. I wanted to prove, not that you were in the wrong, but that I was in the right; and that you ought to set more value on my advice. I also recommend you not to thwart me; when I am vexed I write long letters, I tire myself, I do nothing else, and I waste all my time with you! What a delightful waste of time!'

In the following year the fusion of the two souls had become more nearly complete. Mdlle. de Meulan writes from Marly, where she was spending a few days with Mdme. de Vaines :—

'As I have often told you, you have killed all my faculties; but there is no harm done since you have put *your*self in the place of *my*self.'

CHAPTER V.

1812–20.

ENTRANCE INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

A FEW days after his marriage M. Guizot was nominated Professor of Literature. At first he was only the substitute for M. de Lacretelle, with a special dispensation on account of his youth. He soon attained a definite position by his appointment to the chair of Modern History, created especially for him by M. de Fontanes. When the President of the University announced the appointment to M. Guizot, he intimated that the Emperor read all the opening speeches, and was accustomed to find his own name loudly extolled in them. M. Guizot did not approve of despotism, and although he cared little about politics, and did not take any active part in the opposition, he refused to comply. The scene took place at Courbevoie, in a pretty villa where M. de Fontanes often spent some time in the summer. M. Guizot was dining with him. The President gently insisted. On M. Guizot's reiterated refusal he exclaimed, smiling: 'How obstinate these Protestants are! I must get out of the scrape as well as I can.'

For the first time in his life M. Guizot enjoyed the pleasure of working with complete freedom, and towards a definite end. Mdlle. de Meulan had formerly written to him, with the candour which characterised her: 'You write always better about things than about books, because you see in a book not the author's conceptions but your own, which are by far the better of the two. You imagine that the author has treated his subject in the same lofty or reasonable manner in which you would have treated it. My dear friend, you make a much better author than critic. I do not think that this need humiliate you. To be able to carry imagination into your criticisms is an excellent gift.'

The original turn of M. Guizot's mind was in future to display itself in the vast field of historical studies.

It was at this time that M. Guizot became connected with M. Royer-Collard, Professor of Philosophy in the Faculty of Literature. The Professor soon treated his young colleague with a sympathy and friendliness by which M. Guizot was deeply touched. Thirty-two years later, in the month of September, 1845, just after the death of M. Royer-Collard, M. Guizot wrote: 'I wish for some details of M. Royer-Collard's last moments. I have asked his nephew for them. I shall always preserve an affectionate and grateful remembrance of him. I did so even when he was not kind to me. He did a great deal more than help me on in my career: he contributed substantially to my mental and personal development.

He opened to me views, and taught me truths which without him I should probably have never heard of. Such a service is far superior to any other, and far more rare.'

M. Guizot also attributed to his wife an influential share in his moral and intellectual development.

In 1814 M. and Mdme. Guizot went to Nîmes. He introduced her for the first time into a little world, to which she was as strange as it was new for her. He was called back to fill the place of Secretary to the the Abbé de Montesquiou at the Home Office (*Ministère de l'Intérieur*). M. Guizot was a Liberal and a Protestant. His appointment was the first act of the new Minister to whom he was recommended by M. Royer-Collard. It was not without an effort that M. Guizot gave up his studies and his teaching. The effort was still greater for those who loved him, and who did not relish his entering public life. His mother, especially, dreaded for him the influence and the pitfalls of politics.

'In 1814, his wife cared little for politics; she disliked their platitude and monotony, she had hoped for better things, and she regretted the home life of work and conversation.'*

Regrets were vain, for, in spite of M. Guizot's frequent return to the purely literary employments which were still to fill so large a space in his long life, he had taken his place once for all in politics, and

* This passage is from M. Guizot's notes.

politics had for ever taken theirs in his life. The free and independent exercise of his mind was no longer enough to absorb it.

It was, nevertheless, without regret that he prepared to return to his lectures when the *Hundred Days* once more interrupted the quiet of France and of Europe. But the Professor was not so soon to re-occupy his chair. The unhappy state of his country, anxieties for its future, affected him too deeply for him to think himself justified in refusing the mission with which the friends of Constitutional Monarchy entrusted him to the exiled Louis XVIII. He left his wife in Paris; she was expecting the birth of her second child, after having had the grief of losing her first. He knew not when he should be able to go back to her, or if the situation of France would allow him to live there in peace. His letters from Ghent bear the stamp of his sorrow and his cares.

'*June 4th.*—I had a cruel moment, yesterday, my Pauline; on a sudden the news was spread that there was fighting going on in Paris, and that the garrison of Lille had received orders to march as quickly as possible against the rebels. What anguish! There was fighting in Paris, and you were there alone! I ran in every direction to ascertain the truth. The news was entirely false; we are assured that only two regiments got into a quarrel at Meaux, and that a few of the wounded were taken back to Paris. A man who left Paris on the 30th May, says that all at that time was tranquil. May God be praised!

But how shall I endure the idea that every day, every instant, there may be skirmishes, revolts in Paris, and I shall not be there to shield you, to watch over you? Heavens, what torture! How can I make up my mind to it? Ought I to have had any other thought but you?

'Do you know what decided me, dearest? The wish to become all that I may become, so that nothing may be wanting to your happiness; to fulfil every duty that your opinion of me lays on me. My activity and my ambition are all for you; it is for your sake that I will not neglect any opportunity for distinguishing myself. If we had not been united I should have gone on living in my natural idleness; I might have felt by fits and starts the wish to make use of my faculties, and to show myself as I am; but the feeling would have had no root, my indolence and my contempt for the things of this world would have almost always carried the day. Dearest, it is you who give me strength, vigour, and perseverance. You are sufficient for my happiness, when I am with you I want nothing, for I regret nothing; but all that is in me belongs to you, and I dare not let anything run to waste. It is your property that I make the most of, and it is to you that I wish to offer the fruits.

'Unfortunately, since the day when I had an audience of the King I have had nothing to do here. I do not know if there will be any change in this respect. We make excursions, we pay visits, we are bored, and this is all; a council is held scarcely once

a fortnight; we do not meet, as we ought, in order to discuss matters, to prepare for future events, or to understand each other's views. It seems as if having met once, all has been said; we comfort ourselves by repeating that there is nothing to be done; and yet the members of different parties observe and attack each other covertly while waiting to do so openly; wise men have no hope but in M. de Talleyrand, and he is not yet come. At last we are assured that he will arrive this week. God grant that he may have a sufficiently eager desire to save France, and the courage necessary to say all that his position allows him to say and to ask for—all that he alone is able to obtain! If he brings with him his usual carelessness and indolence, we are lost. Bonaparte will gain nothing; but the Monarchy will never be firmly established in France—perhaps it will never be re-established at all—and then I do not know what we shall have.

'One must have seen what I see to believe in it. No, I should never have thought it possible to be so blind! "Bonaparte has dethroned us; after the fall of Bonaparte the throne will be ours again: we will see nothing beyond!" It is perhaps acknowledged that the Ministry was incapable: but why or how? What was the hidden evil? to what ignorance may the faults in the past be attributed? what new direction shall be taken? what obstacles turned aside in the future? All these are things about which a certain person knows and cares nothing. And even if he did know what ought to be done, he would probably not

have the courage to attempt it; "it would give too much trouble; one would have to remove so many objections, to get rid of so many pretensions, to alter so many habits of life, to bear so much ill-humour: it is better to sleep in peace; at any rate, when one is asleep one does not see the precipice, and one falls into it without having had the miseries of anticipation."

'This inconceivable apathy is surrounded by a thousand petty ambitions, as watchful and as eager as if we were living in perfect security. Every one talks, and every one expects to be believed. I have not yet been able to discover, in spite of all that has passed, a single instance of humbled vanity, or of baffled pretensions. I meet everywhere the same assurance, the same language; there is a little more animation than there would have been if Bonaparte had not turned us out of Paris, because each party hopes to obtain by this crisis a triumph over its adversaries. All this is most distressing to me, and I escape from the misery which the sight occasions only by the delightful frivolity which distinguishes human nature—by means of a pleasant walk or an idle conversation—from agitating thoughts and ominous apprehensions.

'I have seen Pozzo di Borgo; he came here two days ago, and we spent an hour together. He is a really superior man, full of energy and intelligence. "I hope," he said to me, "that France will one day know the services I have rendered her." I know no one who is a better judge of the past and the present,

or whom it is better to consult as to the future Very fortunately he is much esteemed here, at Vienna and at Brussels, and by those who hold our fate in their power. Bonaparte has in him a terrible enemy. We talked a great deal about the state of France. The Kings know nothing at all about it. It would be most valuable if they could form a correct idea of it; they believe all sorts of absurd stories; they are as bad judges of men as of things; and Pozzo is of the greatest use to us by opening their eyes, by enlightening them, and by checkmating the intrigues which are being constantly plotted and unplotted around them.'

In spite of all this, good sense and wise policy gained the day, and King Louis XVIII. returned to France without M. de Blacas, who was in reality less dangerous than personally offensive to the public, who considered his presence as a symptom of the King's intentions. M. Guizot's friends seemed likely to exercise a salutary influence. M. de Barbé-Marbois was Minister of Justice, and M. Guizot occupied under him the post of *Secrétaire-Général*—a position similar to that which he had formerly held at the Home Office, under the Abbé de Montesquiou. He did not stay there long. Political excitement, the fear of another revolution, had sent to the Chamber of Deputies some Royalist members, who were so ardent and intolerant, that they could not endure even the men of the *ancien régime* if they had served the Emperor, or preserved any of the traditions of 1789. M. de Barbé-Marbois was odious to the *Chambre*

*introuvable.** He was forced to retire, and his secretary went out with him.

M. Guizot's position was now only that of *Maître des Requêtes* (legal adviser) to the *Conseil d'Etat.* He resumed his course of lectures, and continued to take a lively interest in the struggle which M. de Richelieu and M. Decazes were still maintaining against the violence of the Ultras.

In 1816 he wrote, in answer to a paper by M. de Vitrolles, his pamphlet, *On Representative Government and the Present State of France.* In the same year he published *An Essay on the History and Present Condition of Public Education in France;* and lastly, he contributed, by means of a memorial, for which M. Decazes asked him, to the resolution taken by Louis XVIII., to dissolve the Chamber on the 5th September, 1816.

Appointed *Conseiller d'Etat* in 1818, M. Guizot helped to prepare those great laws, which were to lay the foundation of a well-regulated liberty in France. At times suggesting to M. Lainé the arguments which had to be matured in the minister's mind before he could use them for defending the electoral law in the Chamber, at others, preparing the speeches of Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr in favour of his military laws, M. Guizot became one of the most active supporters of the Government, preserving, meanwhile, an independence of thought and of

* Louis XVIII. himself gave this name to the new Assembly, which he was astonished to find contained some members who were even more royalist than their king.

conduct which sometimes annoyed his friends in office, while it was of use to them. Such was frequently the fate of the *Doctrinaires.**

Their influence preponderated when M. Decazes held the reins of government in July, 1819. The new minister created for M. Guizot the post of Director of Commercial and Departmental affairs under the Home Secretary, which put him in practical relations with the whole of the Government. He, as well as Madame Guizot, took a growing interest in his duties. Every one must remember how the assassination of the Duc de Berry, on the 13th February, 1820, by giving rise to absurd fears and odious intrigues, occasioned the fall of the Decazes Ministry. M. de Serre separated from his old friends, and became *Garde des Sceaux* (Keeper of the Privy Seal); he struck out of the *Conseil d'Etat* MM. Royer-Collard, de Barante, Camille Jordan, and Guizot.

M. Guizot quitted Paris for a few months, and established himself in the country, near Meulan, in the *Maisonnette*, a house which was lent to him by Madame de Condorcet. He was writing at that time an essay *On the Government of France since the Restoration, and on the Present Ministry*, and he returned alone to Paris to superintend its publication. Madame Guizot and her son remained in the country.

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* This was the name given to the little group of distinguished men who acknowledged M. Royer-Collard as their chief; in his youth he had been educated in a College of *Prêtres Doctrinaires* (the members of a secular congregation called the *Doctrine Chrétienne*).—TR.

Separation was more unbearable than ever to both of them, for they had resumed their *tête-a-tête* life in common.

'I had a violent headache on my arrival' (M. Guizot writes on the 13th September, 1820); 'it was not the shaking of the carriage, but sorrow for having left you that gave it to me. Throughout the journey I had an intolerable heartache. I do not complain; I think that, to tell the truth, I liked my headache, because it was for your sake, and because I love you. Nevertheless, you must not enjoy this luxury on your si l ; sleep well and take care of yourself. My head-ac e is gone this morning; it would come back if I were uneasy about you. I cannot tell you how happy I was during the six weeks which are just ended; I knew and enjoyed my happiness at the time, I feel it deeply now that it is over, and I shall enjoy it just as much when I return to you.

'I carry you with me, you are present with me everywhere; you and the happiness I owe to you; when I am away from you everything reminds me of you; when near you I forget everything else—my very soul is yours. And yet I feel that this life, so exclusively devoted to you, is free, active, and full of wide interests. I lavish it upon you every instant, and you give it back to me, stronger and more beautiful than ever. No, my Pauline, we shall never know all that we are to each other; eternity will not be too long for our happiness.

'While waiting for eternity, this is how I have employed my time since yesterday. I arrived at six,

and in spite of my headache I wrote at once six notes. We call this, in ministerial slang, tying our strings. After writing my notes I dined; at eight o'clock I went to see Royer. I found that three days ago he underwent an operation. An abscess had formed behind his ear, so serious as to render Dubois' knife necessary. Most likely he will be well in a fortnight. Dubois has treated him like the apple of his eye. Royer, therefore, is in excellent spirits, charmed to have got rid of his torment, and not at all dismayed as to the future. I never knew him look his coming position so boldly in the face. On the whole, I think I see clearly, from what he said, that the gloom is beginning to disappear, and that every day the question becomes more and more exclusively limited to the composition of the Ministry. Every day, too, the solution of this question becomes plainer. It is said that the Ministers every week strike out two or three departments from the list of those in which they can count upon favourable elections. As the electoral committees cannot meet before the 5th or 6th of November, there are still fifteen or sixteen to be struck out. This is promising. People seem to think, however, that de Serre is the only minister who is prepared for acts of arbitrary power (*coups d'état*) if the elections prove unfavourable. Should this occur the others talk only of retiring. Do you remember that old humbug, Senator Cornet, who used to say, "I have always observed that the generous are those that fall!" In spite of all that he has done de Serre is generous, and he will fall.'

On the 16th Mdme. Guizot wrote: 'I am well, only rather sleepy, in consequence of a detestable night. If there were no writing to be done I should have nothing to complain of, but it is a great misfortune for me that I cannot make literary work agree with the rest of my life. If it were possible for me to give myself entirely up to it by devoting all my time and thoughts to it as you do when you want to write well, I should write well too. I still have the power of so doing, but I have not that of passing continually from one life to another; from the multitude of feelings, cares, and thoughts connected with other lives, to those conceptions which I alone can originate. When I am not writing I am *you*, or I belong to my child, I think of what you are doing, of what I have to do for my boy. In order to write I must be myself only, and I have no time for such transitions. I exhaust myself, and I have no power left for anything.

'My dearest love, I tell you this, not that you or I or anybody can help me, but in order that you may be aware of it, and that I may not add to the idea which pursues me of not being all that I ought to be, the notion that you think I am not all that I ought to be. I am dissatisfied with myself, but I do not want you to be so, and yet I do not wish to deceive you; it is nevertheless true that when I accuse myself I feel at the same time a wish to excuse myself to you; you are the only person in the world from whom I wish to obtain more than I deserve. And how can I help desiring all that you can give

me? Ah! my love, the world is too small and too weak for us, and we ourselves are too feeble for all that is within us. But do not let us think of these things. An active life is, I believe, the regimen best suited to preserve the balance of our minds; it benefits our bodily frames which would not otherwise be able to bear the wear and tear of a mind constantly contemplating itself. It is necessary, therefore:—let us talk of something else.

'Your poor little boy was yesterday in a state of real agitation and distress at having received no answer from you. He expects one this evening. You have no idea how constantly he thinks of you, dear little fellow. I am, however, obliged often to find fault with him: it is very difficult to gain his attention. It is a real effort for him—especially in studying, much less in writing. He will be like me; it will be easier for him to give out than to take in. He is carried away by his imagination, which is very easily stimulated. Since you went he has taken it into his head to be frightened at night because there are only women in the house. Yesterday I showed him Raphael's St. Michael. He was frightened at the devil, although he tried not to show it. He will need strong reasoning powers, and if we two do not succeed in strengthening them it will go hard with him. Good-bye, I shall soon see you again. Do you feel as I do all the happiness this means? When you are with me, leisure, at any rate, rests me; when you are away work is what I least dislike;

but I begin without energy; it comes back to me as I go on. Again and again farewell!'

Mdme. Guizot went on writing in spite of the painful effort that it cost her. Always delicate, the burdens formerly laid upon her were greatly increased by mental anxiety, and permanently affected her health. Her courage did not give way; when it seemed for an instant to fail her she recovered it with a tremendous effort, and the development of her religious faith soothed her anxious spirit; but her perfect frankness, the need she always felt of expressing all her thoughts, sometimes laid bare the struggles of her mind and heart, especially when she was separated from the confidant of all her emotions. There never was any one more thoroughly true, or who longed so constantly for truth and perfection in others. This longing of hers was a salutary incentive to well-doing for all who approached her: it was sometimes rather irritating to those who did not aim so high; but it exerted on all who were worthy of her a powerful influence.

Some years before this period her sister, Mdme. Dillon, married for the second time M. de Vaines, Prefect of Bar-le-Duc, and afterwards of Nîmes. The Mdlles. Dillon often stayed with their aunt: the elder, Élisa, spent part of the summer of 1820 at the Maisonnette, and Mdme. Guizot's influence on the mind of her young niece increased with every year.

CHAPTER VI.

1821–22.

LITERARY OCCUPATIONS OF M. AND MDME. GUIZOT.

THE complications of family duties often necessitate painful sacrifices. M. Guizot's mother, however, was not forgotten, although the part she now had to play was, of course, a small one for one who possessed such ardent affections. The distance at which she lived, the task she was faithfully fulfilling at the side of her old parents, the narrow means of the whole family, made journeys rare and difficult; nevertheless, in 1821 M. and Mdme. Guizot spent two months at Nîmes. M. Guizot was working at his pamphlet, '*On the means of Government, and Opposition in the present state of France.*'

Mdme. Guizot had undertaken the revision of Letouneur's translation of Shakespeare. She had just finished her little novel, *L'Écolier*,' a work of real value in a simple and lively style; it was on the point of publication. M. Guizot could not finish his pamphlet without returning for a few weeks to the atmosphere of political life in Paris. He went thither alone in the month of September, leaving his wife

in the country near Montargis with her second brother, General de Meulan, married to Mdlle. Aline de Turpin-Crissé.

This was another trial of the bitterness of separation.

On the 29th of September Mdme. Guizot wrote : 'If I did not expect to get on with my work during this month, what, I ask, would be the good of living through it? Occupied only in bearing it, what advantage can I derive from it? Whatever you may say, I like life only when it bears me on, not when I have to bear it; like money, it is for me a means, not an end. I am happy, the happiest creature upon earth, I love life because I love happiness; but, away from you, I do not live, there is between me and happiness a cloud which prevents its rays from reaching me in all their fulness and purity. There, in my heart, the seat of all my happiness, I feel something that does not resemble it, something that warns me of its absence, and makes me impatient to get over the time which I generally spend in being happy. You see that it would be a very good thing to cut out this period. I would willingly part with as many months of this kind as may be in store for me; I should not cast a glance after them. I am not, however, out of temper. I do not get cross with the days as they pass; I only say to them, "You are not worth the trouble you give me."'

A few days later she wrote :—

'What you say of the continuance of our present position I have long thought. I think a great deal

about it; not that I am uneasy as regards pecuniary matters—I am quite sure that we shall manage in that respect: but it has an appearance of expectation which I do not like. I do not know how to change this, or if it can be changed; it is enough for me to point it out to you, in order that if you agree with me you may turn your mind to the subject. Any long and important literary work would be enough to change this aspect: something more than a political essay, which takes only six months, would suit us in this respect. We must wait upon opportunity; no one is more convinced of this than I am; but I talk about it because one seizes it better when one is prepared beforehand. I do not yet know if you will agree with me; but it seems to me, that with this end in view, it would be as well to announce, either in the preface or elsewhere,—or rather, to indicate, without making any distinct assertion, that you do not intend to continue to bring out a pamphlet every year on the events of the day. It seems to me that this may be suggested without being exactly said, by remarking that, as long as this Ministry lasts, only some trifling modifications can take place in the administration—not worth the trouble of pointing out.

'You are not certain, then, that M. Royer will be elected. I am sorry; it will be a misfortune. We must have lost a great deal in that direction, as in many others. But, my dear good friend, it is not the defection of electors of that stamp, or even a little superior to them, that ought to make you lose faith

in mankind. There is a natural aristocracy in the human race, as there is in nations; in these nobler natures we should place our confidence, just as political rights are vested in the higher classes of the nation; all the rest is the mob—and it is very numerous. And, besides, I must tell you that I do not know what you mean by having no faith in men: one's faith was never a quality of theirs; one has faith in one's own judgment, which chooses from among the crowd the men in whom one has faith; if one has been mistaken it is in oneself that one loses one's trust: other people lose nothing, and oneself gains a good deal—the habit of thinking twice. I carry within myself a type which no power can destroy; even if I had never found anything resembling it, it would have lost for me no jot of its beauty or of its reality; I should have lived with its image, and I should have cared for nothing else. Dearest, I have found this ideal of excellence; I am fated to spend my life with it; I have devoted to it my whole existence. Indeed, I assure you, that if even the whole world were worthy of contempt, I should still possess a treasure which I have not the power in this life of loving as much as I ought.

'Yes, here is one week gone; I never expected as much: this gives me hope for the rest. I have made the same remark in travelling; one gets over only one mile and one day at a time, and each day that passes does not add much to the number of those that are gone; in each one feels the pain of separation as acutely and as completely; but only

at the instant when one feels the weight of the whole number—which we ought to distribute equally over the whole time—at once, is one overwhelmed by it. We feel the passions which belong to the states in which we are not, at the same time with those which belong to the state in which we are. "But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof," and this is how we continue to live and to endure.

'When will you begin to print? I am eager to read you. Are you aware that for the first time since I have known you a work of yours will appear that I have not read beforehand? I am curious to see the effect it will produce on me; I am sure that at first I shall receive only a confused impression, so many things—feelings and ideas—will be mingled while I am reading.'

'I have just corrected my first proof,' M. Guizot writes, on the 5th of October; 'you see that no time has been lost. I now wish that any success that I may obtain were over: not that I am indifferent to it, on the contrary, I should greatly enjoy it; but the petty details consequent on a success, the hash made up of compliments, praises, and fine speeches, displeases and worries me. I wish that when once the work were done and had produced its desired effect, one might dispense with all this empty chatter, the vulgar satisfaction of childish vanity. I reproach myself, however, for my increasing anxiety about my reputation: I can do nothing which is more than half approved. After all, this may be a good thing:

it cannot be helped, whatever happens. You know that with regard to action or authorship, when I have done my best I am disposed to care little for the result, whatever it may be.

'Your letter, to-morrow, will tell me what you think of the quotation from Omer Talon; it is not exactly as I told you, but such as it is, it suits me very well for a motto: "Empires have no critical days or years; their fortunes do not depend upon the celestial bodies; no genius presides over them, and no fate impels them that is not the result of good or bad government." Or what do you say to this one taken from Seneca: "Sanabilibus ægrotamus malis —We sicken of ills which can be cured:" it has its merits, but I like Talon's better, both in itself, and because I prefer a French motto.

'Your novel appears on the day after to-morrow —a singular coincidence—we are marching side by side: I do not complain. Perhaps it would have been better to put an interval of two months between our publications, the ill-humour which I shall arouse may, perhaps, extend to you; but I do not think that you will care. My Pauline, we are always united; always the same career, the same life.'

'General Cambronne dined at Lille with the King of England; he drank nothing but water, while the English were gorging themselves with wine; and he uttered only this one speech: the King admired white uniforms, M. de la Châtre said, "They have one advantage, each regiment may have different facings, so as to strike the eye, and

make it easy after a battle to find out the regiment to which each soldier belongs." "We were 600,000 men, all in blue," retorted Cambronne, "and we always recognised each other easily." After this he relapsed into silence.

'I went yesterday to the *Gazza Ladra;* there are three or four songs in it admirable in expression; rich and as pathetic as the finale in the *Agnese.* I longed for you there, as I do everywhere; the story itself, foolish as it is, interested me extremely. A father, who is a soldier, condemned as a deserter; a servant girl condemned as a thief; both of them innocent; the deepest feelings in the simplest natures, the most powerful situations in the most obscure destinies; there is something new and dramatic in all this. It is a mistake to lay the scene of a drama in the middle classes—in those moderate circumstances where everything is often common without being simple. Natural ideas and feelings in uncultured minds, tragical combinations of human life in a completely secluded sphere, the sort of events which excite and develop the whole being in natures that have lived quite apart from the world and are not merely pale reflections of the upper classes; here is a source which affords very true and intensely striking situations. A middle-class tragedy is almost necessarily puerile and exaggerated; a lower-class tragedy may be simple and terrible, it may portray strong, but not declamatory passions; dramatic, but not romantic situations. The laws of society originate in the higher classes; when they reach the lower, all

sorts of incongruities take place. Extreme poverty, pressing and always repressed necessities, very natural and very noble complications, situations which the usual course of events touches and destroys without any reason or any mercy because the individual sufferers attract no attention beforehand—in short, the whole force of human nature, with every nerve strained in struggling with all the vicissitudes, all the possibilities of destiny—a man of genius might find here a mine of the newest and most powerful effects.

'I let myself go on describing to you the impressions of a few hours, I ought to tell you a thousand other things. This morning I read, by way of relaxation, Mdme. de Staël's *Ten Years of Exile*. It is a strange book, and it touched me more than I can say. A woman so tender and so passionate, contending with the strength and dryness of Bonaparte; too moral to act from complaisance, too weak not to regret all she renounces; letting herself down in a degree by the frank avowal of all she suffers, and at the same time raising herself in our estimation by her invincible resistance to a power which she can neither accept nor despise; all this forms a very original and touching combination. But we will talk about this and about everything, my Pauline; for without you, nothing is complete for me. I am, if you will, the centre of our common life; but when you are not there, a part of me is wanting; and I look about me for that half of myself, whose absence makes the other half pine away, as the blessed souls would pine were they driven from Paradise.

'What a volume I have written to you! and I

don't know why I should stop, for I have thousands of things to tell you. God did well when he took a rib from Adam to create Eve, but He ought not to have entirely separated them; He ought to have made them hold together in some way that would make absence impossible. Good-bye, good-bye, I have quantities of other letters to write.'

The strong and noble friendship with which Mdme. Guizot carried her watchfulness into the smallest details of their common life, induced her to entreat her husband not to allow himself often to be drawn into the temptation of giving his opinion on the actions of a Government over which he had no influence. The reins of power at length dropped from the honest but weak hands which had tried in vain to direct its course in a moderately liberal road; the Right* seized them for a long period, and Mdme. Guizot no longer tried to keep her champion away from the new arena which he entered openly under the banner of the Opposition.

It was a time of political plots and prosecutions. In 1821 M. Guizot published a pamphlet on *Conspiracies and Political Justice;* in June 1822 he left Bois-Milet to print his little volume *On Capital Punishment for Political Offences.* The public feeling agreed with him, and was averse to the exercise of

* In French political language the *Droit* always means the *Conservative* side of the Chamber; the *Gauche*, the *Liberal* side. Both the *Droit* and the *Gauche* are divided into three shades of opinion; for instance, the Left, the Left-Centre, and the Extreme Left; in the same way, the Right, the Right-Centre, and the Extreme Right.—Tr.

administrative severity. A great many acquittals took place.

'I will explain to you the affair at Nantes,' M. Guizot writes on the 24th June. 'There was no regular plot, but a secret association strongly bound together and ready to seize its opportunity, as was the case on the other side in 1817. The force of public opinion caused an acquittal, the jurors, although chosen one by one, were not able to resist it. Four days ago Corbières said in his drawing-room that he was very glad that the prisoners had been acquitted, for otherwise civil war would have undoubtedly broken out in Brittany. It is possible that a similar result will take place at Colmar. Society, without moving its little finger, will defend itself much better than is expected. You are right in hoping that all this will disgust people with conspiracies.

'The misfortune is that I am obliged to stay here to correct my proofs; I have sought for reasons against reason, and I have found none. In spite of all our wishes and endeavours, reason, invincible reason, preserves its despotic independence, and in spite of us and against us tells us what is wise, reasonable, and true. Really I should be wrong not to finish my work. I constantly change a word here and a sentence there, in consequence of what I am told and of what I see, and these changes are of some importance. I must be especially careful to say nothing too bitter, for at this moment this would be to fail utterly. I must not make a mistake of this kind.'

While M. Guizot was correcting his proofs, calling on his publishers and preparing future work for his wife and himself, he was going on studying for his course of lectures, which he resumed in 1820, on the History of the Origin of Representative Government.

'My object was to combat revolutionary theories, and to attach interest and respect to the past history of France. We had scarcely emerged from the most furious struggle against that old French society, our secular cradle; our hearts, if not still overflowing with anger, were indifferent towards it, and our minds were confusedly imbued with the ideas, true or false, under which it had fallen. The time had come for clearing out that arena covered with ruins, and for substituting, in thought as in fact, equity for hostility, and the principles of liberty for the arms of the Revolution; an edifice is not built with machines of war; neither can a free system be founded on ignorant prejudices and inveterate antipathies. I encountered, at every step throughout my course, the great problems of social organization, under the name of which parties and classes exchanged such heavy blows—the sovereignty of the people and the right divine of kings, monarchy, and republicanism, aristocracy and democracy, the unity or division of power, and the various systems of election, constitution, and action of the assemblies called to co-operate in government. I entered upon all these questions with a firm determination to sift thoroughly the ideas of our own time, and to separate revolution-

ary excitement and fantasies from the advances of justice and liberty, reconcilable with the eternal laws of social order. By the side of this philosophic undertaking I pursued another, exclusively historical; I endeavoured to demonstrate the intermitting but always recurring efforts of French society to emerge from the violent chaos in which it had been originally formed, sometimes produced by the conflict, and at others by the accordance, of its different elements—royalty, nobility, clergy, citizens, and people—throughout the different phases of that harsh destiny, and the glorious, although incomplete, development of French civilization, such as the Revolution had compiled it after so many combats and vicissitudes. I particularly wished to associate old France with the remembrance and intelligence of new generations, for there was as little sense as justice in decrying or despising our fathers, at the very moment when, equally misled in our time, we were taking an immense step in the same path which they had followed for so many ages.

'I expounded these ideas before an audience little disposed to adopt or even to take any interest in them. The public who at that time attended my lectures were much less numerous and varied than they became some years later. They consisted chiefly of young men, pupils of the different scientific schools, and of a few curious amateurs of great historical disquisitions. The one class were not prepared for the questions I proposed, and wanted the preparatory knowledge which would have rendered them acceptable. With

many of the rest, preconceived ideas of the eighteenth century and the Revolution, in matters of historical and political philosophy, had already acquired that strength derived from inveterate habit, which rejects discussion and listens coldly and distrustfully to all that differs from their own opinions. Others, again, and amongst these were the most active and accessible dispositions, were more or less engaged in the secret societies, hostile intrigues, and plots. With these my opposition was considered extremely supine. I had thus many obstacles to surmount and many conversions to effect before I could bring over to my own views the small circle that listened to my arguments.

'But there is always, in a French audience, whatever may be their prejudices, an intellectual elasticity, a relish for efforts of the mind, and new ideas boldly set forward, and a certain liberal equity, which disposes them to sympathise; even though they may hesitate to admit conviction. I was at the same time Liberal and anti-revolutionary, devoted to the fundamental principles of the new French social system, and animated by an affectionate respect for our ancient reminiscences. I was opposed to the ideas which constituted the political faith of the greater portion of my auditors. I propounded others which appeared suspicious to them, even while they seemed just; they considered me as made up of obscurities, contradictions, and prospective views, which astonished and made them hesitate to follow me. At the same time they felt that I was serious and sincere; they

became gradually convinced that my historic impartiality was not indifferent, nor my political creed a leaning towards the old system, nor my opposition to every kind of subversive plot a truckling complaisance for power. I gained ground in the estimation of my listeners; some amongst the most distinguished came decidedly over to my views, others began to entertain doubts on the soundness of their theories and the utility of their conspiring practices; nearly all agreed with my just appreciation of the past, and my recommendation of patient and legal opposition to the mistakes of the present. The revolutionary spirit in this young and ardent section of the public was visibly on the decline, not from scepticism and apathy, but because other ideas and sentiments occupied its place in their hearts, and drove it out to make room for their own admission.'*

The Cabinet of 1822 thought differently; it was irritated by the language of M. Guizot and his friends. M. Guizot's course was closed on the 12th October, 1822, when the professor was preparing his subject for the winter. 'My lectures being interdicted, all immediate political influence became impossible to me. To struggle beyond the circle of the Chambers against the existing system it was necessary either to conspire or to descend to a blind, perverse, and futile opposition. Neither of these courses was agreeable; I therefore completely renounced all party contentions, even philosophical and abstracted, to seek

* From M. Guizot's *Memoirs to illustrate the History of my Time*, English translation, Bentley & Co., vol. i. p. 300.—Tr.

elsewhere the means of still mentally serving my cause with reference to the future.'*

For a long time Mdme. Guizot had been anxious to obtain for her husband, as well as for herself, a work of some length. She was writing another volume of stories, but it was only to fill up an interval; she was planning much more important undertakings. The publication of two great collections of memoirs—one on the Ancient History of France, the other on the Revolution in England—in which at that time M. Guizot was beginning to take a lively interest, seemed likely to answer her purpose. It was difficult to start fairly either of these works. In her letters to her husband she insists on the necessity for perseverance.

'Baudoin will not undertake it; this vexes me less perhaps for the present than for the future—for the sake of our whole position. I never expected that the work that I am now about, and which will take up all my time, would be sufficient for us this winter; I cannot help thinking that it will be difficult to get over that time even if it should enter into your arrangements to publish a volume in the autumn; the terms of payment which would suit me, because, with my provident disposition, I always prefer to sacrifice the present, will leave us large gaps to fill up during the next year; and then, too, it may not suit you to publish. We must see then what we can do. As you know I wanted to find something which would give us a settled employment, and prove

* From the same translation of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*.

the foundation of a different sort of life than ours is now; otherwise this will go on for a long time, a very long time. I am convinced of this more and more every day, and not only for myself (who am used to it), but for you, this uncertain mode of existence is disagreeable to me. It was to get over this difficulty that we thought of undertaking those two great works; they have both fallen through, and we soon shall have lost a year from the time when we had hoped to lay the first stone of the little fortune which we must build in one way or another. Think of all this, dear, while you are correcting your proofs—try to hit upon some idea—you say that you have two to my one, so much the better.

'Do not be afraid of setting me to work, dearest; I am quite well again, and although I am afraid that the freshness of my imagination has somewhat worn off for the sort of work I now have in hand, nevertheless, I shall be able to manage it, and by raising a little my tone, or at least, my subject, I may succeed pretty well in future attempts. I would rather, however, not have always to trust to my imagination, which may not always be equally available, it has not variety enough to prevent my being afraid of tiring the public, and does not exercise itself over a field wide enough to yield much profit. What I should much prefer would be some work in which I should undertake the drudgery, and to which you would give colour and breadth. But where shall we find one to suit you? Our position is an obstacle; there are some things which you cannot do; we seem to be too grand folks for publishers to come to us. It is a

difficult position, especially for people who have to make their own fortune. This is what I am constantly thinking about. As to details, I have no doubt but that this year once over we shall always be able to get on. I have just read your letter again, and I cannot help smiling, although I am little in the mood for mirth. You say that you have bound me to a hazardous, uncertain fate; in truth, if it were not for you, mine would be settled soon enough.'

'Your letters breathe life,' Mdme. Guizot sometimes said to her husband. 'You reconcile me to the whole world, by reminding me of our union, our happiness.'

In saying this she spoke truly; and she needed this cordial. Although she displayed so much fortitude in real sorrow, she was easily disquieted by imaginary troubles which her husband was able to banish with a word. The important works, for which she was so earnestly desirous, were again brought forward; the task laid before the two workers reached to an infinite perspective. M. Guizot was returning joyfully to the country.

'Without counting my home happiness,' he wrote, 'I shall be very glad to quit Paris for Bois-Milet; for a few days I enjoyed looking at its outside and talking to my friends; but I begin to have an unconquerable aversion for unprofitable words; there is no worse gossip than that which relates to politics. One listens to what one knew beforehand; one's answers are equally stale to the people one is talking to; it is both dull and worrying. I greatly prefer the conversation of the trees, the wind, the sun, and the clouds.

Man is infinitely superior to nature; but nature, although monotonous, is inexhaustible. We know that she is and will be always the same; in her presence we do not feel the desire for progress which makes us tire of society or of conversation which does not satisfy the mind. Who ever wanted the trees to turn red or blue, or thought that the sun of to-day was wrong to be so like the sun of yesterday? Progress and novelty are not expected in nature, and this is why she restores us after the tedium, and rests us after the excitement, of society. It is her privilege to be always the same, yet never insipid; if man is stationary he becomes dull, and he is not strong enough to be always moving onwards. I expect, however, to find some progress at Bois-Milet—the walls, the bricks—all will have got on in my absence: only I hope you have told the raspberries not to take themselves off.'

My father, throughout his life, preferred human to material nature. 'I would not go twenty miles to see a landscape,' he used to say; 'I would travel a thousand to see a person.' 'What I like in M. Guizot,' said the Duchesse de Broglie, 'is that he is fond of human nature!' But as he grew older, the feeling of repose, induced by the aspect of nature in her changeless variety, went on developing in his mind, as well as his dislike of idle conversation. 'Nothing tires me so much as to have to support a good cause by bad reasons,' he often said, 'except, perhaps, to talk or listen to talking for talking sake.'

CHAPTER VII.

1823–27.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS — DEATH OF MDME. PAULINE GUIZOT.

THE domestic happiness and noble life of M. and Mdme. Guizot afforded a rare and touching sight at this period. They worked on, conscientiously and assiduously, undisturbed by the great intellectual animation of which their little drawing-room was a lively centre. Their family circle was diminished in one direction, and increased in another. M. Bonicel, Monsieur Guizot's grandfather, died at a great age; his wife had preceded him to the grave; their daughter, thus set free from the pious duty which she had fulfilled to the end, came to live in Paris in the house of her elder son, her second son was at that time a *sous-préfet*. She thought that she had finished her task, and was once more to enjoy the repose which she had lost sight of during a time of long and cruel suffering. God decided otherwise, and it was to her dying day that this strong soul and inexhaustible heart had to help those who were dear to her in bearing the burdens laid upon them.

A great sorrow fell upon M. and Mdme. Guizot.

Mdme. de Vaines died in November, 1823, confiding to her daughter Élisa, then not twenty years old, the care of her younger sister, a delicate and restless child, and that of a little brother aged six. M. de Vaines had lost his appointment, and came to live in Paris; for the future, Mademoiselle Dillon shared the daily interests, as well as the daily occupations, of her uncle and aunt. Her mind developed every day by contact with theirs; she already began to write for the pleasure of writing and of preserving the thoughts which filled her imagination. Endowed with a rare memory, she readily devoured all sorts of important books, 'your most dangerous rivals with me,' as she wrote to her sister; but she immediately added, with the eager tenderness which always made affection her first object, 'your rivals, my Pauline? For the pleasure of seeing you I would give up every book that has ever been printed. You are a thousand times more to me than all the furniture of my mind; you fill my soul, you are the cherished object of all my thoughts. It is not for the sake of what I know that you love me, or that I am loved by my family; knowledge belongs to time, and will cease with man's ignorance; but love will always remain; like God, it is immortal. My dear, I shall always be your Élisa, even when the centuries shall have passed away. "Faith and hope may perish," as St. Paul says, "but love will abide for ever." Everything belonging to us, then, will perish, except the Divine Spirit of love, which God has breathed into us to make us continually aspire to the infinite. Why should we love

each other if it were only for a time? "Everything that is fugitive is so short,"' says St. Augustine.

'Happiness itself would be suffering to me,' M. Guizot wrote some years earlier, 'if I saw in it only a pastime, if I could believe in the sudden disappearance, the successive extinction of all these ineffable emotions and celestial joys; even if I knew that they were to be renewed every day, and to the last day of my life. The past is as precious as the present; it is a necessity for my mind that all I have felt should remain for ever, and that of our united lives nothing should ever be lost.'

Receiving, as she did every morning, similar letters, Mdme. Guizot had a right to say: 'Dearest, when I read over and over again your charming letters, these expressions of simple, I might even say, of youthful tenderness, and I think of the idea that a great many people have of you—as of a proud, ambitious man, with a cold heart and calculating head—the contrast strikes as so strange, that I cannot be angry with these foolish judgments. I laugh at the effect which your letters,—the whole series of them, alike and yet so various—would produce on certain people I could mention. Man's opinion is a very fine thing, and one cares about it, thank God! not more than in reason; nevertheless, one sets a certain value upon it, greater than it deserves; and this is good, for if one estimated it at its real importance, social relations would be in some danger of annihilation.'

M. Guizot stimulated by his influence an ever-

increasing animation in historical studies and research; he set himself at the head of this movement, and laboured incessantly. In 1833 he began to publish his collection of *Memoirs* relating to the ancient history of France; at the same time, Mdme. Guizot's translation of *Gregory of Tours* struck all readers as a masterpiece of precision and unaffected simplicity. At the same time, she edited the collection of *Memoirs relating to the History of the English Revolution*, and M. Guizot was preparing those *Essays on the History of France in the Fifth Century*, which, for the first time, threw a strong light upon the dark origin of our civilisation. The materials on which he founded his *History of the English Revolution* were from this period the object of his most conscientious study. He classified, day by day, in a tabular form, events even of the smallest importance.

On her side Mdme. Guizot published her *New Tales*, which have remained a classic for the children of all countries, thanks to the moral elevation and power of the lessons they contain, hidden under the simplest form, and adorned with the most charming stories. She began to write her *Family Letters on Education*, 'the only work she undertook freely, of her own accord, and with complete satisfaction. The care of her son taught her a great deal about education, no one could hold more liberal views, she wrote nothing on the subject which she did not apply, her talent for discovering and following out in real life the consequences of a principle

was much developed by studying the character of her boy.'*

She, however, knew nothing of ordinary, practical education, for she had had to do with an only child, a delicate and rare nature, precociously developed by the atmosphere in which he lived. Her religious faith, although it grew stronger every day, was wanting in definiteness, in that precision which is more necessary perhaps in our relation to children than in any other. The mark of the philosophy of the eighteenth century was often evident in her educational theories, even when she thought they were most completely free from it; there were, in consequence, some omissions, which one cannot help regretting, in her book; but with this exception, no work on this inexhaustible subject has ever attained the same degree of moral elevation, delicate perception, and unprejudiced judgment.

She sometimes said that she had 'had no idea beforehand of a mother's love,' but when she experienced it she felt it rapturously; an infinite tenderness was always mingled with the respect she felt for those immortal souls which are confided to our care, and whose will is so strong and untameable even on the threshold of life.

No one ever appreciated more than she did the treasures which lie hidden in a child's heart and mind; she was never tired of observing, considering, and expressing the principles derived from her obser-

* From M. Guizot's notes.

vations; from time to time she paused in her writing, a prey to tender emotions.

'My heart melts with tenderness when I look at my children,' are the words she puts into the mouth of Mdme. d'Attilly, and they are the exact expression of her own feelings. 'God instructs us in His laws, and the mother teaches them to her child,' she says; and she sums up admirably the whole aim of the great work of education by saying: 'It consists in enabling children to control themselves by means of their own free will. To succeed, education must make use of the desire for liberty, which is the true foundation for obedience.'

Mdme. Guizot's book was published in 1826, she devoted the last remnant of her strength to it: work, indeed, was the law of her whole life. Her health, which had long been delicate, was gradually failing, she was seriously ill, although no one knew it. Great restlessness was presently a symptom of the malady detected by the doctors; she suffered greatly, she felt her strength unequal to bear her suffering, and she passionately longed for anything which might enable her to live. She wanted to leave Paris, to establish herself in the country, to breathe the air of the fields. Distance from medical advice and the nature of her illness made any change of place difficult; she deplored it passionately, with the impressionable vivacity which her reason had never succeeded in conquering, and which her physical weakness rendered both more intense and more touching. I find the expression of her feelings at

this time in M. Guizot's notes on this period of their married life. She says:—

'Remember, dearest, that I have seen nothing, known nothing, exhausted nothing; my life has been almost as stationary as it has been laborious. Before our marriage I had never been beyond the suburbs of Paris; the Revolution, which excited me so powerfully, drove me no farther than Passy: I have felt much, thought and worked much, but every change has been from within; I have drawn all my experience from myself. I lived on in the same spot without any communication from the outside world, almost without being aware that there was such a world. Since our marriage I have looked a little more often out of the window, and the happier I have grown, the more eager I have been to enjoy every pleasure that was offered to me. I have become very old, very weary, very ill; and yet, dear, the slightest excitement out of doors, the very idea of a beautiful country, of some great event, of a fine sight, of some new and interesting scene, restores my youth and my energy; it seems as if I had exhausted only half my life—that which goes on within—and that I might possibly find the other half, which might carry me on again, outside these walls; from afar, dearest, it is from afar that my best hopes come. I say to myself that, perhaps, my own end is not near, since nothing has ended for me; I regard this as a good symptom, I am glad for both our sakes to feel the world so full, and myself so ready to enjoy and to take interest in so many

things. Be sure that if only I can regain my health a little, you will find me as I used to be; I shall—without the slightest effort and without desiring any praise—want nothing when with you, ask nothing, desire nothing, see nothing but you. But now I require some amusement and employment to rest the activity of my ideas, to divert my mind from work, and, at the same time, prevent it from dwelling on itself. I shall find all this, I hope, in travelling, in movement, and in novelty; I have faith in the instinct which makes me desire this so intensely.'

Every tender objection, all the doctors' hesitations, were obliged to yield to her passionate wishes. M. Guizot always retained a cruel impression of the long resistance he had thought it right to oppose to her desire. M. Royer-Collard was the only one among his friends who encouraged him to go away. 'Is there anything to be done here to relieve her?' he said. 'If there is nothing let her decide for herself—consult no one but her and yourself.'

No one could cure, or even mitigate, the malady which was killing her. The great surgeon, M. Boyer, advised Plombières.

'I can see now how her countenance, her eyes lighted up, as soon as I mentioned this word, with unexpected, anxious joy. She could not believe that such a hope was permitted to her: that a thousand objections, a thousand obstacles, would not rise up at once to rob her of it.'

After inevitable delays, during which her weakness and suffering increased, M. Guizot at last took his

wife to Plombières, accompanied by his mother, his son, and Mdlle. Dillon. Of all the trials in his long life, few left such melancholy traces in his memory as this journey—a long and troublesome one at that time—with no other result than a more and more rapid progress in the disease.

She left Paris on the 16th June, 1827, full of joy and hope. As soon as she passed the barrier she was charmed. 'You may be sure that this is no illusion,' she said. 'The air is not the same as in the streets; the sun does more good in the fields than in houses. As soon as I left Paris a very positive, distinct sensation told me that my condition was changed.'

Mdlle. Dillon wrote to her sister:

'She came back on the 27th July, 1827, exhausted, extinguished, discouraged; she still thought of others, but at times she was conquered by sufferings beyond the power of human nature to endure. On her arrival in Paris, Mdme. de Razomousky, one of her dearest friends, came to see her. 'My dear,' she said, 'here am I in my bed; I shall leave it one way or another: I have given myself up.'

Two days later, on the 1st of August, 1827, she expired, while her husband, who was sitting by her side, was reading to her a sermon of Bossuet's on the immortality of the soul.

'Yours are the only words that have touched me, my dear friend,' M. Guizot wrote, on the 8th August, to M. de Barante, with whom he had been intimate for years; 'her happiness was due to me only; it was entire, unalloyed, and it endured to the

last. If this thought could be always with me there would be some sweetness mixed with my bitter grief. But I can only feel it now and then; I seize it, and then I fall back on myself into the awful void—under this frightful weight. I know that I am wrong. Next to the happiness of having her for my wife, what I should have wished for most in the whole world—even at the price of this sorrow—would have been to *have* possessed her. For fifteen years the former happiness was mine; the latter is mine still: I have no right to complain. We were not separated until the very last; she still lived, even while passing through the gates of death; and I was allowed to live with her as long as is ever permitted to man. She died while listening to Bossuet's sermon on the immortality of the soul. I know in which place, in what sentence she ceased to hear my voice; two minutes before, she had become confused, she made an effort to recover her senses, she evidently wanted to follow to the end Bossuet's sound and noble argument. Her effort succeeded, she was herself again, she heard the end of the paragraph, and then she literally passed away from us, borne on the wings of this excellent proof of the soul's immortality.

'A quarter of an hour later, when she could no longer see or hear me, she pressed my hand from time to time; ten minutes after she ceased to do so she had completely ceased to breathe, without any alteration to show that she had passed through the slightest struggle—she was no more, and that was all.

'I do not ask you to forgive these details. I

think of nothing else, I must be silent or speak of her; and I am sure that you will like to follow the last steps in this world of this noble and tender being: one of the noblest, as Royer writes to me, who have ever honoured human existence. Good-bye. Write to me; I am sure that you will speak of her in the way I wish. I am going to Broglie in eight or ten days. They both came here in the hope of seeing her once more; they were too late by fifteen hours. They wanted to take me away with them, but I required this fortnight at home. Write to me at Broglie.'

On the 31st he writes: 'Thank you for writing to me, my dear friend! your letters are pleasant to me, although they cannot diminish my grief. I have made up my mind to it—that is all I can say. I am beginning to work again, but with great difficulty: if I might do nothing but walk about alone, read my letters over again—in one word, transport my life into the past—it would be endurable to me. But we must live in the present, we must banish even the remembrance which would naturally absorb us. This is the battle I have to wage. I have my boy with me; he is a satisfactory child in every respect—gentle, affectionate, intelligent, and lively. He was a great pleasure to her during the last two years. He was present all through her last moments, and we often talk of that time. I am not afraid of his dwelling on it: he has a singular faculty for turning his grief into a tender feeling which does not disturb his imagination. Her death was so calm, so entirely free from any moral or physical deterioration, that the remem-

brance of it does not distress the child. He has had no violent fits of grief: she is always present to him; she is an habitual thought with him; he is as fond of her as he was when she was here; he has the highest idea of her value and of the loss she is to me.

'This is his condition. You wished me to describe it, and it is what I should have desired. I have seen more passionate and energetic children than he is, but I have never known one more upright, more noble, or more natural. He will return to Paris, towards the middle of September, with my mother and my nieces. I shall go thither myself about the middle of October to put him to college as a day pupil, and to spend a fortnight with him. I shall then come back and pass the rest of the year here.

'I have an absolute necessity for quiet work and perfect solitude to enable me to regain possession of my faculties. My mind is like a broken limb, the most perfect rest is requisite for it; only on this condition can life begin once more to circulate in it.'

CHAPTER VIII.

1827–28.

HIS LECTURES—HIS SECOND MARRIAGE.

M. GUIZOT resumed his work with great diligence. The first two volumes of the *History of the English Revolution* appeared in 1827, and in the beginning of 1828 he undertook the direction of the *Revue Française*, an important publication, in which the most abstract questions of philosophy and political economy were discussed, without excluding the exciting questions of the day. At the head of the first number, which appeared in January, 1828, was an article by M. Guizot treating of the elections which had taken place in November of the previous year, of M. de Villèle's policy, and finishing by announcing, in the last page, the formation of a cabinet by M. de Martignac:

'If he understands and accepts the present state of France, he will hasten to put himself in harmony with the majority of which France has just sent the elements to the chamber; he will himself endeavour to unite, extend, and strengthen it. If he will not, or dare not, or cannot do this, there is nothing more to be said; his accession to power will then be

only another reason for directing all our thoughts, all our efforts, towards the formation of a strong national party. The country has raised its standard, we must hold it on high, and with a firm hand, in order that all may rally round it, and then we must plant it at the foot of the throne. This is all we have to care for.'

The Ministry was making an effort to return to really Liberal courses. M. Royer-Collard was appointed President of the Chamber, and the title of *Conseiller d'État* was restored to M. Guizot, who at the same time was permitted to resume his lectures, as well as M. Villemain and M. Cousin.

It was on the 9th April that the Professor, who had not occupied his chair for seven years, saw before him an audience even more numerous, more ardent, and more sympathetic, than the one which had assembled in former days at the *Collége du Plessis.** He was much touched by the applause which saluted his entrance.

'Forgive me, gentlemen,' he said, 'if your very kind reception has somewhat agitated me. Because I have returned, it seems as if everything else must come back, that nothing has been changed. There has been a change, however, and a thorough change. Seven years ago, we entered this room anxiously, our minds full of sadness and heaviness, we felt that we were being drawn towards a calamity which we were vainly endeavouring, by means of an earnest,

* The first theatre in which M. Guizot lectured.

quiet, and reserved attitude, to avoid. To-day we all meet, you as well as myself, with confidence and hope, our minds at peace, and our thoughts free ! . . . There is but one way, gentlemen, to show our gratitude properly, it is to exhibit, in our meetings and our writings, the same calm reserve that characterised us when we feared every day that they might be dissolved or suspended. Good fortune is hazardous, delicate, fragile; hope requires as much forbearance as fear, convalescence exacts almost as much care and prudence as the beginning of an illness. . . . You will exercise this forbearance, gentlemen, I am sure. The same sympathy, the same rapid and intimate correspondence of opinion, feeling, and thought, which united us in those days of trial, and which, at any rate, spared us many mistakes, will equally unite us in these fortunate days, and will put us in the way of reaping their fruits. I depend upon this, gentlemen, on your side, and I ask for nothing more.'

Those who had the good fortune to attend M. Guizot's lectures during the following two years, often related how faithfully the audience kept the promise made by the Professor in their name as well as in his own. However great the pushing and crowding at the door, and the difficulty of finding room on the narrow benches, silence and respect were always maintained within. The lectures on 'Civilization in France and in Europe' were never interrupted by any disturbance, however great the political excitement and tumult out-of-doors. This was always a gratifying recollection to M. Guizot.

At the same time happiness was returning to his life. During her illness, and with the secret conviction of approaching death, Mdme. Guizot said to Mdme. de St. Aulaire, with whom she was very intimate, 'If I die, I wish him to be unhappy as little and for as short a time as possible,'—thus showing an unselfishness which is very rare in so passionate a nature, and which contributed perhaps to the fulfilment of her noble wish.

Mdme. Guizot had taken a great part in the education of her niece, Mdlle. Élisa Dillon; she liked to be nursed by her during the melancholy journey to Plombières, and frequently and with pleasure drew attention to the resemblance between their characters.

M. Guizot wrote in his notes: 'Élisa was a young Pauline, devoted and tender as Pauline was to her dying day.'

After her aunt's death Mdlle. Dillon spent a month at Broglie, and when she had returned to Paris M. Guizot wrote to her from Broglie of the lost one whom they both had loved so well—

'I do not thank you for your attentions to my mother, my dear Élisa, but I wish you to know how much I am touched by them; you understand how to please her—a little time devoted to her, some attention to her friends, this is the best way, and I am sure that you have succeeded in it. That you should do so is essential to the calm of our home, and I do not know what would become of me without repose. It is repose that I want above all things at present, because it is only in repose that I am able to fill my

mind exclusively with her whom I find there, and there only. What I should chiefly dislike in discord would be the distraction of my thoughts. There are now only two conditions endurable for me—either great and important political action, or to detach myself entirely from externals and to live within myself; the former may some day be again possible for me, and I hope that it will; I can obtain the latter already, and I have obtained it; do not be uneasy about my health—all that is of no consequence—I am much better than I have any right to be. I have begun going out again, I have taken some long, solitary rambles. I seek out the walks which she liked, particularly those we took together; I want to retrace them all, even the tiniest paths, and to go over again every step. It is a great blessing that Providence allows us to retain such lively and lasting impressions: God knows that when I walked in these woods with her it never once entered my mind that I should return to them alone, I never made the slightest effort to imprint on my memory the scenes we passed through. Well, I remember them so well that when I try to find a path, I am vexed, I am ill at ease, until I discover the right one. I cannot tell in what respect the path I took with her differed from the one I am in, but I am sure it is not the right one; and when at last I find the right one, all at once my recollections rush back and become clearer and clearer—I remember everything—the position of the trees, the slope of the ground, the points of view, the stones—every object

that impressed me while it impressed her—everything associated with her presence, without my being aware of it at the time, produced on me an impression which awakes suddenly, like a flash of lightning. My life is in the past; happily it lives in me more than I can tell, and every day more and more—every day I remember, I fix the date and the place of some conversation, some trifling event—a word, a visit, a pleasure we enjoyed together—some detail of our life for fifteen years. I shall recover every bit of it, I hope. It is only in this way that I can once more enjoy what made my happiness in the past.'

Amidst these cherished memories, this deep sadness and this cruel void, the idea, the influence, and the character of Mdlle. Dillon gradually made themselves felt. She was twenty-four years old; her rare culture, her developed intelligence, and the important duties which had devolved upon her for so many years, had precociously matured her character; her position in life appeared to be settled: she was strong, calm, and entirely occupied in supporting with her energy all around her; her mind, however, was not wholly satisfied. On the 13th July, 1827, she wrote to her sister:—

'You tell me, dear, that I seem to have given up the idea of marrying, and that you are very sorry for it. You are wrong. I am persuaded, more than any one, that real happiness—if happiness belongs to this world—is to be found only in marriage, and I long for it, I should enjoy it, more ardently than I can ever

tell, even to you. But I will not sacrifice one iota of the conditions which seem to me necessary for securing it to my desire for enjoying it; my moderate fortune, my determination not to leave my father, and many other reasons, narrow the circle in which I might choose. It is, therefore, possible that I may never marry, and I should certainly much prefer a single life to an imperfect marriage.

'I should require a very great many things to make up for the loss of my liberty—for giving up my tastes and interrupting my studies, to make me forget that I no longer belonged to myself, and that I ought to find my happiness in subordination, and in absorption into another existence. Touch my heart, obtain my love, admiration and respect, and I should become the most docile of slaves; but I am determined that I will not give myself away for less. I can contemplate calmly a whole life passed as mine is now. All I want is to preserve the objects of my love, the ties which unite me to the past, which I loved so well. If I were sure of keeping you always with me—you who are the darling of my heart—I should fear nothing in the future, but I renounce this hope, I wish you above all things to marry; your character requires it. I cannot, therefore depend upon you. I must, however, have some one to devote myself to; someone that my mother loved, and that I may cherish for the love of her. In my dreams of a life of celibacy I devote my active life to my excellent father: it is his old age that I shall make beautiful, it is his health and his enjoyment

that I shall take care of when he will no longer suffice to himself. This is all, dear, that I have to say. I do not renounce marriage, but I do not make it the *sine quâ non* of my destiny. If I find the husband I want, well then I shall enjoy paradise upon earth—love in marriage: if not, with you and my father and Maurice, with my friends, my books and my poor people, I shall spend an agreeable, and, I hope, in some respects a useful life!'

The day came when this happiness suddenly burst upon the life of Mdlle. Dillon and re-entered that of M. Guizot. No one was better acquainted than he was with the mind that he had seen formed; the little faults of temper which he used to find in her disappeared on the approach of happiness. 'Élisa is no longer conceited,' said the Duchesse de Broglie, 'for all her love is satisfied.' Her influence sweetened the whole family circle, she brought into it so much good temper, charm, and easy joyous activity; she became quite naturally a daughter to M. Guizot's mother, and a mother to his son.

'François' behaviour to me is charming,' she wrote to her sister on the 23rd August, 1828; 'he looks after me in the kindest manner; he has taken my relation to his father completely in the right way; I was afraid that he might find it difficult to accustom himself to the deference M. Guizot shows me, to my freedom with him, and that my familiar tone might scandalize him as wanting in respect; not at all—it seems to him quite natural, and this is a great comfort to us. I shall try all I can to make all

who loved my aunt, love me also. Do I not owe this to her, and especially to *him*, to whom I owe everything? But everything will be, everything is, easy for me; I do not see one discontented face, I am surrounded with affection. May God protect me, for I am too happy!'

True happiness is a rare and salutary spectacle, and it was afforded by Mdme. Élisa Guizot to all who approached her as long as God permitted her to live.

She was married on the 8th November, 1828. Even her best friends can hardly call to mind or separate the details of her individual life, it was henceforth so entirely absorbed in that of her husband, so devoted to his interests, his affairs, and his occupations. She worked for him, she observed for him, she read and talked only for him. The strength and independence of her mind remained, however, always the same; she reflected much, and her intelligence grew and developed day by day.

In her early youth, under the influence of a somewhat narrow religious teaching, she had suffered from many doubts and scruples, from which she escaped by means of the philosophical atmosphere around her; she now embraced the wide and simple faith which suited her intelligence and her heart. 'I can imagine two ways of being earnestly and sincerely religious,' she writes to her sister: 'one, the product chiefly of our reasoning faculties, founds itself on the demonstration of the existence of God, arrived at by the contemplation of the order of the world and

the necessity for a first cause; it proclaims the immortality of the soul as a necessary consequence of our moral nature, and counts upon final remuneration, because the recompense for good and evil, which ought to be the law by right, does not reign, in fact, in this world, and the right must triumph in the end.

'One may also become religious from an ardent love, which nothing in this world can satisfy; from an instinctive purity which revolts from the sight of evil and the mixture of good and bad here below: from the aching of the heart, which seeks some certain satisfaction in another world for the vague and sublime presentiments which lead us to the infinite. Intelligence and feeling are also sources of religion. I think, dear Pauline, that neither of these ways alone is the good one, that God is not satisfied with the homage of our heart or our reason alone, that only when we offer to Him an understanding enlightened by cultivation and a soul filled with holy love do we fulfil His just claims.

'Nevertheless, dearest, we must own that both these ways of being religious exist apart, and that they have made great men and martyrs. Our nature is so incomplete that a very feeble dose of truth may be enough for it, but it must have this dose, it must grasp it heartily and receive it in all sincerity. How, then, could you imagine that I could like the book on whose subjects I have written to you at such length? I find in M. Benjamin Constant neither intellectual nor spiritual purity. He has never troubled himself about intellectual belief; he has not once thought of

affirming that he believes in God ; he expresses the utmost impiety in his arguments. He mocks at unbelievers, but why? Because they speak ill of religion, not because they are irreligious. As for religious feeling, he finds it everywhere, and gives out none of it himself ; he describes its errors with complacency and its satisfactions with indifference ; he resembles a dry, worn-out cynic, who tries to get up a little excitement to pass away the time. I can allow a catechism to be dull, and a book of religious ecstasy to be exaggerated ; but to write on religion and be dull and exaggerated at the same time is too much, and I cannot stand it.'

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CHAPTER IX.

1828–30.

RENEWED HAPPINESS—HE RE-ENTERS PUBLIC LIFE.

M. GUIZOT's work at this time required the assistance of his wife, to whom it gave a large share in his intellectual activity. She waded through the correspondence which the editing of the *Revue Française* involved; she read the books which were to be reviewed, and often wrote notices of them with a tact and elegance which added greatly to the literary value of the review; she also put her solid historical knowledge at her husband's service in the preparation of his lectures. While studying and writing with equal assiduity, he was observing the state of the public mind under the ministry of M. de Polignac—at that time on the eve of the blunders which could not fail to occasion fresh disturbances.

M. Guizot's friends, like himself, had long stood apart from the Government, but they continued to take the liveliest interest in politics, although they devoted themselves to intellectual pursuits. He assisted them with sympathy and advice; he wrote from Agen to M. Dumon:—

'I congratulate you on your establishment. Domestic happiness and a country place in which you may strike root, are well worth the noise of Paris, and even the pleasant society which you lose. If only you do not let yourself be paralyzed by the want of intellectual animation about you, I advise you to regret nothing. We have nothing to do but to wait; you ought to acquire a settled position, lay the foundation for future influence and for your candidature at the next elections, and be patient, while you enjoy your happiness. If we could establish a man like you in every department, and in an equally good position, we should do more for the future than by all our fine speeches. Come and see us sometimes, however, and write to us; we must disperse, but not separate; the net must be spread out, but the stitches must always hold together.

'I am delighted that you think of taking up history; you are right, I think, in not choosing a merely literary subject; the spirit which animates literature at present is still so vague and so feeble that it would be difficult for you, from your retreat, to follow its complicated vicissitudes. History is more definite, and the new method of studying it more settled. The public are certainly acquiring a taste for it; if you carry out your plan, you may expect much more than a provincial success. You will find my one great difficulty—to limit your subject.

'Aquitaine has gone through so many dislocations and metamorphoses that its history will draw you in turn into the histories of all sorts of

countries; Spain, England, &c. You will have the same fate as M. de Barante in his *History of the Dukes of Burgundy*; yours will be even worse, for Aquitaine has never been so settled as Burgundy, nor have its masters ever been so distinguished as the Valois Dukes of Burgundy. You will have to struggle with this difficulty. I advise you to keep your history as much as possible connected with that of France, and to leave on one side, or give only a passing notice, to those portions of Aquitaine which have belonged, for instance, to Spain. As to the information you ask for, open the *Bibliothèque Historique de la France*, by the Père Le Long; you will find in it, especially in the third volume in the article on Guyenne, an almost complete list of all the public documents. Auteserve's two works, *Rerum Aquitanicarum libri decem*—the five former on ancient Aquitaine, the five latter on Aquitaine from the time of Clovis to 1137—are capital books. They were printed at Toulouse, in quarto, in 1648 and 1657. The *History of Languedoc*, by the Benedictines; and that of *Béarn*, by Du Marca, are the two best that have been written of all the frontier provinces, and will be of great service to you. From the end of the twelfth century, look closely at the history of the kings of England who possessed Aquitaine; all the French historians have neglected this. If you treat at any length of Aquitaine before the invasions of the Goths and the Franks, and you wish, for example, to discover the origin of its first inhabitants, Humboldt's new work on the Basques will be necessary. There is reason for thinking that the

Basques are a remnant of the Iberians, the ancient inhabitants of Spain who occupied Aquitaine. For the rest, I put myself at your disposal for any information I may be able to give you; do not be shy in asking, I am continually giving up my time to people for whom I care infinitely less than I do for you, and I shall be delighted to be of use to you in any way. If you will take my advice, you will pay much attention to the feudal times, as they speak more to the imagination of the public than any other. For a long while those times were only known by the well-merited aversion that they inspired; now, whatever people may say, they have ceased to be objects of fear, and are becoming objects of interest. When you have thoroughly made up your mind, and are at work, send me, if you like, some definite questions; I will try to help you.'

M. Guizot wrote to M. de Barante on the 21st September, 1829, six weeks after the formation of M. de Polignac's ministry:—

'My dear friend, you see how they have begun, I have not much to tell you. Yesterday morning, M. de la Bourdonnaye was asked what he intended to do. "I know nothing, I want nothing, I do nothing," is his reply. This is, in fact, their whole policy. If the Chamber were to meet to-morrow, perhaps they would resign to-day; perhaps they would make a *coup d'état;* both are possible, and we, the public, believe sometimes the one, sometimes the other: on the whole, the chief feature is their impotence, they feel

it, and we may hope that this will bring about the end. They are overwhelmed with refusals and resignations. I am, therefore, very hopeful, and if the ending be good it will be very good, for we shall have an unanswerable reason for everything that ought to be done. Nevertheless, I find it hard to believe that in that event they will allow themselves to fall without offering any resistance, their accession to power has shown that everything is possible—the powerful influence which raised them may support them through thick and thin. We shall see; but at any rate, the crisis will decide a great many things. It would come much more quickly if the *Journal des Débats* were acquitted, and everything seems to indicate that it will be in the "*Cour Royale.*" The *Cour de première instance* is less certain: they have in it a cruel enemy who every day does them more harm.

'The resignation of M. de Chateaubriand is fully expected. Victor* wrote to me before all this was known, that his professions are excellent, that he speaks with the utmost scorn of M. de Polignac's attempt, and will belong only to a Liberal ministry. The friends of M. de Mortemart say that when he has received two or three disagreeable dispatches, which will render his position unpleasant, he will probably retire also. The King, for some unknown reason, speaks of M. de Martignac with peculiar bitterness. Ravez is certainly to be made a peer.

* The Duc de Broglie.—TR.

M. de Polignac and M. de Chabrol continue to indulge in the hope of a majority. "We have already 180 votes," says Chabrol, "and we gain more every day." La Bourdonnaye is more sensible, and has fewer illusions. Whatever happens you may be sure that next spring will not find us where we now are, we shall either have won the day or be deliberating how to pay the costs.

'All this may distract your attention from the *Parlement de Paris.** Go on working, however, it will always be so much done. You are quite right in thinking that *placitum* is of Latin derivation. The word is employed in Roman jurisprudence, and signifies *contract, convention.* Is it not singular that it, as well as the word *convention,* should have served for both a contract and an assembly? The latter meaning was given to it after the invasion, but its history is exactly similar to that of the word *convention,* with the exception that the first sense of the word *placitum* was a contract, whilst the first sense of *convention* was an assembly; the one began by designating a meeting of persons, and the other a union of opinions; but in both cases the meanings have been interchanged.

'*Mallum, mahl,* is an ancient German word, and its history is the same, for it also has signified a contract and an assembly, and the trace of this double meaning is still found in German, on the one hand, in the words *Gemahl* and *Vermählen,* which express a

* A work by M. de Barante.

marriage-contract, and in the other in *Mahlzeit*, a *meal-time*, or an assembly for taking a meal. As to whether the words *mallum* and *placitum* were synonymous, I am a little uncertain; I think, however, that *mallum* was used to designate an assembly of free men in general, without any regard to the business in hand, while *placitum* indicated rather a judicial assembly. Its metamorphosis into the word *plead*, seems to confirm this supposition. After all, the difference in the meaning of these two words chiefly results from the difference of date. *Mahl* belongs to the time when everything was transacted in assemblies of freemen; *placitum* to that in which only legal cases were judged in these assemblies; many restrictions, however, must be observed in making this distinction.

'As to the word *parliamentum*, it certainly was not used before the beginning of the twelfth century. It is, without doubt, neither purely German nor purely Latin; it is Roman, and dates from the time when the new languages began to make their appearance either in the south or in the north of Gaul. It is found both in the south and in the north, in Provence and in Normandy. What is its origin? I am not at all sure. All this group of words, *parole*, *parler*, *parlement*, are of doubtful origin. I do not believe much in Celtic or Gaelic derivations, especially for words in general daily use, which we meet for the first time in the twelfth century. I have often looked for the etymology of *Parliamentum*, but without success. I will not send you all the hypotheses that I have

made by post, they would be too long; but you may be satisfied that the word was first used in modern language.

'Good bye; my wife is well, and my daughter likewise, it was the most normal confinement that ever was seen, and the child prospers as well as possible. My son succeeded pretty well in his examination, he is nominated for the public examination, and he has obtained two first prizes and four *accessits*. He is not satisfied, and I am very glad that he is not; he wants to gain prizes at the public examination. Adieu! this is a volume. Ever yours. When will you send me an article for the *Revue?*'

Active and personal political life was opening for M. Guizot, while he was discussing the meaning of the word *Parliament*. Hitherto he had been kept out of the Chamber by his youth, but towards the end of the year 1827, he was nominated by the united *arrondissements* of Pont l'Evêque and Lisieux, in the room of M. de Vauquelin, the celebrated chemist, who died on the 15th October. The election took place on the the 23rd January, 1830, and M. Guizot was chosen by a large majority. He had never visited his constituency, and he owed to his reputation alone the political supporters who soon became his faithful and devoted friends. M. Guizot's first speech was in support of the address of the 221, which was attacked by M. Berryer, in a maiden speech.

All thoughtful and earnest men were profoundly anxious and distressed. M. Guizot was continuing his lectures, which he made studiously and exclusively

abstract. He succeeded in maintaining an external calm in his audience, but their real agitation did not diminish. When the king announced, first the prorogation (on the 19th March, 1830), and next, the dissolution of the Chamber (on the 16th of May, 1830), M. Guizot, whose re-election for Calvados was safe, went to Nîmes, to lend his personal assistance, which seemed likely to be of use, to his friends.

It was the first time that he had quitted his wife; she found it difficult to reconcile herself to the separation, on the 15th June she says in a letter to her sister:—

'I write to you with a sick heart, my Pauline; my husband went away this morning, and I have to endure twenty-eight or twenty-seven days of separation! It is very long and very hard to bear. I cannot tell you what I have gone through during the last few days; I could not look at him without my eyes filling with tears, and I hated time for passing so quickly on towards the moment for our separation. He left me this morning, at eight o'clock, and I think I am really better since he went; for when the first anguish was over I became calmer, and I have begun dwelling upon his return. For the last three months I do not believe that I have passed a single hour without the idea of this day pressing on my heart; now that it has come I recur to the one which will restore to me my husband, not to leave us again, I hope, except for a few days at a time. If only you were here, my dear sister. You are the only creature under the sun to whom I would allow a glimpse of

what is passing in my heart; in writing one can tell so little. I shall take my little girl into my room to-night, I am looking forward to this with great pleasure—if I could speak of pleasure just now. I am making some alterations in the furniture of the drawing-room, so I have established myself in M. Guizot's study; he wished me to do so, and I think I shall like it better than the loneliness of the other room. I remember that when you left us several days passed before I could make up my mind to enter your room, I did so at last only by chance, it gave me so much pain to see it without you in it. To pass the time I intend to work; I have an article on Uhland's poetry, to appear in the next number of the *Revue.* I shall write my notes,* and then I shall take up the Gauls again, and describe Cæsar's war. Whenever it is fine in the evening I shall walk out with Henriette, in the morning I shall go out only to visit my Refuge and my poor people. This will be my life.'

Absence was very painful to Mdme. Guizot, when anxiety was added to it it seemed almost more than she could bear. Her husband wrote to her from Nîmes, on the 26th June, 1830. 'Set your mind at rest; if there were any danger in my political life, I should wish you to be with me, I would send for you if you were not with me already. We are united for better and for worse. You would suffer a thousand times more at a distance than near me; we

* Mdme Élisa Guizot had begun a *History of France for Children.*

have those to whom we can trust our children; our duty to them, the care of their safety could alone oblige us to be separated; and this precious care would be taken, if necessary, by others who deserve our unlimited confidence. Do not, therefore, be in the least uneasy, my Élisa, when the storm breaks out we shall be united, we will fight with it or bear it together. Will it come soon? I do not think so. The struggle is severe, more severe than it appears to those at a distance, the two parties are deeply engaged, and hour by hour become so more and more. The Government is possessed by a fever of selfishness and stupidity; the Opposition is fighting passionately, though with much self-restraint, against the difficulties and anxieties of a position equally embarrassing from a legal and a moral point of view. The knowledge that it has the law on its side gives it power and courage to continue the battle, without inspiring it with any certainty of success; for in almost every direction the most important guarantee is wanting, and after sustaining a long and valiant struggle we run the risk of finding ourselves suddenly disarmed and powerless. There is the same anxiety and incongruity in the moral situation; the Opposition despises the Government, and yet has to treat it as its superior; the officials are contemptible, and yet are set up on high; the remembrance of imperial power and grandeur still serves them for a pedestal; they are looked at without respect, dirt is thrown at them, and they richly deserve it; but it is from below, with anger and terror com-

bined, that these insults are aimed at them. Here are, undoubtedly, many of the elements of a disturbance, perhaps even of a crisis; but as soon as the explosion seems at hand, or even possible, all draw back, all fear it, no one hopes to derive from it the satisfaction of any strong desire or ardent hope. In reality it is only from order and peace that any one nowadays expects any good; only regular means are trusted, and this is the real guarantee for the future, a guarantee which, for a long time, unless some extraordinary circumstances intervene, will bring the river back into its bed, at the very moment when it seems most likely to break away from its course.'

These extraordinary circumstances were preparing, and were destined, to precipitate the country into courses, on which for several months it had been anxiously gazing, without the slightest desire to plunge into them. The postponement of the elections put off M. Guizot's return. He solaced himself, in a degree, by conversing with his wife when absent, just as he did when present, carried away by the desire for intimate communion and lavish expression of thought and feeling, which he reserved for a very few, but which to those few was a constant source of intense happiness.

'I talk about the elections; I go on as if we were together; then, I am not obliged to economise my time; I have enough to spend with you, I may talk of indifferent things, I can tell you, whenever I like, those which are deeply seated in my heart. But now,

when I am far from you, and can hardly give you an hour a-day, I ought to speak of nothing but of you and me, of our happiness and our life. Indeed, this is my instinct, and it almost always costs me an effort to tell you a word of anything else. You must not think, dearest, that I have a less profound, less steadfast conviction of our happiness than you have; although I feel keenly our annoyances, although I call them deductions from the happiness of our lives, my heart is, nevertheless, filled with joy and gratitude. But I tell you everything, I pour out to you all my thoughts; and when they are written from a distance of 200 leagues, and reach you after an interval of four days, they seem to you to occupy me much more exclusively and continually than they really do. My Élisa, no one, not even you, has a firmer faith than I have in Providence—is more sincerely submissive than I am to His Will—but when my intellectual transformation took place, when my opinions became settled, I turned my thoughts chiefly towards the order of the Universe, the destiny of man, the course, the laws, and the aim of his development. It was while considering these subjects that the conviction of the Divine intervention flashed upon me, and I recognised, clearly and irresistibly, the Supreme Mind and Will. They manifest themselves to me, in the history of the world, as clearly as in the movements of the stars. God shows himself to me, in the laws which regulate human progress, as evidently—much more evidently, as I think—than in those which direct the rising and setting of the sun.

In short, to tell you all my thoughts, the history of humanity has for me blanks—large blanks—but no mysteries. There is much that I cannot see, but nothing that I do not believe. Millions of facts are unknown to me, but nothing ever startles me; my eyes are too weak to see everything, but they know that there is daylight everywhere. This is the chief foundation of my faith. It is by dwelling on the spectacle afforded by the human race, its present life, and ultimate destiny, that I have acquired an entire certainty, a perfect confidence in the wisdom, the goodness, and the persistent action of Providence. His action on each one of us in particular, His motives in the fate of individuals, are much less plain to me. I do not doubt, but I do not see as clearly: at every step I meet some mystery. I know that one occasionally sees the reasons and the moral results of the trials God inflicts on individuals, and that in other cases one perceives that He has tempered the wind to the shorn lamb. But I also meet with opposite and equally uncontrovertible instances: trials where the sufferer has succumbed morally, and with no apparently good result — miseries which are beyond all power of endurance.

'I repeat, dearest, when I see these things I do not doubt, I do not murmur; but I cannot understand, I cannot see, I fall back into mystery—terrible mystery. My belief in God does not fail me; but it is not from such spectacles that I derive it; elsewhere —in contemplating the general order of the Universe, I find the support which enables my faith to stand

fast: but it would not stand fast without this support. In fact, when I think of the designs of Providence with regard to each individual, I bow before them with humility, for I feel I am in the dark. When it is a question of the designs of God with regard to the human race, I contemplate and I adore, for light pours in upon me from every direction.'

In Paris Mdme. Élisa Guizot was hard at work, she was taking care of her great school-boy, François, and of her little daughter Henriette; she devoted a great deal of time to her mother-in-law, and yet did not neglect politics. She writes on the 15th of July :—

'My head-ache is nearly gone. After writing to you I was able to work; I am re-writing my chapter on the state of Gaul, and I shall have to write it a third time, but it is an important bit,—I shall spare no trouble over it. I think that I shall be obliged to retouch the chapter on the Gallic wars, in which are introduced several traits of character of the Gauls; this was also your impression—we will look at this together when you have time. I have Fleury's *Ecclesiastical History*, and I am going to read it. I shall also study Neander. As I have to treat of the establishment of Christianity among the Gauls, I shall be glad to have read a learned work on the first centuries of the Church. I shall not put any of this learning into my book, but it will influence it, and perhaps I shall find some interesting and curious details. Besides, when I have studied these two works I shall turn them to account in another way, I shall

write for the *Revue* an article on Neander's History, comparing it with Fleury's. Taken in this way the subject will excite more general interest; when the article is written we will put it in your portfolio to use when the opportunity presents itself; the article may wait, the daily papers and the *Revue de Paris* will not forestall it.

'I am going to Mousseaux, but I shall take no books; Pauline (Mdme. de Rémusat) goes with me; she sent her nurse to propose this to me; my morning will be unproductive, and thanks to you and to eight poor people whom I saw this morning, I shall have done nothing to-day but write to you and correct the first proofs of *Une Famille*—this will really be a very pretty edition, I am delighted with it.

'Your mother and I went yesterday to the Tuileries Gardens, and we talked a great deal about her sorrow, of the effect it produced, on her, of her fidelity to your father's opinions, of your education. Your poor mother burst into tears: she said, "My grief is only a matter of history to my children, they were too young to feel it; for twenty years I spent every night sitting on my bed, bathed in tears; I controlled myself in order not to sadden them; your husband had an extraordinary instinctive tenderness, he saw my sorrow and the struggle it cost me to live—without my children I could not have existed—but I had the conviction of a double task laid upon me; my poor darling had trusted me, and I may say that I fulfilled all his wishes. I brought up my children entirely myself, I spared myself

neither in mind nor in body; the only thing which I cannot correct in myself is my tendency to exact too much from them, but I think that God will forgive me this fault!" Dearest, my eyes filled with tears while I listened to her. She told me she had lived three lives: a somewhat careless youth, eight years of happiness, and all the rest sorrow; she has passed thirty-five years in tears, and she has never found a heart that sympathised entirely with her own: I love her and she loves me better and better every day; I think that we shall agree thoroughly on Henriette's education.

'I have been speaking with M. de Guizard about the *Revue Dramatique;* he is inclined to give M. Félix the musical part and take all the rest on himself, making it into one article. It seems to me that this would answer very well, he would do it admirably, and in the tone and spirit of the *Revue.* I shall see M. de Langsdorff; he will do only what he likes, but I think he would be charmed to write in the *Revue.*

'It is said that M. de Peyronnet has spoken to some of the members of the *Centres,** and that the king found it out. At the Council, on Sunday, M. de Peyronnet spoke of the elections and their importance; he uttered the words *moderation* and *legality!* The king became angry, and told him testily that he had not expected advice of that sort from him, and also that there was no use in trying to recompose the

* See p. 69.—Tr.

Ministry; that he knew that some members of Council thought of it, but that they might save themselves the trouble, and that if he thought it advisable to do so he would do it himself, and according to his own wishes. I obtained this information from the *Globe*. M. Cotte came to see me yesterday, but I had gone out with your mother; I am sorry, for the *Temps* seems to be well informed. For the last three or four days people have begun again to talk of *coups d'état;* the *Univers* has once more become violent; the *Quotidienne* talks of nothing but good laws to be brought forward. These two newspapers seem to represent the different opinions of MM. de Polignac and de Peyronnet. Have you read M. Berryer's speech? It is entirely in favour of legal measures; he talks of the institutions established by the Charter.

'Good-bye, dearest. What a letter! My heart feels light when I think that half the time of our separation is over; but how long it has been, how many days of our happiness lost!'.

The secret of the hesitations as well as of the resolutions of Charles X. had been well kept; those who were best informed were ignorant of the imminence of the danger which they had so long dreaded.

'I left Nîmes on the 23rd July, 1830, satisfied with the elections in which I had taken part, with the state of feeling I had found, and entirely occupied with the thought of how it was necessary to proceed in order to obtain for the decided, but at the same

time moderate and honestly expressed, wishes of the country, a predominant influence in the Chambers, and a favourable reception from the king. It was only on the 26th, while passing through Pouilly, that I obtained from the guard of the mail the first intelligence of the decrees.* I reached Paris on the 27th, at five in the morning, and at eleven M. Casimir Périer invited me to his house, where a meeting of several of our colleagues was appointed.

'The struggle had scarcely begun, and already the entire establishment of the Restoration—persons and institutes—was in visible and urgent danger. A few hours before, and within a short distance of Paris, the decrees were unknown to me; and by the side of legal opposition, I saw, on my arrival, revolutionary and unchained insurrection. The journals, the courts of justice, the secret societies, the assemblies of peers and deputies, the National Guard, the citizens and the populace, the bankers and the labouring classes, the drawing-rooms and the streets, every regulated or unlicensed element of society, either yielded to or pushed forward the general movement. On the first day, the cry was, *Long live the Charter! Down with the Ministers!* On the second, *Up with Liberty! Down with the Bourbons! Long live the Republic! Long live Napoleon the Second!* The decrees of the preceding eve had been seized on as

* The three celebrated *Ordonnances* of Charles X. which occasioned the Revolution of 1830. The first was to suspend the liberty of the press, the second to dissolve the Parliament, the third to set aside the Charter.—TR.

the signal for exploding all the irritations, hopes, projects, and political desires accumulated during sixteen years.'*

* From the English translation of M. Guizot's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 2.

CHAPTER X.

1830–32.

POLITICAL VICISSITUDES—THE CHOLERA.

THERE was but one person, one course of action that seemed capable of arresting the revolution and of restoring order to the country by securing its liberties. The accession of King Louis-Philippe in 1830 gave to France eighteen years of peace, of good and free government; it afforded her a resting-place amidst the long succession of shocks and agitations which have disturbed her career for nearly a century. Those who lent a hand to the work of July, 1830, believed that they were founding a durable edifice; their brilliant hopes for the future consoled them for the sadness and anxiety of the present; these hopes were in themselves happiness. M. Guizot spent three months at the Home Office (*Ministère de l'Intérieur*) in reorganizing almost the whole government, giving audiences at four in the morning, and being found every day at two sittings in the Chamber. 'You will require M. Guizot for a long time,' M. Casimir Périer said to the king; 'tell him not to kill himself at once in your service.'

In the beginning of November, the members of the Council who formed the nucleus of resistance to revolutionary tendencies—MM. de Broglie, Casimir Périer, and Guizot—retired, and M. Lafitte became President of the Council.

Mdme. Guizot had taken an enthusiastic interest in the anxieties and annoyances of her husband, she likewise shared his hopes and his triumphs; but the duties of the new life which she was called upon to lead weighed upon her much more than its pleasures afforded her enjoyment.

'All this is like a dream,' dear sister, she wrote on the 4th August, from the *Ministère de l'Intérieur;* 'the noisy magnificence of this house tires me. I am determined, should I stay here, to lead the simplest life possible, except on ceremonial occasions.'

After M. Guizot quitted office, the violence of parliamentary discussion left no time for repose or domestic life; it was only when they were at Broglie in May, 1831, that M. and Mdme. Guizot at length enjoyed a few peaceful days, after a tour that he was obliged to make in the *arrondissements* of Lisieux and Pont-l'Evêque. During his absence Mdme. Guizot wrote to her sister:—

'I am very comfortable here; I am enjoying greatly the perfect quiet of this house and not having to listen to politics all day long.

'For eight months I have been living on the treadmill, or in a furnace, whichever you like to call it; the opening of the Chambers will send me back to it, and I am delighted to take beforehand a long bath

of repose. But to make it perfect, I want M. Guizot by my side; away from him I do not live; my only interest in the day is to see it come to an end; my mind is impatient, and counts each hour, each minute which must pass till that one comes which will bring him back to me. This is not the way to rest oneself. Therefore I look forward, as a real rest, only to the ten days which we shall spend here after his final return—then only I shall be able to enjoy the country and its tranquil beauty at my ease. In the meantime, I am enchanted by the happiness of my little Henriette; she enjoys herself thoroughly, spends her life in the open air, goes in and out, gathers flowers, makes little gardens, and grows fatter and rosier every day. I am convinced that this visit will do her infinite good.'

On the 2nd of May M. Guizot wrote to his wife from Honfleur, after seeing the sea for the first time, a pleasure which he had always promised himself to share with her:—

'I am in despair at having only half-an-hour to write to you in; what have I not to tell you! I have been spending four hours on the sea-shore, from one headland to another. I have been over a small man-of-war. The weather was splendid; now a storm is coming up.

'You are not here. It is a strange experience to have a sharp sensation of delight which turns instantly into one of pain, and yet the delight comes back of itself, sharp and irresistible, in spite of my efforts; in vain it changes to pain, in an instant the pleasure

returns; I can neither shut it out nor silence it. I have just been passing four hours in feeling it and losing it; never, perhaps, have I been in such a completely involuntary state, able neither to reject nor to enjoy. It was no sudden, extraordinary sensation that the sight of the sea gave to me; I felt my mind unfold itself easily and naturally, as if it had hitherto wanted space, and that in the presence of this immense and equable space it was able at last to enjoy fully, and to move freely. It was an emotion calm at first, but constantly growing stronger; gentle, and yet powerful; every minute seizing hold of me more and more powerfully, and nailing me to the spot and to the sight. Why were you not there? Why were we not alone? We will come here some day. I have already promised this both to you and myself, and then I shall feel real and entire satisfaction. Four hours, dearest! Four hours without you, in the midst of all this mental agitation, and, meanwhile, keeping up an incessant conversation with five people. I am tired to death! But I must tell you that the sea is incomparable, even at Honfleur, that the situation of Honfleur is beautiful, and that the people here are so charming as to talk constantly of you. I must say good-bye. What is my little girl doing? Dear child! I should like to know if some vague recollection of me often enters her little mind, if my image sometimes floats before her eyes. Give her a kiss from me.

'To-day we have the great banquet. Yesterday I met fifteen constituents at dinner, and thirty in the

evening. They cleverly invited two or three half-opponents, uncertain as to their votes. We talked politics. I told the story of the last nine months. To-day I shall repeat it with a little more ceremony.

'I am spoiled here. There are a great many people who are first-rate, and a great many others who are sensible and have good intentions, but who need much enlightenment. They know nothing, and understand nothing. Of all this public talk which deafens us, only a few sentences are echoed from time to time in a *commune* containing two or three electors. What they hear disturbs more than it instructs them. They do not understand the political terms or the connexion of events. We can form no idea of their ignorance, or of the effect produced in their minds by the shreds of information—facts, speeches, and newspapers—which fall from time to time into their hands. . . . . Good-bye; I am going to have a first-class meeting. Speeches will be made, I shall reply. Toasts will be given, I shall give others in return. Nothing will be wanting. I should like to see my little girl in the midst of all this hubbub; she would begin to cry. Adieu! adieu! They have found me for my rounds a little mare, which is said to have charming paces.'

M. Guizot returned to Broglie on the 22nd of May; a few days afterwards he went back to Paris. This separation which they each found so difficult to bear, was to be the last before the final parting. On the 22nd of June the birth of a second daughter added

another joy to their already great and deeply-felt happiness.

'I am happy, very happy, in every respect,' Mdme. Guizot wrote to her sister, whom she had the satisfaction of seeing well married to M. Décourt, the *sous-prefêt* of Bethune. 'If God will bestow a little peace on this country, if He will but protect us from dangers the terror of which has given us many sleepless nights; if only I have nothing to fear for the beloved objects to whom my life is bound, no creature will owe more heartfelt gratitude to the sovereign Disposer of all good. What do I not owe Him already, dear sister? He has given me your happiness, the only thing that was wanting to mine.'

The cholera had just broken out in Paris; the new and terrible visitor, who revealed with an awful distinctness the hideous corruption, as well as the greatness of human nature. The poor, who at first were alone attacked by the disease, were for an instant carried away by the wild terror which caused so many frightful massacres in the plagues of the Middle Ages. It was only a passing impulse; soon the calm, strong measures of the Government, the admirable courage displayed by the priests, the doctors, and by women, re-animated and raised the spirits of the people. Temporary hospitals, erected by private charity, helped the insufficiency of the ordinary resources. Mdme. Guizot spent her life among the poor, whom she had long been in the habit of visiting with affectionate assiduity.

'After the cruel scenes of the last few days,' she

writes to her sister on the 6th of April, 1832, 'quiet has returned, but my mind is still quite upset by them; the sight of so much misery lacerates me, and that of so much folly and crime overwhelms me. Our plans for the summer are more uncertain than ever; we shall not quit Paris as long as the cholera is here; we do not wish either to leave or to take away our collegians.* Besides, we think it wrong to abandon the poor to this scourge; they alone suffered from it at first; now, although the evil is abating, there is great alarm in the world that fills the drawing-rooms, which has seen several of its members fall victims. Thousands of the poor fell without the minds of the rich being much affected; to rouse them it was necessary to strike home. Let us pray that this scourge may be stopped, there are surely enough victims.'

A few days later Mdme. Guizot had to endure the agony of the most terrible anxiety, for her husband was violently attacked by cholera. The utmost care and skill, added to the calm bravery of the patient himself, soon banished all danger; he was convalescent on the 16th May, when M. Casimir Périer, who had been attacked by the epidemic, died like a valiant soldier struck down at his post. 'Poor M. Périer,' Mdme. Guizot writes to her sister. 'I told you yesterday that he was better, but he died this morning at seven o'clock. The very evident improvement noticed for the last few days stopped on Sunday

* François Guizot and Mdme. Guizot's nephew.—Tr.

evening ; on Monday he was not so well, but we still tried to persuade ourselves that it was only one of the ups and downs natural after such a terrible illness ; yesterday, however, it was no longer possible to hope. M. Guizot went out for the first time to visit this house of mourning ; M. Périer was at the point of death, my husband wished much to see him once more, but as his eyes were still open, though their light was dimmed, the emotion of a recognition was feared, and M. Guizot was deprived of this sad satisfaction. I regretted it less than he did, for I am sure that it would have done him harm ; he was much affected by the hour he passed in the house of his poor friend. He was sincerely attached to M. Périer, more so than I was aware of; he found in him qualities of rare excellence, which it was my husband's nature fully to appreciate. We are also much grieved by the death of poor M. Cuvier ; he noted all the details of his own illness with scientific precision, and he regretted life for the sake of the great works which he had not been able to finish. Adieu, dearest, my heart is too heavy to write more.'

The cholera was nearly over, even in the departments which it reached later, and in which it remained longer, than it did in Paris. The alarm was beginning to sober down ; in some places it had been so excessive that the Duc and Duchesse de Broglie were obliged to perform the last duties for the victims who fell around them in Normandy, just after they had the grief of losing a charming girl of fifteen.

M. Guizot wrote on the 28th May to the Duc de Broglie :—

'How are you all at Broglie, my dear friend? I regret extremely that I am not able to join you there at once, I should bring with me what we all want, and you more than any of us just now—a great deal of sympathy and a little variety.

'One can never say all that one feels ; even in the closest friendship there are infinite reserves and reticences, but it seems to me as if your loss were mine, I feel it as a personal grief; I always see before me that lovely child—calm, transparent, and brilliant, like a beautiful lake in sunshine. It gave me so much pleasure to look at her, to anticipate the happy future promised by the inward harmony which showed itself in the sweet tranquillity of her brilliant eyes, in her gentle movements, and her frank smile. I rejoiced both for your sake and hers in your affection for her, and looked forward with pleasure to the consolation which you would all derive from it in the trials of life.

'If we were together I should probably not tell you one word of all this, but you could not help feeling that my thoughts answered yours, and at the same time I should help you not to give yourself up entirely to them. We are never consoled, nothing can console us, not even a new source of happiness ; but we grow calm, we regain possession of our faculties and of our lives. We keep and guard jealously in our minds a cherished memory to which we do not in any way sacrifice the future. It is for

this that we must constantly strive, and it is to help you in this that I wish I were with you. But our house is still a hospital. My mother has been very unwell; she is better, and I am assured that in a few days all traces of her illness will have disappeared. As for me, I am quite well, my strength came back with a rapidity that astonished everybody. I can walk two or three leagues without fatigue; all that remains is a constant recurrence of sharp pain over the eyebrows. Open air, exercise, and quiet, will cure me. I am beginning to recover the power of working, although I do not use it as yet.'

The excitement of the riots of June, 1832, succeeded the excitement of the cholera, which, indeed, had not wholly disappeared. A few days later M. Guizot wrote to M. de Broglie: 'Do not be afraid, dear friend, that the powers given by the proclamation of the state of siege will be abused. Clumsily enough it was proclaimed twenty-four, or at least twelve hours too late; but we shall use our power as little as possible, if at all. A few domiciliary visits, a great many fire-arms, perhaps a few papers seized, and the moral effect produced by the evidence of victory—this is all. I do not know whether there will be any trials by court-martial. A few such trials would have been useful during the three days, but now it is too late. It is evident that the people do not know how to use or to lay down this terrible weapon.

'Here is a true and particular account of what

passed. It was a parody on the Revolution of July, 1830, played out and damned. Nothing was wanting, neither the Address of the 221 members, under the name of the "Memorial of '41," nor the barricades, nor the attempt to lead M. de La Fayette to the Hôtel de Ville, nor the assembly of the Deputies, nor the officers to interpose, &c. I never saw a more complete and servile copy. The public hissed angrily. I do not think that another performance will be attempted for a long time. Besides, the government has regained possession of the guns: power without guns is as impossible as power without judgment. Charles X. fell for want of judgment; we tottered for want of guns. We now possess guns as well as judgment. Lastly, the king has exposed his own person—naturally, freely, and successfully. He has gained popularity, not only in the streets, but in society. It is said throughout the Faubourg St. Germain that he won his crown on the 6th June. This is what we have really gained. But my heart bleeds when I think of all the use that might be made, and will not be made, of this capital. I fear that we shall squander it instead of putting it out to interest.

'Rémusat has returned from London; he is pleased with the condition of England, both as regards us and herself. Everything seems to him to indicate that the national good sense will modify all the short-sightedness and violence of the Reform Bill. Ours is the age of national good sense; we are forced to believe in it as we believe in God, without seeing it

anywhere, and almost without understanding it; it reveals itself in its works. I could wish, I must own, for some clearer and more lasting manifestation of it. I have a great liking for personification, for the incarnation of goodness and truth. However, I do not complain; it is better to have the real Deity, although invisible, than idols.

'All this is horribly *doctrinaire*.* Pray, keep it secret. Just imagine the shrugs of certain people whom you know very well, and clever people too, if they heard such language. To reach the public we must stoop and shrink as a cat does to pass under a door; it is the *sine quâ non*. Sometimes it bores me, sometimes it makes me angry, yet I would rather endure it than give up action. I reserve perfect freedom and the proud possession of my own mind for the quiet of old age. When we walk about at Broglie with stooping backs and uncertain steps, we will be as philosophical and as *doctrinaire* as we please, without being afraid of what people will say.

'In the meanwhile, I wish I were there, *doctrinaire* or not *doctrinaire*, to breathe at my ease, free from all this sometimes awful and sometimes feverish excitement. We are all very well; my mother is recovering. I have no trace left of the cholera. Even its name has ceased to be mentioned, I think.'

Again, on the 13th August—

'Will you then never have done with the cholera? They say here that its appearance at Bordeaux shows

* See p. 54.—Tr.

that it certainly is about to leave us—that it makes these sudden jumps when it really is going away. In trials like these it is necessary to say something; people feel, without knowing why, the need of frightening as well as of reassuring themselves. In the same minute, in the same sentence, they alternately exaggerate fear and hope. We now are able to understand Thucydides and Boccaccio. It is plain that without the efforts of science and civilization, (which, in spite of their imperfections, have done wonders), we should have had in the streets the frightful spectacles which we used formerly to accuse of poetical exaggeration. The older I grow, the more absolutely am I convinced that in everything, in the portraiture of scenes of the external world, as well as in that of the internal mind, the imagination of man falls far short of reality. There is a thousand times more passion in a heart full of deep emotion than in the most passionate novel; a thousand times more incidents and scenes in a real event than M. Hugo or M. Dumas could compress into a melodrama. Literature is only a pale reflection of life, and the happiness and misery that God creates are infinitely greater than any which man can paint.

'Orfila still lingers; he cannot yet be considered convalescent, and they say there is as much cause for fear as for hope. If he is to recover there will be a marked improvement a week hence: but he may be months in dying. His body is worn out with work and pleasure. He has suffered much, and enjoyed

much. His loss would be greatly felt, for it seems that since he has been Principal he has developed talents for government—a natural ascendancy, a skill in managing men—which make him invaluable as the head of such a school. He has led the students entirely back into the ways of study and science. Those who give themselves up to politics are treated as fools, and much despised. On the 6th June only fifty students were absent from the class.

'Not four would be absent, I am sure, if the 6th of June tried to repeat itself, for all the world would laugh at it, seize it, and stifle it in a second. I never saw a disturbance so cried down, or such a perfect calm, as at present. Prosperity is returning in every direction. But for the cholera, the improvement in trade would have been very great.'

'*August 20th.*—I do not know if I shall achieve a letter to you this morning. I am going to the distribution of the prizes after the great examination (*grand concours*). François and Maurice have obtained nominations; they have, therefore, left college and its studies. François will attend philosophical and mathematical classes. It will be a new world for him; he is disgusted with the old one. It required all his gentleness and his confidence in me to prevent this last year of Greek and Latin from becoming nauseous to him. There is evidently in classical studies something which no longer answers to the present condition, the natural inclination, of society and of the public mind. I do not know what it is, I am trying to find out. On no account would I abolish,

or even diminish, classical studies—the only ones which n boyhood really strengthen and inform the mind. approve highly of those few years passed in familiar intercourse with antiquity, for if one knows nothing of it, one is never anything but an upstart in knowledge. Greece and Rome are the good society of the human mind; and in the midst of the decline of every other aristocracy, one must endeavour to keep this one standing. Taken altogether, I consider college life—a life of study and liberty—as intellectually excellent. From it alone are sent forth strong, natural, and refined minds; cultivated and developed to the utmost, yet without any false bias or eccentricity. I am struck more and more by the advantages of a classical education. Nevertheless, I see, as in the instance of my son, there are changes, and important changes, to be made. The instruction is too meagre and too slow: and the intellectual atmosphere of the actual world is too different from that of a college. The system is adapted to teach very large classes; the consequence is that the superior pupils are sacrificed to the inferior, and the classes are so large because a number of boys, not being able to find a place where they may learn what they require and wish for, go there to learn what they do not require and do not wish for. If the truth were told, our colleges are still made on the pattern of the society of the last century. The dreams of the eighteenth century, the follies of the Revolution in this matter, have disgusted us—and justly—with the new experiments which succeeded so ill,

and in returning to the old road we have fallen into the old gutters. We ought to get out of them, but with great pains and precaution, for in spite of everything, our colleges and their systems are worth a great deal more than the schools which M. de Tracy and M. de Laplace would have given us—could they have given us anything, which would have lasted only as long as they lasted themselves.

CHAPTER XI.

1832–33.

PUBLIC EDUCATION — DEATH OF MDME. ÉLISA GUIZOT.

THE moment was approaching when M. Guizot was to attempt the solution of the great problem of public education, which had long occupied his thoughts.

From the 12th March, 1831, when M. Casimir Périer, immediately after the sack of the Archbishop's palace, assumed the reins of government, he was consistently supported in the Chamber by M. Guizot and his friends, although they took no actual part in public affairs. The death of the great captain, who had managed the ship with such a firm hand, left it a prey to the violence of the waves. The hesitation of parties was great, that of the king greater still.

'There is no news,' M. Guizot wrote to M. de Broglie, on the 26th August, 1832, 'excepting that there is a slight breeze getting up, which shows that we are nearing land, a land of labour, not of rest. There is renewed activity, new combinations are suggested, insinuations and half-confidences are whispered. As far as I can judge our course is

not bad, and we are floating towards the right shore. It would be impossible to remain on the wrong one; but it is difficult to find the right. At eight o'clock to-morrow morning I am going to preside at some examinations in history, at the *École normale*. The pupils who are leaving have written some remarkable themes, full of a real historical spirit. I want to see what Michelet has taught them. I do not trust his method.

'I am delighted the cholera is leaving you. I was as much afraid of the gloom it produced as of the danger. Gloom does no good at the age of your children, especially a gloom at which one looks on in sadness and idleness, a gloom which does not touch one closely enough to rouse the mind, and which weakens instead of strengthening it. You ought to let them make an excursion to Havre. Stagnation is poison for the young. I see how much it weighs on my son. He was to have spent his vacation in travelling, and in field-sports, with you, and in Anjou and Touraine. He gave it all up with the greatest sweetness, to please me. The cholera is in every place where he intended to go, I gave him his choice, and he did not once hesitate. I shall do my best to enliven his vacation, but nothing can replace external movement—new places, new people, and the first experience of personal liberty and individual action. When Rousseau said, 'A thinking man is a depraved animal,' he turned as usual a small truth into great nonsense, but the small truth is there notwithstanding. Our age is too much given to thought, we ask too much

from it, alone it is not enough to animate life. Nature impels us outwards, to action. It is from without that we must draw food for the inner man, and if we neglect this too much, the mind falls into a morbid state. I have learnt all this from experience, for in my youth I disliked action; solitary meditation and my own feelings were the sources of my keenest enjoyments. And, even now, although I enjoy action, it is not my natural taste, nor, in my opinion, a satisfactory life. In it one is struck every moment by the gross imperfection of all things; one tires, one exhausts oneself in endeavouring to conquer it, and in this interminable struggle the best efforts have so little apparent result, that the prize, indeed, is not worth the pains. The position of a spectator, a pure and simple thinker, has pleasures which are much more wide and free; but precisely here lies the evil, so much liberty is not good for our weakness. We need to be continually restrained, brought back by the natural world to the sense of the duties laid upon us, and the obstacles surrounding us. We try to walk with our eyes bandaged, and we find that we cannot walk ten steps in a straight line. This is what happens to pure and simple theory, it is blind and soon goes astray. And when this discovery has been made, when one is once convinced that action is necessary in order to prevent theory from turning to folly, one must make up one's mind to accept with a good grace the natural and normal condition of mankind.

'You will agree that it would be better to say all this than to write it. I hope that you miss me a

little, for I miss you extremely. As I advance in life I want fewer people, but I want more than ever those few. Putting aside affection, I experience two contradictory impressions, every day I feel my mind grow richer in observation, in ideas, in all that men like to communicate to each other; and at the same time, every day the number of those with whom I can have true and free communication becomes smaller, thus sympathy and mental companionship are every day more necessary and less frequent. I shall certainly miss my holiday as much as François will his; I look forward with some dread to the furnace of the session, which will begin before I have been able to refresh myself at Broglie after the two years which we have just gone through—another sacrifice to which I must resign myself.

'M. de Talleyrand is better, but not yet well enough to start for London.'

M. de Talleyrand's business in Paris was still more important than that which called him to London. On being consulted as to the formation of a new ministry, he advised the king to send for the Duc de Broglie. The latter accordingly came to Paris, and his first word as well as his final resolution were, that he would not enter any Cabinet without M. Guizot.

After a few days of hesitation and consultation, the Ministry of the 11th October was formed, which assembled round the King Louis Philippe all those powerful elements of a strong government which afterwards fell apart with such fatal results. M. de Broglie became Minister of Foreign Affairs; M. Thiers,

Home Minister; Marshal Soult was President of the Council; M. Guizot was appointed Minister of Public Education.

'As you are obliged to go back into the furnace,' M. Royer-Collard writes, on the 14th October, 'I am glad that you are to be Minister of Public Education. You will stand in the breach, but at any rate you will have had he merit of scaling it; you will not be hung out as a flag of defiance.'

On the 14th October M. Guizot wrote to M. de Barante :—

'My dear friend, here we are again in the field. For a long time I could not believe that the right course would prove so soon the necessary one. The excitement is great, but not greater than I expected. All the old disputes, old rivalries, and irritable vanities, are at work. These are our great impediments, but I hope we shall overcome them. There is a strong party against us and a strong party for us.

'It is absolutely necessary that we should first settle our foreign affairs. When that is done we shall be able to deal with other matters. It were easier to rebuild Lisbon on its burning and shaking soil than to set up again a disorganised society. This, however, is the task before us. M. Périer rendered us an enormous service; he stopped material disorder; but political disorder, intellectual disorder—these still remain and have to be conquered. I have always thought well of our country, and I still think well of it, perhaps better than ever; but I see, I feel, the

obstacles, and I sometimes tremble. Try to get the good sense of Europe to help us; we need the existence of every factor of reason and good sense, and we must gather strength wherever we can find it. Let it be well understood that we are playing the great, perhaps the last, game of order and safety in Europe, and that all honest men, all men of sense, must join in the game. If we employ well the time that remains before the session begins, I think we may be sure of success.

'You have sent me a charming paper, which I am going to print and to circulate, either in the *Revue de Paris*, or separately. Be easy as to the authorship being kept secret. The whole history of France is in it, and your advice as to the present is turned in a way which will be favourably received. Send me from time to time similar articles; I promise to make good use of them.

'You will, I am sure, approve of my refusing any other post than that of Public Education. I shall not utter one word the less in consequence, and the public will think all the better of me. We shall make every possible effort to rally round us all the chiefs of the majority, and not to leave out M. Dupin. I do not despair, we shall face boldly every difficulty, and not allow ourselves to be discouraged by small mistakes and failures. Victor* is in excellent spirits.'

Throughout his life M. Guizot preserved a lively and grateful recollection of his labours at this time.

* The Duc de Broglie.

He has described in his memoirs the works he attempted, the hopes he entertained; some that were both great and important failed, and for others there was no time; others again were the germs of improvements which have since been effected; the most important of all, the organization of primary instruction in France has resisted every shock and triumphed over every attack. The work which the Convention and the Emperor Napoleon neglected was accomplished by the law of 1838; by degrees elementary education has been put within the reach of the whole people of France.

Mdme. Guizot did not regret her husband's return to public life. She already felt the truth, which he afterwards often put into words: 'I like power because I like to put forth my strength.' She had no wish to keep the combatant out of the arena. She wrote to her sister on the 22nd October, 1832:—

'You ask what I think of the change in our position. I think a great many things, so many that I can tell you only a few of them. I know that public life is full of difficulties, storms—perhaps even of dangers—and yet I am very glad to see my husband again in it. One day, before our marriage, he asked me if I should not be frightened by the vicissitudes of his career; I can still see the brilliant look of delight which he gave me when I answered that he might feel easy, that I should passionately enjoy his success, and not waste one sigh on his reverses. What I said then is true now, dearest; I will keep my promise, I am anxious, I am miserable at the thought of the difficulties, the annoyances, the

the struggles, and the perils which will beset his path, but on the whole my faith supports me, and I am glad because he is pleased; besides, my life is not so entirely disorganized as it was when he was Minister of the Interior—I see, however, much less of him than I like. He breakfasts and dines with us, sleeps for a reasonable time, and is in good health, although he works hard. Likewise his present office is very agreeable to him, he is glad to find himself once more among the companions and the occupations of his youth. His special duties take his mind off general politics; this is a great advantage. And, lastly, dear sister, if God will only leave me with him and him with me, I shall always, in the midst of every possible anxiety and trial, be the happiest of living creatures.'

God seldom bestows perfect happiness upon His creatures, even if He shows it to us for an instant He is apt speedily to withdraw it from our gaze. Mdme. Guizot had the joy which she ardently desired —a son was born to her on the 11th January, 1833. On the 24th she wrote to her sister, who was expecting a second child, after having lost the first :—

'Only one thing is wanting to make you perfectly, entirely happy, it is to have a son, and I know this from my own experience.'

She was lying on her sofa, still weak, but going on well, full of talk and animation, interested in all that was being said and done, when M. Royer-Collard came to see her. As he was going out he turned to M. Guizot and said, 'Take care of her, look after her;

she has one of those heroic natures that do not apprehend evil until they are conquered by it.'

The sort of prophetic instinct which sometimes enlightened the great political philosopher had not misled him. A few days later it was said that Mdme. Guizot had caught cold, and was obliged to return to her bed; soon the fever turned to delirium, painfully repressed in her husband's presence. 'Go away, go away!' she said; 'I don't like you to hear me talk nonsense.' Four years later, when on the eve of seeing his son pass away from him, as his wife had passed away, M. Guizot was again not allowed to be present during the fits of delirium which attacked the young man in his last moments, until the end was close at hand. Passionate affection and respect survived in both sufferers when all other power of self-restraint had vanished.

During the night of Monday, March 11th, Mdme. Élisa Guizot breathed her last. She had struggled long, for she was young, and she passionately desired to live. Her little children were brought to her bedside, her eyes were already dim, though full of tenderness—for a long time the remembrance frightened them. To the last moment she knew her husband; her hand or her lips still replied to him; even when the terrible veil which separates the dying from all that they have most loved seemed to have fallen upon her. 'I shall die alone,' said Pascal. She never felt herself alone, not even in dying.

It was M. Guizot who was left alone; on the 23rd of April he wrote to Mdme. Decourt: 'No,

dear sister, you will never write to her again, never see her again—at table, in her room—nowhere! She is no longer in her place. Can you believe it? Are you quite sure of it? As for me, twenty times, a hundred times a-day, I expect her to come in; I look for her as if I were sure to find her. Twenty times, a hundred times a-day I make again the horrible discovery. And what will it be when I shall have ceased to make it, when these illusory flashes do not pass through my mind, when I shall no longer hear even the distant echo of her voice, when I shall no longer try to grasp her shadow, when the truth, the terrible truth will be always present; immovable, unsurmountable? I cannot tell you with what pain, what apprehension I watch time as it passes and carries me farther away from her. Every day, every hour, adds to the separation. I lose every day a little more of her. Everything around me is still full of her; everything still attests her presence. A fortnight ago her dresses were still in the wardrobe which touches me; now they have almost all been taken away. I have already finished all the paper she touched, the pens she used. Everything disappears, everything is renewed with a rapidity which tears my heart asunder. Oh! if I could only make everything permanent, unchangeable, if I could stop, chain down my whole life to the moment when she left me—I should suffer a thousand times less. Our lives were so intimately blended, so full of activity, we thought, felt, said, and did so many things together, that there is not a

place in the room, not an article of furniture before my eyes, to which some dear and enchanting memory is not attached. This is my life at present, and I contemplate with horror the possibility that I may lose even this; that time, necessity, new circumstances, may disperse its elements. My happiness is gone, destroyed; but I have still round me its relics, its ruins; my house has become a desert, but a desert which has been a paradise. I find in it, it still contains the traces and proofs of her life. May I be allowed to keep all these! I have lost everything, but, at least, let there be no further change, I form no other wish, and I dare not flatter myself that this one will be granted.

'I find, besides, inexpressible torture in the falseness of the external every-day life to which I have returned. I go and come, I look on, I speak and I act as if I were someone else; and others behave to me as of yore. It is not the effort, great as it is, which is most unbearable; what I detest, the thing which tortures me beyond expression is, I repeat, the falseness—my own falseness every instant in the day, and in every relation of life. If anything could comfort me, it would be to show that my love for her burns with a more brilliant flame than ever; I wish to talk of nothing but her, to seem occupied with nothing but her memory. I should like all who know me to see that my heart is always full of her, and of her only; that her image is always before my eyes, and her name always on my lips. It seems wanting in respect to her to be different, as if I were depriving

her of something which is her due. And yet I must live, it is my duty to live as I do; I must live out my life, fulfil my destiny; she herself wishes it, insists upon it; whenever I am tempted to abandon everything, to give myself up to my real feelings, to show always and everywhere that which is always hidden in my heart, I hear her voice—her dear voice —which orders me to rise, to go on, to do—apart from her, yet for her sake—the things which made her happy and proud of me when she was with me. Let God's will and her will be done!

'With you alone, my dear sister, I am able to let myself go; to you only I can say everything; no, not everything indeed, not the best part of what I feel, but some of it, at any rate. Pray write to me, therefore; I shall always find time for you. Except myself, no one knew her or loved her as you did. I am yours for her sake, she bequeathed you to me, you and all you care for; and every opportunity I can have of caring and acting for you, as she would have cared and acted, will be a balm for my heart. I read your letter three or four times over, as if you had given me back some portion of her. Good-bye. My children are well. You may be easy about Henriette; I will keep your recollection alive in her heart.'

M. Guizot's children were one day to have the happiness of knowing fully the place they occupied in his heart and life, but in the beginning of his sorrow, and while they were little children, they did not and could not afford him much consolation.

'I live now only on the surface,' he wrote to

Mdme. Decourt on the 28th February, 1834; 'even my children do not penetrate much beneath it. Nevertheless, I love them tenderly, for their sakes as well as for hers. They are charming, but how they miss her—how they *will* miss her! When I look at Henriette, who is so bright and so tender, so intelligent, so good-tempered and at the same time so animated; at Pauline, who is more excitable yet more reserved, sometimes hesitating to speak or come forward, but blushing with pleasure when I go to her and speak to her; at Guillaume, who is beginning to open his great blue eyes in his endeavours to understand the meaning of his sisters' gestures and words—it wrings my heart to think of all these little minds which are so busy and so anxious to develop their powers. Who will give them, as she would have done, the attention of every minute? who will talk to them, as she would have done, all the long day? Who will direct their development with that tenderness full of authority, that noble and simple intelligence, that indefatigable yet calm perseverance, the treasures of which she would have lavished upon them! They would have been so happy with her, and in the midst of their joyousness she would have prepared them so well for the trials of life. You yourself do not know, no one is aware, of the extent to which her character developed and became nobler day by day. I saw her, with rapture, rising above the little vanities, shaking off the uncertainties which disturb the finest minds in early youth—all conceit, all petty anxieties leaving

her; the higher her position became the more she raised herself above her position; although, as you know, enjoying keenly every little pleasure and external adornment of life, she became more and more truly devoted to its serious and important duties. Happiness for her was the source of unselfishness, it seemed as if, having herself reached the goal, she was henceforth detached from all personal desires, and devoted only to her affections and her duties. And this was all without effort, without any fixed intention, almost unconsciously—the result simply of the development of her noble nature, blossoming as the flowers, and ripening as the fruit in the hands of God. And I was permitted to enjoy this lovely scene, and this treasure was mine.'

A few months later Mdme. Decourt joined her sister in heaven, leaving behind her the son so ardently desired by her sister and herself.

'You must not expect consolation from me,' writes M. Guizot, to his brother-in-law, on the 6th February, 1835; 'my fortitude is a sad fortitude. It is well enough abroad, it is nothing at home. But if my ardent, my intense sympathy can be of any momentary comfort to you, depend upon it it is greater than you can form any idea of. My wife was the only person to whom I could truly unfold the thoughts that are hidden in my heart; she alone was able to understand even half of what I feel. I am now reduced to complete silence.

'It is now twenty-seven years since I first became acquainted with the Meulan family; it contained the

rarest, the most elevated natures, morally and intellectually, that I have ever known; two of them fell to my lot; I owe them all the happiness of my life, all that I shall take pleasure in remembering when age shall have conquered my activity and I am confined within the circle of my own thoughts. Only twenty-seven years! and during that time I have seen mother, daughters, brothers, grand-daughters pass away—of all that animated and distinguished family, there remain only one deaf brother, my children, your son, and the poor, ruined Mdme. de Meulan, who is glad to live under my roof.'

Everything belonging to the Meulan family was always dear to M. Guizot, all that remained of it was collected round him. His sister-in-law, Mdme. de Meulan (Aline de Turpin-Crissé) lived with him for more than ten years, and died in his house; M. de Vaines and his son, whom he received under his roof after the marriage of Mdme. Decourt, left him only from necessity, and remained always closely united with the interests and affections common to the family; Mdme. Decourt's son, who soon became an orphan, found in M. Guizot's home the most affectionate family relations.

My father's life was destined to be a very long and busy one; great consolations and deeply-felt joys were yet in store for him, but he never forgot one of the gifts which God had first bestowed and then taken away from him—his memory was always faithful to them.

On the 20th April he wrote to Mdme. de Broglie,

one of the few who were allowed sometimes to penetrate into the sanctuary of his grief.

'If you were here I should call on you this morning, but you are not here. Nothing remains, nothing is here always, neither our great nor our little pleasures—on, on, without stopping—this is the radical and incurable evil in this world. I cannot reproach myself with having forgotten it when I was happy, it was the only thing that disturbed my happiness—the thought was always recurring to me. I literally felt each day pass, and the earth go round under my feet. Those happy days fled, and the earth spun round faster even than I thought. God cannot, I am sure, accuse me of ingratitude, I did not undervalue for a single instant the extent of His bounty; I felt that it was beyond, I will not say my deserts, but even my powers of enjoyment; all that one hears or reads of the insufficiency of the greatest human joys, and of the rapidity with which the mind comes to an end of them, has always seemed to me to be false and impious. I found my happiness immense, inexhaustible; but at the moment when I enjoyed it most intensely I always felt that I did not fully enter into all that was given to me; my satisfaction, my gratitude were unbounded, and yet it always seemed to me as if a part of the heavenly gift fell to earth, and was lost before it was able to reach me; and in the midst of the purest joys I always felt and regretted that there were joys beyond, still more delightful, that I could dimly see, but that I was unable to grasp. Tell me, is not this what is

meant by infinity—infinite happiness, infinite love? This alone satisfies, and at the same time lies beyond us; this alone is enough for us, and we are not enough for it. When shall we attain that state in which we shall still feel that our happiness is greater than we ourselves are while we shall not fear to lose it, and in which we shall have eternity before us to enjoy, without ever exhausting it? There, into that future, we must learn to transport ourselves and to live, even in the present; but the heart is weak, and the most steadfast hope does not make up for actual possession. It is thus that God has made us and has willed us, we must accept ourselves as He has made us, ourselves and our destiny alike in their imperfection. I always come round to this state of absolute and blind submission, and in it alone can I find rest.

'My children have returned from Dieppe; they are flourishing; the sea-baths and douches have strengthened my little Pauline beyond my expectations. Guillaume is very well, he is always the same sweet and gentle little creature, without the least idea of all that his pure blue eyes say to me. Henriette is more lively and good-tempered than ever.

'A little while ago I came one evening, upon this fragment, very extraordinary in such a place, from an *Elegy*, by Propertius:—

'"And now I bequeath to you the pledges of our union—our children. The thought of them lives, and will always live, under my ashes. Father, take on yourself the part of a mother; it is round your

neck that all my beloved ones will in future cling. When you kiss away their tears, give them some kisses from their mother. The whole care of the house will fall upon you. If, when you are away from them, you yield to grief, dry your eyes, and hide your sorrow when you embrace them. Let it be enough for you to dedicate the nights to my memory, and to see me continually returning to you in your dreams ; and if, in the privacy of solitude, you speak to my image, speak to me always as if I were present, and ready to respond."'

M. Guizot wrote to Mdme. de Broglie on the 17th of November, the anniversary of the death of her brother, M. Auguste de Staël, who had been taken away from his family in 1827, after ten months of married life, and just before the birth of a son, who survived him for only two years :—

'DEAR FRIEND,—Is not this the day when our poor Auguste left us? I shall turn into another *Old Mortality*. My heart is with the dead. I like to verify dates and places, to scratch off the moss, to raise the headstones, to take off my hat as I pass by. And not only for those whom I loved as I loved Auguste, but for all whom I have known tolerably well. They, too, have reached the other shore ; they are with the loved ones who have carried thither my soul. I am exhausted by my efforts to bring it back again to employ it in the work we have to do on earth. As long as the actual labour lasts, I can do

it; but as soon as the plough stops, my mind, my heart—my whole being, escapes to another world.

'I am convinced that God has done wisely in leaving so many clouds between the two shores; if the distance were perfectly clear, and we could see right before us in their own image, full of life and beauty, those of whom even the bare idea pales and extinguishes everything else, it would be impossible to live and to wait; we should rush after them. During my happiness I did not lose—far from it—the sense of the imperfection of all human things; twenty times a-day I felt that the world was false, dry, cold, coarse, inferior; but I turned away from it; I looked at my side. . . . O, yes! it is certain that then every feeling of imperfection, of want, of deception, vanished; my mind was filled with perfect satisfaction. And yet I am sure, quite sure, that there was no idolatry in this; not only we had our faults, our littlenesses, but we were aware of them, we talked of them, we told each other of them, and humbled ourselves together, or in turn. But our happiness was not disturbed by them, not in the least; we endured, we accepted, and we fought against the infirmities of our state and nature; in the midst of these evils and struggles we were each a certain support and rest to the other; we felt from the bottom of our hearts that our relation to each other was entirely in harmony with the will and the goodness of God. And our failings were no more hurtful to our happiness than to our gratitude.

'I was not going to talk to you of myself, and

now I can speak of nothing else. However, it is of little consequence; to sympathise with you, and your sister, and with all who live and weep, I need not go out of myself. Pray for me; ask that I may have strength; no one knows how many times a-day it fails me, and I fear that it will go on failing me more and more.'

CHAPTER XII.

1833–37.

VAL-RICHER — DEATH OF FRANÇOIS GUIZOT.

LIFE resumed once more its usual course round M. Guizot. The desolate hearth was not deserted. Always ready for the most complete and absolute devotion—especially when it implied action, and gave her the ruling place in the government—M. Guizot's mother once more stood by him, and, at the age of sixty-nine, accepted courageously the task of educating and bringing up three children, the eldest of whom was not four years of age, while the youngest was only two months old. When their mother felt the hand of death upon her, she recommended her children, in the intervals of delirium, to the care of her mother-in-law, with full and touching confidence. In spite of the differences of birth and education, the two minds, both of them eminently noble and disinterested, discovered that they thoroughly understood each other. One of M. Guizot's greatest pleasures, after his second marriage, was in seeing how happy his mother was made by his wife's tender-

ness. The grandmother was destined to repay more even than she had received.

The elder son was growing into manhood, more loveable, and more beloved by them all every day. He was especially dear to M. Jean-Jacques Guizot and his wife, Mdme. Amélie Vincent, who had no children, and treated their nephew as if he had been their son. They both preceded him to the grave.

All did their best to console the grief which defied consolation, and to fill up the void caused by the loss of their mother in the lives of the little children. The filial affection which for a long time had united Mdlle. Rosine de Chabaud Latour to Mdme. Guizot, now spent itself upon the grandchildren. The tender kindness and more important services, which, from that day forth, she lavished on them, left a deep impression of never-ending gratitude on their hearts and lives: in the somewhat austere atmosphere produced by death and sorrow, they owed almost all their pleasures to their grandmother's friend. Mdme. Guizot's incomparable devotion seldom condescended to fondness, nor did she make any allowance for weakness. Young as they were, however, the children never doubted her love or her devotion.

The calm seriousness of family life was the only thing which at that time could afford any repose to M. Guizot. Ardently engaged in political contests, obliged at the same time to answer every question relating to his own department and to support the Government in general, he sought and found no other

consolation. He sometimes accompanied M. and Mdme. de Broglie into Normandy for a few days, as he was sure of finding in their house the familiar intercourse and the liberty he needed.

In 1834 he took his son with him.

'We reached our haven quite safely, dear mamma,' he wrote; 'the night was very fresh, and has given me a little cold in my head, nothing worse. I have already been walking for several hours, and I shall begin again to-morrow; there are a great many places I want to see again; I am sorry that I cannot spend more time here; I should find nothing but memories; however, they are all I have left in life. To tell the truth, when I was obliged to leave my dear little children, if I had followed my inclination, I should have given up this journey and have stayed with them and with you. Nevertheless, if I were capable of enjoying anything I should enjoy the quiet and liberty that I have here. But what use can I make of leisure and freedom? They are but empty vases, one ought to have some happiness to put into them. Work is the only thing that suits me now.

'Here are two lines for Henriette, give a kiss to Pauline, and tell her that I would write to her also if she knew how to read. I cannot think how I could quit those poor children, but I left them in your hands, you are and will be everything that is possible to them. What plans she used to make, here in this very place, for Guillaume! And the activity of her imagination never affected the calmness of her judgment.

The political struggle became every day more violent; some symptoms of internal disunion began to appear in the Cabinet, and the anger of the Opposition fell especially upon M. Guizot. His son, who was travelling in Switzerland, heard the rumours with astonishment and indignation; his father wrote to him in August, 1835 :—

'Keep your sacred wrath, my dear child, for more serious occasions and more worthy adversaries. It strikes me as very natural, and I love you all the better for it, but I should be grieved if I saw you wear out your energy in resenting and answering such nonsense. Whoever is able to do a little good in this world must expect to incur a great deal of hatred and give rise to a great many falsehoods. We must resign ourselves—not only I, to whom resignation is very easy, but all those who love me. That you should not allow things to pass which knowingly and willingly shock recognised moral proprieties is perfectly natural; but I beg of you never to go beyond —or even to meet—what is necessary; and, above all, do not be in the least annoyed. In spite of the thousand insulting and absurd things which are said of me, I really consider myself as one of the least calumniated of the men who have earned some reputation in the world.

'You will find, I hope, all the family in good case, and as delighted to see you again as you will be to come back. Your grandmother is a little unwell to-day, but it is a mere trifle. The baths have done wonders for Henriette and Pauline. We shall make

you rest yourself here, for I wish you to be strong and full of energy when you begin your new studies. I hope that they will interest you, and that the combination of the studies pursued in the Normal School with those in the School of Law will be a relaxation after mathematics ; and as the session does not open until the month of January, we shall have leisure—which I often have not—for a little conversation.'

The question of the conversion of the funds, brought forward rather indiscreetly by the *Ministre des Finances*, M. Humann, decided the fall of the Ministry. On the 22nd February, 1836, M. Thiers constructed another Cabinet; MM. de Broglie, Guizot, and Duchâtel, were left out of it. As soon as the session was over Mdme. Guizot took her grandchildren to Broglie. The new Cabinet was already tottering, but M. Guizot was resolved not to precipitate its fall, he had no inclination at that time to re-enter public life, and did not think the moment opportune.

In the month of August he went to visit his friends in the electoral district of Lisieux, which was now separated from that of Pont-l'Evêque; at the same time he looked about in the neighbourhood to find a nest for his old age, which might, in the meanwhile, be a shelter and head-quarters for the whole family.

On the 10th he wrote the following letter to his elder daughter, who was then seven years old :—

'I am writing to you to-day, my dear little girl, as a precaution, because I am going to-morrow, as soon as I am up, to look at a little estate about three leagues from Lisieux, which is offered for purchase.

Perhaps I shall not be back by post time, and I want you not to miss my letter. I hear that it is in a pretty country, the house is an ancient abbey, large, well built, and in tolerable order. There are fine woods all round, a spring close to the house, and a rapid stream running through the fields. Unfortunately, one has to travel over a league of bad road in order to get there; however, the estate is much cheaper than if it were close to the highroad. I am also told that a good road leading to the door will some day be made. At any rate I will go and see it. I should be so glad, dear Henriette, if I could take you and your sister with me to-morrow, the drive would amuse instead of boring me. This little estate is called Val-Richer.

'I have just come from a dinner of twenty-two people; this morning I was at a breakfast of sixteen. There is no grand breakfast to-morrow, but, to make up for it, I have to attend the distribution of prizes at the college. To-night, after dinner, I played at tric-trac and won everything, but I had much rather have lost at dominoes with you. Now I am going to bed. I hear from my bed the noise of the river (the Touques), which almost encircles this house; for you must know that I am living in a peninsula. The Touques is much bigger than the Charentonne, and it turns a great many mills and factories of all kinds.

'This morning I walked in a beautiful garden, called the *Jardin de l'Étoile.* It is not nearly as large as the park at Broglie, but there are magnificent trees in it, among others some poplars two or three times

as big as the great beeches at Broglie. It would require a great many—a very great many—arms as long as yours and Pauline's to reach round them.

'Good-bye, my dear good little girl, hearty kisses for you and your sister and little dumpling. To-morrow I intend to write to Pauline; tell her so from me; mind you work hard and play a great deal during my absence. I expect to see you on the 18th, that is to say, next Thursday at the latest. Kiss dear grandmamma for me. I do not ask you to love me better than you do already, I know it would be impossible. Good-bye again, I cannot bear to leave you.

'Do you attend well to your lessons of arithmetic and English with Mdme. de Broglie and Mdlle. de Pomeret? I shall believe whatever you tell me about this.'

On the next day M. Guizot wrote to his son François, who had remained in Paris with his aunt, Mdme. de Meulan: 'You will have had news of me this morning, and understood why I was not able to write to you before. I lead a life of dissipation; I expect to return to Broglie on the 18th. Do not scold me for not writing to you oftener and more at length; I assure you that I do my best. This morning I presided for two hours over the distribution of prizes at the College. They hoped for a few sentences from me, but I kept an obstinate silence—it would have been ridiculous to make an educational speech at Lisieux, which would certainly have opposed the one M. Pelet is just about to deliver in Paris—but I

could not refuse to bestow the garlands on the winners. I am going into the country to-morrow.

'I admire your labours and your aunt Aline's inventions for the library, and I am much obliged to you. I see from hence that both the shelves and the catalogue will be wonderful. Some day I will write to your aunt on the subject. I am very glad that she is with you.

'You will be quite right to take your proposed excursions; only wait two or three days before you set off for Rouen. It is possible that I may ask you to come to Calvados instead, and look at a little estate which seems to me to unite a great many advantages, and I think that you would like this plan quite as well. I will write to you definitely before I leave. In the meanwhile I entreat Aline to continue writing long and frequent letters; I delight in knowing every trifle. Letters are very unsatisfactory, and yet at the moment we receive them they give us a keen sensation of pleasure.

'You are one-and-twenty to-day. This day one-and-twenty years ago I was very happy. How many events have taken place since that time in my life, and how many more in my heart! But as regards you, my child, my happiness to-day in no way differs from the joy I felt one-and-twenty years ago. On the contrary, it bears it out and justifies it. I thank you in my own name and in your mother's. Good-bye, my child. I love you from the bottom of my heart!'

Val-Richer was bought, by common consent, and

it became at once the object of intense and general interest to the whole family. M. Guizot confided its arrangement especially to his son. Mdme. Guizot and her grandchildren were to visit it on their way from Broglie to Paris.

For the first time, M. Guizot and his family set up their head-quarters at a distance from town: they had hitherto lived but very little in the country. To him, as well as to all of them, it proved the source of ever-new pleasures, of which he never tired, even in his old age.

In Paris the political situation became every day more critical, and it was his son's duty to give M. Guizot the news and information requisite for the direction of his course of action.

'You are both quite wrong in scolding me,' he writes from Broglie, on the 21st August. 'You must have seen that I did not write to you on Thursday, or rather that I did not send off my letter, because I wished to talk to M. de Broglie, who did not arrive until very late in the evening. In a situation like the present, I cannot bear talking ignorantly and at random. Do not be afraid, my dear child, you shall never be without letters; our separation is too displeasing for me not to fill up the void as well as I can. You have heard of my arrangements for enabling you to come sooner to Val-Richer. I will tell you as soon as I receive an answer from Lisieux, but just now it seems to me to be impossible for you to leave Paris, for I must have some one there who can speak for me, and I am as

glad not to be there myself as I am pleased that you should be there to talk to all the people who have something to say or to ask. I hope that this urgent crisis will either calm down or resolve itself.

'It never entered my head, should I be called on to form a ministry, to insist on its being composed of men of exactly my opinions. I consider political fidelity to be one of the first necessities of parliamentary government, and I will never betray it. I also hold that, when you have obtained strength by the support of certain people, they ought, in turn, to derive some advantage from their alliance with you. But I can appreciate the difference of circumstances, and what they will or will not allow with regard to new combinations. I am also aware of the inconveniencies of an exclusive spirit—a spirit of coterie: more than any one, I am its enemy; it is quite opposed to the spirit of good government. Instead of restricting myself—confining myself within a narrow circle—I shall always try to expand, to bring together all sorts of shades and differences; in short, I shall always be ready to accept every useful and honourable alliance. If I am sent for, it will be because I, and the strength which I can rally under me, are wanted; I shall not separate myself from my adherents, I shall not allow them to disperse: but I, in my turn, shall need strength, and I shall collect all that I can find at my disposal. I am not hampered in any way—I have made no engagements—I am perfectly free, and prepared to be as conciliatory as the situation will admit. Only I am determined not

to venture rashly, and without gathering together every possible element of success, into the midst of a struggle which will soon be very violent, very arduous, and in which the whole responsibility will devolve upon me. Vanity apart, I am convinced that, whatever the new combination may be, if there be one at all, and I be in it, I shall have to be responsible, and to bear the weight of it more than any one else. In the interest of the king and the country, as well as in my own, I ought not, therefore, to weaken myself beforehand, and I shall not do so. For the rest, I entirely agree with you; I shall await the issue of events here. It must be a strange madness which would impel any one to attack me while I do nothing and say nothing.

'Thank M. Mallar for the frequency of his letters, and for the insight they evince. He understands why I do not answer them. I will write to him, however, to-morrow, or on the day after. I wish, too, that you could read every day, or learn through M. Mallar, the contents of the *Temps*, *Courrier*, *Constitutionnel*, *National*, *Impartial*, and even of the *Journal du Commerce:* none of these newspapers are taken in here, and I wish to know a little of what they are saying. Good-bye, dear François. Is there any news of M. Piscatory? of M. Duchâtel? of M. de Rémusat?'

So far from abating, the crisis became more and more serious, and M. Guizot was soon recalled to Paris. M. Thiers was determined to support the intervention of France for the suppression of civil

war in Spain. The king, Louis-Philippe, was equally determined never to give his consent. On the 6th September the cabinet resigned, and a new ministry was formed by M. Molé, with whom M. Guizot had recently been drawn into a closer intimacy than in former days. The Duc de Broglie was not in the cabinet: it was the first time that M. Guizot had taken office without the most intimate of his friends, and it was a bitter disappointment to him. He pressed the nomination of M. Gasparin to the Home Office, and of M. Duchâtel to the Exchequer; M. de Rémusat was appointed under-secretary of state at the Home Office. For himself, M. Guizot chose to resume the portfolio of Public Instruction, and to continue the work he had begun.

It was, perhaps, rather too soon to resume the helm of government, the new combinations might lead to great difficulties, and my father and his family were very anxious.

Although very young, François Guizot possessed fine tact and upright judgment, and took an active but unobtrusive part in politics. He had kept his father informed as to all that was going on during his absence, and he now performed the same office for his grandmother, who remained with the children at Broglie.

On the 11th September he wrote:—

'My dear Grandmother,—You are right in thinking that for my own sake I am not charmed with your resolution to spend another fortnight at Broglie, but I quite appreciate the reasons which keep

you there. I think them very wise, and your decision all the more meritorious that I do not doubt your wish to return to Paris. Aunt Aline and I will wait, therefore, for another fortnight before we go to fetch you, and take you to Val-Richer; and then we will all return together to this house, which has during the interregnum felt M. Pelet's* influence. If we had waited another six months, we should have found it entirely repainted from top to bottom, the furniture renewed, and the garden filled with rare flowers. Unfortunately we have taken it by surprise in the midst of the improvements, and the work is only half done. My father's room is entirely new, at least as far as the paper is concerned. The children's has been repainted, and has a new looking-glass instead of the cracked one in which Rose and Jeannette used to look at themselves in turns, with their faces cut in half by the crack. But the masterpiece is my room. As I have inherited it from Mdme. Pelet—the person of taste in the house—my love for beauty is entirely satisfied by its arrangements, and it is full of little refinements which a barbarian like me would never have thought of, and which were no doubt delicate attentions of the late minister to his wife. I ought to add, that not only do I owe gratitude to Mdme. Pelet for the arrangements of my room, but that she has left in this house, and among the servants, a great reputation for kindness, gentleness, and good temper.

* The Minister of Public Instruction who followed M. Guizot.

'As to politics, as far as we can judge in the absence of the Chambers and in the general emptiness of Paris, the Ministry has produced a good impression, and this impression grows stronger every day. The choice of M. Delessert as Prefect of Police, followed by his acceptance of office, which M. Thiers had never been able to obtain, was both skilful and fortunate: he unites the precise qualities which please the Parisians and the National Guard; he is known to be an honest, and at the same time a brave and sensible man, whose intrepidity on several occasions has gained the hearts of the young and ardent portion of the population. His personal integrity, joined to the well-known name and high reputation of his family, who are as respectable as they are respected, make him quite a phenomenon as the head of the police, and an additional guarantee for the cabinet's honesty in the estimation of the chief *bourgeoisie* of Paris. M. de Rémusat, although less known, is a still more useful appointment. It is a good thing for the Government as well as for himself. You know his worth, and how circumstances stronger even than his will are likely to make him bring to the surface all the rare talents, the courage, intelligence, and cleverness which nature has treasured up in his mind. This is the first time that he has had the opportunity of coming forward in the way he likes. He has had the sense to seize it, and everybody predicts that he will succeed.

'I hope you consider this a sufficiently detailed bulletin. I know that you wished for one; and I repeat,

setting aside all the illusions of youth, the beginning of this ministry looks much better to me here than it seems to you at a distance. There is earnestness without anxiety, enthusiasm without presumption; finally, all our friends have advanced from secondary places to the front, and they are determined, I think, to show that they are worthy of their position. One must own, too, that honest men and high reputations are worth having, and their reign has begun: it will not continue without shocks and interruptions, but it will grow and strengthen every day. The battle is no longer being fought between honest men and rascals; it is between honest men and rogues who are ashamed of themselves, and who assume the name and appearance of honesty as well as they can. That they feel the want of it, and that they are obliged to seem honest in order to have a chance of doing mischief under the shelter of their names or their characters, is a decided improvement. The battle will continue longer, but it will be less dangerous, less violent than the last; and if the country be sometimes disturbed, it will not be revolutionized, as under the other system.'

In the midst of these political affairs, which soon became difficult and intricate, it was a great rest, and a subject of constant and delightful interest, to begin the alterations and arrangements in the house and gardens of the newly-bought estate, Val-Richer. The house was large; it might be made comfortable and agreeable; but the interior arrangements were complicated, and very costly. As M.

Guizot was not able to see to them himself, he sent his son, with M. Meurand, one of François' greatest friends. The letters of the minister—who was harassed at that time by the stormy discussions in the Chambers, and the attempt of Prince Louis Napoleon on the garrison of Strasbourg—were full of the most minute questions and answers on every detail connected with the work his son was superintending.

On the 20th October, 1836, he writes:—

'My dear François,—As we have enough of it, we must pave the dining-floor with the stone from Caen. I quite approve of this piece of economy, all the more as a pavement of this kind will be as suitable there as a wooden floor. With regard to the wainscot, we must certainly restore it where it has decayed. I hold to economy, but also to solidity. When once we have arranged our house, we must not have to begin again.

'As to the road, between ourselves I advise you to be cautious: it is of importance that we should not be committed to an excessive expense. My natural inclination was to think that the reparation of the bye-road which leads from La Boissière to Cambremer, and passes the end of Val-Richer, was the simplest and most obvious plan. I mean the one of which the repairs have just been voted by the *commune* of S. Ouen. But I have not seen enough of the place, or discussed the matter sufficiently, to have an opinion on this subject. I will trust to what you and our friends decide upon. You must bear in mind, however, that personal interests are very much con-

cerned, that each one wants the road made in the way that will suit him best; and we must take care that they do not make use of us while they appear to want to be of use to us.

'Have you paid attention to the pipes? I arranged about them with M. Cocagne; this seems to me to be urgent, especially as winter is coming on.

'Have you ordered the floor for my study on the first story?

'Try to settle and to order beforehand all that Marin will have to do in the winter. As we take him into our service, we must employ his time and his abilities. Some one suggested that it would be a good thing to enlarge the nursery for young trees, and that he would do this well. Will you see to this? What we have to fear is, that during our frequent absences very little will be done. Take every precaution against this. The best way is to perfectly acquaint yourself with all that ought and can be done, so as to be able to give orders and superintend the work, even from a distance.

'I have said nothing about politics; they are not going on badly. Switzerland is the question which troubles me most. We have to treat there with the mob, which is neither agreeable nor easy. I admire more and more the saying of Pascal: "Numbers without unity produce confusion, unity without numbers becomes tyranny." This is the real motto for a Constitutional Government.

'Farewell, my dear child. Meurand shall stay with you during the ten or eleven days you ask for.

Amuse yourselves as much as you can and set people to work. But I shall be charmed to see you back again; I miss you more than I can tell. Nothing rests or pleases me so much as a perfectly true and frank conversation with some one I love.'

François Guizot caught cold on the journey home from Val-Richer in the beginning of November. Neither he nor any one else paid any attention to his indisposition. He generally enjoyed good health, he was tall and handsome, and just twenty-one years of age. Soon, however, pleurisy declared itself, and in spite of the most tender and assiduous care the evil continued to gain ground. Scarcely two months had elapsed since the death of Mdme. Jean-Jacques Guizot, who survived her husband for two years. François' two friends,* M. Meurand and M. Béhier, relieved each other at his bedside.

In the night of the 15th February, 1837, the elder son—the support and hope of the whole family—expired without a struggle. A few hours after his father had closed his eyes, M. Guizot wrote to Mdme. de Broglie :—

'DEAR FRIEND,—He has just left me. I was in bed when I heard his last sigh; I reached him in time for him to see me once more. He has gone to join his

* François Guizot's two friends justified his esteem and affection. M. Meurand became Director of the communal affairs at the *Ministère des Affaires Etrangères*, and M. Béhier was one of the most eminent physicians of his day. They both remained tenderly attached to M. Guizot.

mother. He looked at me as he left me; his countenance was wasted, but so calm! May God support me as much as He tries me! When my turn comes I shall eagerly lay me down to rest, for I am very weary.'

Those who saw it never forgot the face of the father when following his son's coffin to its last home. On his return to the desolate house, in which his three little children lay sick, he threw himself upon his elder daughter's bed, embraced her tenderly, and whispered in a tone which still vibrates in her ear, 'I have now no one but you.' The child was only eight years old.

Political embarrassments made the weight of M. Guizot's personal sorrow still more overwhelming. He was obliged to defend in the Chambers his proposed law for secondary education, the Opposition was becoming every day more violent, and the measures of the Government were entirely defeated. These parliamentary checks caused the dissolution of the Cabinet. At one time M. Guizot, who was sent for by the King, hoped to be able to reconstruct the Ministry of the 11th October, but M. Thiers refused to join it. M. Guizot and his friends resigned on the 15th April, 1837, leaving to M. Molé the task of forming a conciliatory Cabinet. A few days before, M. Guizot addressed the Chamber in these words:—

'I have already, in the course of my life, been called upon several times to take up and lay down the reins of power, and as regards myself personally, I am

profoundly indifferent to these political vicissitudes. The only interest I have in them is that of the public —the interest of the cause to which I belong and which I have the honour of supporting. You are well aware, gentlemen, that it has pleased God to visit me with joys and sorrows which render the heart cold and indifferent to every other species of pleasure or of pain.'

As soon as the session was over, M. Guizot went to Val-Richer; he wrote to the Duchesse de Broglie, who had been for some weeks in Switzerland :—

'DEAR FRIEND,—I know that you are comfortably settled, but this not enough for me; how are you? and how is Albert? I delight in this fine weather for his sake; it seems to me that the heat must be good for him; only take care that he does not tire himself too much among the mountains. He may tire himself as much by rushing about in the open air as by sedentary work, and at his age neither the one sort of fatigue nor the other is noticed. Pray give me some particulars as to his health and yours also. You seemed to me to be a little below par when you started. Was the cause mental or physical? I could not tell, for it is a long time since we have talked much together. I know of no reason for your being out of spirits, but I noticed the fact.

'We go to-morrow to Val-Richer, to the great joy of the whole family, from my mother down to Guillaume. I cannot say that I feel very joyful, I intended Val-Richer for my son; he took a great fancy to it. I go thither without any bitter feeling,

" Nessum maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria . . . ."

" There is no grief more bitter than the memory of happy days, when we are in misfortune."

' On the contrary, in my opinion a great happiness resembles a bright light, whose rays are still reflected on spaces which it no longer illuminates ; and when heaven and time have allayed the first rebellious feelings of the heart against misfortune, we are able to turn round and enjoy once more the contemplation of the lost blessings that were ours in the past.'

M. Guizot always appreciated, at their real value, and contemplated, in their true light, the treasures which were bestowed on him.

' Two noble women occupied the first place in my life,' he wrote; ' there were never five minutes of romance between us. I despise romance ; it pretends to surpass, and yet it is far below, reality. True love, sincere admiration, real devotion, are very uncommon ; and this is why those who have never experienced them call these feelings romantic. They are not so at all ; on the contrary, where they really exist, they are all that is most simple, natural, and practical. We must not make the mistake of taking for realities the fancies which have only usurped their names. The aerolites passing through the air are also called stars ; but they are not really the same, and the stars continue to give their pure and steady light, regardless of the delusive gleams which shoot and shine for a moment in the inferior regions of the atmosphere.'

CHAPTER XIII.

1837–40.

DEATH OF THE DUCHESSE DE BROGLIE—LETTERS TO HIS CHILDREN.

THREE years elapsed before M. Guizot again took an active part in the administration. He supported the ministry of M. Molé at first, while trying to liberalise it. In the session of 1838–9, he, however, joined the Opposition, and allied himself with the Left. The Conservative party long continued to feel the temporary dislocation consequent on the coalition.

In this interval of comparative freedom, M. Guizot wrote with great pleasure the *Life of Washington*, 'of all great men, the happiest and most virtuous.'* Every year brought him, for a few months, to Val-Richer.

'Happiness, public life, solitude,' he wrote, 'it is blasphemy to put these three together; happiness ought never to be mentioned, except by itself. Nothing is at all like it. But if one has not happiness, and is not engaged in politics, I prefer solitude to

* See his *Étude sur Washington.*

idle gossip. I know that one could not bear solitude for long; that the mind would soon exhaust itself by living at its own expense, and on itself. But to finish the day alone, to walk for a couple of hours looking at nothing, saying nothing; hearing only the sound of our own steps; listening only to the voice within us, which speaks to us of our past or our future—this has its charm. Even in public life, some solitude is good. For a little while in each day one ought to shake off every yoke, to look within, to allow one's ideas to roam with the careless liberty which alone preserves originality and elevation of thought. Governing is not like ploughing. One gets stupified if one always has the hand on the plough, and the eye on the furrow. It is a great vice of our political organization in France, that our public men are condemned to such incessant work, such an absolute want of leisure. Such a life makes one feel as if one were turning into a machine, and one becomes unable to execute one's task, because it has been impossible to lay it down and forget it from time to time.'

A new sorrow, which brought back all the old grief, fell upon M. Guizot and his family in 1838. He had been spending, as had long been his annual custom, some weeks at Broglie, accompanied by his mother and his children. M. and Mdme. de Broglie were in their turn to visit, for the first time, Val-Richer. Mdme. de Broglie went beforehand to Paris to be present at the distribution of prizes awarded at the great examination, in which her son had obtained

great success. Mdme. Guizot was not to leave Broglie until the next day. In the evening, Mdme. de Broglie went into the room where the children slept, and kissed them. They never forgot the look of tenderness in her heavenly eyes, which seemed to penetrate into another world. She returned, happy and proud of her son's prizes, to Broglie. In the middle of September she was attacked by brain-fever; during her illness she repeated several times, 'I don't care, this shall not prevent my going to Val-Richer.' She died on the 22nd. Her husband wrote to M. Guizot:—

'You have lost an excellent friend, and I all my share of happiness in this world.'

The day on which she was to have arrived at Val-Richer was the day of her funeral. She had loved all those whom M. Guizot had loved and lost.

'During twenty years her friendship had been perfectly delightful to me in my happiness, and a still greater consolation in my sorrow,' he writes in his Memoirs. 'She was one of the most noble, rare, and charming creatures, this world has ever seen; and I can say nothing of her more appropriate than these words of St. Simon, when deploring the loss of the Duke of Burgundy, "May it please God's mercy that I be permitted to see her eternally in that world to which His Almighty Goodness has, no doubt, called her."'

In 1839, M. Guizot spent three days at Fontainebleau. He had been present in June, 1837, at the

marriage of the Duke of Orleans to Princess Helen of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and in the following September he was invited to Compiègne, where the Prince was in command of the camp; on his return he wrote to Mdme. Guizot:—

'I enjoyed my visit to Compiègne very much. It was very quiet, there were no manœuvres or fatiguing excursions. We took a beautiful drive of five hours in the forest—the Duchess of Orleans, the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, the Duke of Orleans, and I—all in the same carriage. There was plenty of opportunity for talking, and we made such a good use of it, than when I came back my throat was quite sore. But the time when I had most conversation with the Duchess was at dinner. On the second day, I was put next to her. She is really clever, very clever; her mind is earnest, full of elevated, moral feeling, joined with a lively imagination, which shows itself in the animated expression of her eyes, and in her ready emotion—always, however, restrained within the bounds of a proper reserve and dignity. She is, perhaps, too highly educated. I hope she will forget a little of what she has learned from books. She certainly pleased me very much—entirely, sincerely, and in the right way; and I think she liked talking to me, for when she heard that I was to leave half a day earlier, she immediately manifested her regret in a manner that was evidently sincere. I had a great deal of conversation also with the Duke, especially on his proposed expedition to Constantine, and his motives for giving it up, after it

had been decided that he might be allowed to go thither. I praised him highly for giving it up. He will stay with the Duchess at Compiègne until the beginning of October. The King and Queen will join them between the 20th and 25th of this month.

'The general election is still fixed for the beginning of November. I am told that the king continues to reserve the right of saying *no* if Don Carlos comes to Madrid or the gates of Madrid; and I think that, in this case, he will do rightly. To tell the truth, the affair has advanced so far that it is very difficult to help going forward with it to the end. There are some things which are done by talking about them. At Compiègne I saw Ernest de Chabaud,* just come from Africa, and in excellent health. We talked a good deal to each other. His conversation is very agreeable; the Duke of Orleans thinks so, as well as myself.'

From Fontainebleau M. Guizot wrote to his elder daughter on the 8th October, 1839:—

'I am lodged in a charming apartment on the ground-floor opening into the garden in the Cour des Princes, an apartment in which strange scenes have been acted. When I arrived yesterday I moved my dressing-table, which stood in the bow of a large window, and I found behind it this inscription: "It was near this window that Monaldeschi was killed by

* The Commandant E. de Chabaud was at that time in attendance on the Duke of Orleans. The sad honour of commanding the Engineers at the siege of Paris was in store for him.

the order of Christina, Queen of Sweden, on the 10th November, 1657." Be happy, the same thing will not occur to me.

'There are a great many people here; yesterday there were seventy or eighty people at dinner, drawn from every quarter of the globe. Among them I found a young Secretary of Legation, M. Dubois de Saligny, whom I appointed a few years ago, and who has just arrived from Texas. Do you know what Texas is and where it is? It is a new nation which is rising up in America, between Mexico and the United States. Its capital is a town which as yet has no existence, on the borders of Colorado; and its President, who is like a king, set off with his ministers a few weeks ago, carrying his tent and provisions, to live on the banks of the river, and build his own house. A great many years and many events must pass before he will be as well lodged as the King of France at Fontainebleau.'

Politics often called M. Guizot to Paris. M. Molé's Ministry fell in the beginning of the year, and was succeeded on the 12th May, 1839, by a Cabinet which contained several of M. Guizot's personal friends, of whom M. Duchâtel was the chief. The coalition had in vain tried to hold together as a distinct party and to form a Cabinet; the vice of its origin showed itself conspicuously, and the Ministerial crisis lasted so long that recourse was had to a Provisional Cabinet. The riot on the 12th May put an end to this unsatisfactory condition.

M. Guizot stoutly supported the new Ministry. He wrote every day to his mother and children, who went before him to Val-Richer; superintending his children's education, and, although at a distance, continuing the lessons which they were so proud of receiving from him when he was with them.

'My dear Henriette,' he wrote on the 3rd June, 'I must quarrel with you again about your punctuation; there is not any, or scarcely any, in your letters. The sentences follow each other without any distinction or separation, like words in the same sentence. If this had no other inconvenience than that of continually causing a certain amount of embarrassment and astonishment in the reader, it would be a sufficient reason for your curing yourself and learning to punctuate like other people. But there is another and still more important reason which you will, I am sure, acknowledge. You are very ready, you understand and you execute quickly, and as soon as you have understood or finished anything, you do not stop for an instant, you like to pass on at once to something else; this is why you put no stops. Every stop—comma, or any other—marks a rest for the mind, a pause which is more or less long, a thought finished or suspended, and separated by a sign from the rest. You suppress these rests, these pauses; you write as water runs and as arrows fly. This is absurd, for the thoughts one expresses, the things one speaks of in a letter are not all absolutely alike and blended together like drops of water. There are differences and dis-

tances between them—more or less wide, but all real—and the object of punctuation is to mark these differences and distances. It is absurd in you, therefore, to suppress these signs ; in so doing you suppress the natural distances and differences that exist in ideas as well as in things. The consequence is that one feels confused and annoyed in reading your letters; the absence of stops gives a certain false uniformity to all the things you say, and deprives them of their relative position and character by presenting them all at once, and as if exactly alike, or at least related to each other!

'But here is another still more serious objection. Quickness, my child, is a precious quality. There are so many things to be learnt, seen, and done in life, and we have so little time to give to them, that you are very fortunate to have received from God these gifts of rapid execution and comprehension which enable you to do and to understand a great deal in a short time, and consequently to acquit yourself better of your task in life. But every advantage has a corresponding disadvantage, which we must take care to avoid. If I were speaking of mental qualities I should say that very energetic people are often wanting in gentleness; and very brave people, in prudence. Either Pascal or La Bruyère, I cannot remember which, says somewhere : "A virtue does not attain its full merit and value unless it is accompanied by the opposite virtue. To firmness must be added gentleness and to gentleness energy. The good and the beautiful must be complete, estimable, and admirable in every respect."

'That which is true with regard to moral qualities, my dear child, is equally true respecting intellectual qualities. A talent ought not to be the germ of a defect. Now, rapid comprehension may produce inattention: when one understands easily one does not always take the trouble to understand perfectly; when one runs very fast, one does not look about, and consequently one does not see all that is to be seen and noticed on the road. Precisely because you understand so easily and quickly you must force yourself to pause, to examine everything with care, and not to be satisfied with what strikes you at first sight. Otherwise a great deal will escape you—you will know and do nothing perfectly. And a great and natural talent will turn into an annoying imperfection.

'This is a very long letter, dear Henriette, but you know that I like chatting with you. And, besides, it is impossible to correct a fault until one thoroughly understands whence it arises and what it leads to. Make a resolution never to send off a letter without reading it carefully over, exclusively with regard to punctuation. When once you have acquired the habit you will no longer need to take this care, and you will some day find that the habit of punctuation has made you attentive.'

A few days later he writes:—

'My dear child, you will think me very tiresome, but, pray, do not throw such a quantity of commas at my head. You crush me with them, as the Romans crushed poor Tatia with their shields. "Grandmamma

would not, let us go to the nursery garden, because, it was too hot. We both, did very well, our piano lessons; I did well, my writing lesson." What reason can you give me in favour of those I have marked? Evidently there was no suspension or interval between the things or the ideas expressed; on the contrary, they all hold closely together, and one must pass without stopping from the one to the other. Think of what you are doing, think whether you ought or ought not to put a comma, just as you would consider whether you should take one road or another when you wish to go somewhere. When you want to visit the swans you do not go out by way of the laundry. Why? Because you think of what you are about. Take the same trouble in everything. Our intelligence is given us in order to think of what we are doing, not to spare us the trouble of thinking.

'Now I come to what will please you. I shall start to-morrow by the mail, I have taken my place; I shall, therefore, reach you early on Friday morning. It will make me very happy to see you again, my dear children, and I hope you will be very happy also.

'Paris is very quiet. Yesterday we had, in front of the Chambers, not a disturbance, but the shadow of one. Seven or eight hundred people collected in the Place Louis XV. They wanted to march to the Chambers to demand the abolition of capital punishment. The charter forbids petitions to be brought to the Chambers in person. They were told to go home. They refused. A squadron of the Municipal Guard advanced at a rapid trot, and instantly the

crowd dispersed. One of the guards took the standard-bearer, threw him like a sack of wheat across his horse, and carried him to the guard-house of the Chambers. All was so entirely clear and quiet at four o'clock that I went to dine at Châtenay. I came back at eleven o'clock last night. Paris was perfectly tranquil, and is so again this morning.'

M. Guizot had no wish to change the busy, simple, and regular life that his children led under the direction of their grandmother. Their natural gaiety and tender love for each other were enough to enliven the somewhat austere rule of Mdme. Guizot. It was to their father that these youthful minds owed all the excitement and variety which they needed. He took an interest in everything they did; he elevated, settled, and charmed their minds. No reward was equal to his praise.

'Your letter is very nicely written, my dear little Pauline,' he says on the 6th September to his younger daughter, 'in a more running hand, and straighter than usual. Henriette's also was very well written. But you should not use such pale ink. Grandmamma has kept up the old habit of making ink with water. Do you know that grandmamma, at her age, writes more steadily than you do?

'I am delighted to hear that you did your three lessons so well; but I am not astonished at it, my dear little girl, you generally do them very nicely; everybody does who takes a great deal of pains. I hope that dear Guillaume will do so some day, he is a great way off from it now.

'If you were here, my children, you would hear nothing talked of but Van Amburgh, and his marvellous power over lions, tigers, panthers, &c. He lives among them, lies on their backs, lets them climb over him, caresses them, beats them; sometimes he brings them a little lamb, shows it to them, lets them go close to it and lick it, and yet they do not dare to hurt it. The other day, when Van Amburgh had gone out, carrying the lamb with him, the lion suddenly broke into a rage, and threw himself, roaring, against the door, which Van Amburgh had just closed. Van Amburgh came back at once, whip in hand, and gave two or three cuts to the lion, which lay down, and caressed his feet. I shall not, however, take you to this sight.'

CHAPTER XIV.

1840.

EMBASSY IN ENGLAND—INTEREST IN VAL-RICHER.

It was a sad blow to M. Guizot's children when the Ministry offered the post of ambassador to the Court of St. James to their father. The Eastern Question, which was becoming more and more complicated, threatened to entail great European difficulties: he was thought likely to obtain great influence in England, and, moreover, the Cabinet were often puzzled how to treat an ally who might again become their chief.

The King ratified the appointment, but not without some hesitation.

M. Guizot accepted the mission, and on the 20th February, 1840, he started for London, leaving his mother and children, who were to join him later on, in Paris. His carriage was in the court of his little house in the street La Ville-l'Evêque: he had already got into it, but he came out again, and went into his house to embrace once more those he left behind.

They were not reunited so soon as they had

hoped. Little Pauline fell ill. She continued tired and fragile, in spite of the eager vivacity which was calculated to give a false idea of her strength. M. Guizot was uneasy as to the effect of a London life on his children; he dreaded the journey for them and for his mother—at that time it was much more difficult than it is now. Politics were assuming a serious aspect, and he was not sure of remaining long at his post. The Ministry of the 12th of May had been replaced by a new cabinet, at the head of which was M. Thiers. M. Guizot decided to stay in England; but differences might arise and recall him to France.

On the 26th April, 1840, he wrote to Mdme. Guizot:—

'DEAR MOTHER,—For all sorts of reasons—political and economical, of health and of business, but especially on account of those two delicate children, about whom I am more anxious than I can say—I think decidedly that we must resign ourselves, you and I, to make another sacrifice. It is very painful—more than I can tell you—and it will be still more painful to you. But the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that good sense and duty—my duty to my children—demand it. A sentence in one of your letters has disturbed me a little. You seemed to me to be a little agitated yourself by the responsibility of living alone and away from me, burdened by the care of my children's health and welfare. Dear mother, I quite understand this, and I wish I could deliver you from it,—it

would be a comfort and a relief for us both—but as Providence has laid this burden upon us, we must accept it. You must say to yourself over and over again that it is impossible to have a more entire confidence than I have in you in every respect, as regards the health, as well as the education, of the children. With the assiduous care of Béhier, who would come instantly to Val-Richer if you sent for him, with the help of Rosine, surrounded as you are both at Paris and at Lisieux by friends and by everything you can want, I assure you I am as easy as I can possibly be at a distance. It is a very imperfect, melancholy sort of easiness, however. I felt it during Pauline's last indisposition. It never entered my head to doubt your doing, and having done, everything that was right and necessary. This is all I can expect. And to tell the truth, anxiety about the journey, the passage, the change of diet and of habits, and the distance from their regular doctor, would be greater for me than the anxieties of absence. Do not, therefore, be unhappy about your responsibility. I share it even while I trust in you, and my trust is complete.

'Think well of this, dear mother, and talk it over with our friends. Show my letters to them. Ask Béhier to consult with Andral. As for me, I am convinced that staying at Val-Richer, and then for a month at Trouville, if the weather be fine, will be much better for my children's health than the experiment of such a journey—of two journeys in at the most four months, or even a shorter time, if new

political embarrassments should occur. This is the exact summary of the situation, and of the grounds of my decision. God only knows the struggles I went through with myself and my own wishes before I arrived at this conclusion!

'I repeat, dear mother—for one should not omit anything that may alleviate pain—that I am sure of being with you towards the end of September, and that I quite hope to be able to spend a week with you in the course of the summer.

'Adieu, dear mother. I do not ask you to be brave—no one is more brave than you are—I ask you to help me in our mutual task. You had better not say anything to the children until we are of one mind on the subject.'

The decision was made to the children's great sorrow. It disappointed them in every way. They were not to see their father, and they had to give up their visit to England. Their courage gave way a little. Their father tried to raise it. 'My dear Henriette, my dearest child,' he wrote on the 9th May, 1840, 'you will not be sorry when I tell you that your sad letters to-day gave me pleasure. I am well aware that you love me very much, and I am very glad to see proofs of it. Certainly the sacrifice is a great one, and a very great one. Twenty, fifty times a-day—when I awake, when I come in, when I go upstairs, when I go down to my meals, when I am going out—my first impulse is to look for you, and my disappointment at not finding you is very sharp. And do not think, my dear child, that habit

will cure me: I never get accustomed to these evils. Pray follow my example, and love me as much when I am absent as when I am present, preserve undiminished your sorrow for my absence, and let us bear cheerfully this grief, which is a reasonable one. We shall meet towards the end of the summer at the latest, my dear children, and sooner I hope, for a few days. And we shall enjoy Val-Richer together: it will be even more delightful than usual. I envy your seeing the apple-trees in blossom. M. Labbey writes to me that they are superb, and promise a magnificent harvest.'

A few days later, on the 14th May, he writes :—

'My dear little Pauline, your picture has come, and I write to you to tell you what pleasure it gives me. I shall not write to Henriette till to-morrow; I am sure that she will not mind. The picture is excellent, and the likeness perfect. It gives me a double pleasure. It is very like you, and it looks in good health. You have recovered, therefore, very quickly. Here is a kiss for you, my dear child; I am sure that when we meet I shall find you all very much grown. Keep well in the meantime. Your portrait is in my room, close to my writing-table. There is a place, also, for Henriette's, which I am now expecting. Portraits are not *you*, my dear children, but they are worth having. Yours looks as if it wanted to speak to me! "Speak, then!"

'Thank you for promising to be brave if necessary, when you go to Brewster's. I hope that there will be no occasion for it; but I repeat what

you say, "*whatever happens*," you will be courageous. You understand that it is indispensable that your teeth should be examined before you go into the country. I shall not be there to take you to Caen.

'I have had a little rest from dinner-parties; but they are beginning again. I have three running—to-morrow, the day after, and Monday. London, just now, is like an ant-hill. I walked all through the parks to the Foreign Office yesterday. It is the fashion to ride, drive, and walk in Hyde Park from four to six; a *Longchamps* every day. I walked for more than half-an-hour by the side of a drive completely filled with carriages obliged to go at a foot's-pace. A great many gentlemen and ladies were on horseback. The ladies, here, ride a great deal, and very well. It takes me a good hour to walk to the Foreign Office; but it is a charming walk.'

M. Guizot gave his children a share in the new and varied interests of his life while he was away from them, without, however, lessening their disappointment. They were too young to appreciate the politics, but some of his descriptions amused them intensely. On reading over these letters after an interval of forty years, we found whole sentences and paragraphs which had remained graven on our memories.

'I wish you had all been hidden in some corner to see my dinner at the Lord Mayor's—the Mansion House,' he wrote on the 21st of April; 'you would have been greatly amused for at least a quarter of an hour. It was in a very large and beautiful room, called, I know not why, the Egyptian Hall, supported

by enormous pillars, and ornamented with all sorts of banners and symbols belonging to the City. When I entered, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, and with the Lady Mayoress on my arm, there were already 350 people at the table. It was very dimly lighted. The moment we sat down the gas was turned on, and the hall was flooded with light. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were seated on two raised chairs of state, under a great red canopy: I was next to the Lady Mayoress. A magnificent service of plate, belonging to the City, was distributed over all the tables. The dinner was long, and music, which was not bad, went on all the time. Towards the end, two enormous goblets, filled with wine, were brought in; the trumpet sounded, and the City Herald proclaimed that the Lord and Lady Mayoress drank to the health of the French Ambassador, the Bishop of London, and all the present company. The Lady Mayoress rose, took one of the cups and turned towards me; I rose at the same time. She drank, bowed, and passed the cup on to me; I bowed in return, turned to my left hand neighbour, drank and bowed, and presented her with the cup. She did the same to her left-hand neighbour. The Lord Mayor was performing the same ceremony on his side; and the two cups, in this way, went all round the 350 guests. This is called the "Loving Cup." At dessert, two immense silver-gilt dishes were put down before the Lord and Lady Mayoress, they were filled with rosewater, and passed round the high table only (it consisted of fifty people), and each person dipped the end of his nap-

kin in the rose-water and wiped his lips and fingers. Then began the toasts to the Queen, Prince Albert, the Queen-Dowager, and the Royal Family, the English Army and Navy, the French Ambassador, and the other Foreign Ministers. I was the only member of the diplomatic body present. I rose and replied to the toast in a little English speech, which was, I cannot tell you how many times, interrupted and cheered. They were very much pleased, and showed their pleasure very heartily. Then followed innumerable toasts and compliments to me from the speakers. The ladies retired, according to custom. More toasts. At length, at a little before eleven o'clock, we left the dining-table, and went back into the saloons, where the ball had begun. I reached home at a quarter before twelve.

'The Lord Mayor's name is Sir Chapman Marshall, and he looks a very good kind of man. The Lady Mayoress is his daughter: she is extremely pretty, and has a very sweet expression. I was asked to propose a toast in her honour, and I did so.

'*One o'clock.*

'Here are some capital letters. I am delighted with them. I will write to-morrow to my good little Pauline. I expect that she will get better every day. But you amuse me by the serious way in which you speak of asses' milk: "I hope it will do *us* good." Do *you* want anything to do you good? You are a colossus. I am very glad that you are taking asses' milk; it is very wholesome, but it is a luxury for you.

'Farewell, my dear children. I say farewell with a light heart, although the weather is dull. All the sun we have had lately did not make me gay. Your letters, to-day, are worth a great many suns. Good-bye. Here are three kisses each for you, including grandmamma.'

The children had news to tell on their side, for Mdme. Guizot had returned to her summer quarters at Val-Richer. M. Guizot took an increasing interest in all the arrangements and pleasures appertaining to his country home.

He wrote on the 5th of June :—

'So you are settled at Val-Richer; I hope that you got there without much fatigue, but I shall not know until Monday, for the letter written by you this morning from Lisieux will take another day to reach me. After this little gap, which *you* will not feel, our correspondence will be as regular as in Paris. Every morning it is a fresh joy to me. I cannot understand how absence can be borne without letters. Alas! how many sorrows one bears in this world without understanding them.

'I cannot tell you how glad I am to think that my children are living in the open air. I think it so good for them : let them be out as much as possible. There is no need to fear that their intellectual development will not be sufficiently rapid : their intellects and their feelings are perhaps more precocious and excitable than they ought to be at their age. I do not complain of this, but they ought not to be stimulated. Leisure, exercise, and liberty, are what

we must take care to give them, and when they are out in the garden, where they can run into no danger, let them do what they please, and as they please—sometimes quite alone, superintended only from a distance. There is no freedom for children if they are not sometimes alone, left entirely to themselves. The intervention, even the presence, of a grown-up person when they are at play takes away from the spirit and carelessness which are so good for them.

'Do not let Henriette read Michelet's *History of the Roman Republic.* It is not fit for her. Not one of M. Michelet's works is fit for children—not even for very advanced children—either as regards instruction or morality. The fact is, these works are very inaccurate, and the deductions they draw are those of an ill-regulated, though honest mind. If Henriette has finished the *Ancient History*, let her take the *History of Rome*, by Rollin, or the one by Laurent Echard, which is in the book-case in the corridor; and the *History of the Emperors*, by Crevier. We will settle all this in the autumn. She tells me that she is reading the *Lives of the Latin Poets.* She might read the translation of the *Æneid.* Give her also the translation of *Jerusalem Delivered;* it will interest her very much, and the impression it produces is, on the whole, good.'

On the 9th of June he writes to his son, who was seven years old:—

'My dear Guillaume,—You were so busy in Paris that you did not write long letters. Will

you have as much to do at Val-Richer? Perhaps more, for you will have as many lessons to prepare, and you will be out a great deal more. Go out, my child, run about, plant flowers, play with the water in the little brook. You will not have left off playing when I am with you again, I hope? I like so much seeing you at play.

'I am delighted that you think the new road and the avenue pretty. I am expecting the particulars. Tell me how many trees there are planted along our road, from the point where it makes a bend in the meadow to the gate of our courtyard. And also how many evergreens there are in the clump of trees which was to be planted to the right in the hollow, just where the road turns into the meadow.

'You are very lucky to have so many strawberries. You would do me a great favour if you could send me some. They are very scarce here, and very dear—everything that is scarce is dearer than you can possibly imagine. I had peaches at my two grand dinners; they cost five francs a-piece.

'Good-bye, my dear child. I leave you to write a despatch. This often happens. I have to send off a messenger this evening. At Epsom, the other day, after the races, I saw I cannot tell you how many pigeons let fly to carry the names of the winning horses into the different counties. They reached the other end of England in a few minutes. Could we not train some pigeons to fly twice a-day between Val-Richer and Hertford House? It is true that our pigeons have not succeeded very well at Val-Richer.'

The children told all their little pleasures, and counted conscientiously the trees in the avenue; but it was his sister-in-law, Mdme. de Meulan, to whom M. Guizot wrote for the details which alone satisfied him; it was she who had the charge of all the new arrangements. Born on the eve of the French Revolution, her fortune was twice destroyed. She was left without husband or children, and she devoted herself to M. Guizot with all the energy of a strong and passionate nature. Endowed at the same time with a robust temperament and talents of the utmost refinement, she spent all her time and her powers in embellishing the country house, the charge of which she had formerly shared with François.

Her employments were as numerous as they were varied—painting, sculpture, and embroidery occupied her in turn, and at the same time, she took a lively interest in the political negotiations in which M. Guizot was engaged.

'I wanted to write you both yesterday and to-day, my dear Aline,' M. Guizot wrote on the 26th July. 'I was prevented by conferences and despatches, and I was at work during part of the night. Things are going on very badly in the East: the Pasha's enemies are making a great deal out of the insurrection in Syria, and if he does not at once repress it, the affair will turn out ill. I never thought well of it, and I kept it in suspense for five months. If this insurrection had not occurred, it would still be in suspense. We shall see. Although people say that I have nothing but success here, my own pretensions are not so great.

'To-day I give my dinner to the Nemours; there will be thirty people. I shall have quantities of flowers in the rooms; they are my favourite decoration. I should like to have music during dinner, and a little evening party afterwards; but it is Sunday, and therefore this cannot be done. The only dissipation one may allow oneself on Sunday is a dinner; and the Duc and Duchesse de Nemours could give me no other day. They leave on Tuesday for Goodwood races, to which the Duke of Orleans has sent two of his horses; and from Goodwood they return to France.

'Speaking of flowers, pray sow a great deal of dittany; I like it, and I like an abundance of the same flower. Those that prosper most in England are decidedly the geraniums; they are remarkable as to quantity and quality. Try also to collect a great many sorts of heath, it is a pretty little family, and lasts a long time in blossom.

'I like your gold and silver pheasants. I should like to have an aviary, we will some day have one in the courtyard. My fear is lest the situation should be too cold. You have no idea what pleasure it will give me to see the avenue and the courtyard now that they are finished. You need not be afraid. I went the other day to Sion House, the residence of the Duke of Northumberland, one of the finest places in England. It contains a blue and golden gallery, like the François I. gallery at Fontainebleau; a dining-room supported by twelve of the finest antique pillars in the world—they were found in the Tiber, and purchased by the grandfather of the present Duke. There

are greenhouses like those at the Jardin des Plantes, in fact these were our models. All round the house are those matchless green fields of England, covered with beautiful sheep and cows, all as clean and well cared for as the grass. Yet I like my Val-Richer a thousand times better.'

'April 29th.

'My dear Aline,—Your two panels are charming. Do not take the trouble of sending the third, I trust entirely to you; and three are quite variety enough. I am particularly curious about the stone pedestal: send me the little drawing of it, which you promised me. I suppose that you have already set to work, I know your perseverance; you have a great many things on hand just now—the banisters, my armchair, carpets of every sort, and I know not what else. You will finish all these things, I know; so I thank you beforehand as if they were done already. Do you appreciate the confiding nature of this speech?

'Now let us agree in our views. You bought the horse "Henry" for 1000 fr.; if he be a good one, as there seems reason to believe, I am not sorry for it. You are to make the hedges round the future garden both quickset and evergreen. Then you must lower the lawn in the courtyard; it is necessary for the sake of the fountain and to give an air of finish. But you must stop there, and not go a bit farther in the Val-Richer improvements this year. We have already done an enormous deal, and I am ruined. Nothing more at all. Your own work—the banisters, the carpets—these are the last victories that Val-Richer

will gain in 1840, and it will have gained a great many.

'Likewise I do not wish you to keep Bradamante as a brood mare; it is clearly a losing experiment, we should have to feed the mother for a year and the foal for two or three years; he would not be worth what he would cost us. We do not want another horse. Sell Bradamante, if only for 100 fr.; she will have served us well for three years.

'You had better carry the earth which is taken away from the courtyard down towards the chestnut avenue, in order to support it and to make a slope.

'I am delighted that the door is successful. Is it very strong? Does it look so? For I cannot bear anything paltry. In all things the appearance of strength is good, as well as the reality.

'I was so clever as to say out of my own head, in reply to Orbec, that I had long been engaged to the Cantons of St. Pierre and Mézidon in the event of M. Legrand's resignation. I have written this to M. Labbey and M. Jeanne. This arrangement suits me capitally. I suppose that M. Legrand will resign after the session of the *Conseil-Général*. I will then write to himself. In the meanwhile M. Labbey will show him my letter.

'You are right in your opinion of M. Labbey, he is full of noble and generous impulses; I esteem him as much as I like him.

'I am kept informed of all that is being said in Paris. I do not disturb myself much about unpleasant things, even when they are said by old friends. I

impute many of them to thoughtlessness—the great fault, and at the same time the great excuse, of us mortals. I am therefore considerably indifferent, and not at all angry. When people tried to wound me treacherously I defended myself in such a fashion as to take away, for some time, any inclination on their part to begin again. Rest assured that my conduct during the last six months has been wise, that my position is a strong one, and pray be resigned to vicissitudes and dangers.'

CHAPTER XV.

1840.

MADAME GUIZOT—LIFE IN ENGLAND.

M. GUIZOT was on the eve of the most trying years in his laborious life; he was, however, already looking forward to the peaceful days which later on it became God's pleasure to bestow on him at Val-Richer.

'If the magnificent sunshine,' he wrote to his mother, 'which floods my square this morning extends to Val-Richer, it must be delightful. I am certainly growing old, for the idea of retirement, final retirement, is agreeable to me. I do not know if I shall ever enjoy it. Besides the domestic reasons which oblige me to work, I feel called, impelled by my nature to action, every sort of action which circumstances may lay upon me. What one can do, it is one's duty to do. And besides feeling that it is my duty, I am willing and eager to accept and seize every opportunity which presents itself, from an impulse which is stronger even than my natural inclination, and which shows that action is my mission; and therefore I shall go on, straightforward, as far and as long as God pleases. But I hope that before I

take my final departure I shall have a few days of rest, absolute rest. It rests me beforehand to think of it.'

The life at Val-Richer, which was so agreeable to Mdme. Guizot, was intensely delightful to her grandchildren, not only on account of the freedom they enjoyed, but also for the sake of the amusements which she shared with them. This noble woman, whose strong soul had been so cruelly tossed in early life and stricken by an incurable grief, preserved her taste for gardening, for all the cares and pleasures of rural life: even her perpetual maternal anxieties did not entirely neutralise the healing influence of this retreat, she unbent and rested herself at Val-Richer, and she devoted to her grandchildren—to their pleasures as much as to their education—all her improved health and spirits, for it was always her habit to lavish all she possessed upon those she loved. Although she was at first slow to perceive that the children she had brought up were growing older every year, and required more amusement and independence, they knew well the tenderness which was hidden beneath her strength of will, and time, as it went on, softened without enfeebling her character.

'You have no idea what my mother was when she was young,' M. Guizot sometimes would say laughingly to his children.

A southern temperament with its hasty and passionate impulses was allied, in Mdme. Guizot, to a strong persevering, active disposition, penetrated to the very marrow with the doctrines and traditions

of which the old Huguenot character was the outcome.

The sorrows and cares which darkened her life did not, however, destroy the ground-work of natural gaiety which now and then came to the surface. Another taste she had—which she preserved even in extreme old age—the taste for information and the intelligent curiosity about all sorts of subjects which characterised the eighteenth century; travels, especially descriptions of unknown countries, and new facts in physical or moral science had an irresistible attraction for her. We saw her once, when she had become very deaf and very feeble, remain standing for two hours, leaning against the mantelpiece, questioning and listening to an adventurous explorer, who had just travelled across South America, from one ocean to the other. But the governing principle with her was a really heroic passion for duty, for every duty, small or great; an absolute and steady devotion, a continual endeavour towards perfection, which she inspired in others by her example.

Even so, with all these contrasts and harmonies, does the figure of Mdme. Guizot rise up in the memory of her grandchildren, now, that in middle age, they look back with the most affectionate gratitude to those days of their infancy which were full of her presence and influence.

But it was to M. Guizot (and their grandmother encouraged them) that these young minds turned with eager love; it was to him that they confided every impression and interest. I will quote a few

passages from letters which will prove how strong was the intimacy between the father and children, even when they were separated, and how constant was the solicitude with which he watched over their young lives.

'You are very right, my dear child; a great many good qualities are wanting in you, and I pray God to give them to you; but He bestows nothing on those who do not try to deserve His gifts. Our own efforts are not enough to make us as good as it is our duty to become. We need God's help at every instant; and whenever we do anything that is right, if we acquire some new virtue, we may be sure that God has helped us, has helped us much, and we owe infinite gratitude to Him for His assistance. But it is His will that we should ourselves work out our own improvement. God bestows His help in aid of our endeavours, to reward as well as to assist them. When God created man, He made him a free and a reasonable being, that is to say, able to distinguish between right and wrong, and to choose the right. Liberty, my dear child, is the power of choosing the right; and man inherits this great power from God Himself. This is what constitutes the nobility of man's nature. But as man, while he is free and reasonable, is yet very imperfect and very weak, he needs, at every moment, the goodness and grace of God to assist his weakness and to help him to struggle with his imperfections. Alas! it is a never-ending struggle.

'One of the things which I regret most bitterly,

my dear child, is, that when I am so far from you I cannot talk to you about all that interests you, especially when your thoughts turn upon such serious subjects. Always tell me whenever they do so; our separation would be intolerable were I not convinced that I shall know every important thought that passes through your mind, and were I not able to give you my opinion in return.

'I went yesterday evening to the House of Commons, and came back at one in the morning. There was a very interesting debate on the Irish elections. You must always take an interest in Ireland, my child. Your mother always did, it was the cradle of her family. I meet a great many relations of yours here. One hundred and fifty years ago, your grandfather's family quitted England in the suite of James II. and took refuge in France, Spain, and Italy. They ran away from England because they were Catholics. Almost at the same time, the Protestants were running away from France. A Protestant now represents France at the Court of St. James, and he finds a great many Catholics in the very House of Commons which turned them out 150 years ago. All this, my child, is the result of intellectual progress, and a better appreciation of religious truth. If we were suddenly taken back to the state in which Europe was two centuries ago, we could not even endure the sight of so much misery and injustice. This is a reason for deep gratitude to God, who has caused us to be born in a just and temperate age, and also for great patience with its sufferings and imperfections

—still very considerable—which continue to try us. There will always be these imperfections in our lives and in the world. God allows nothing to be perfect, or even nearly perfect, and this is one of the proofs that this world is only a world of passage, a beginning of our career, and that the goal of our efforts is beyond it. But we ought, nevertheless, to enjoy all the happiness which is granted to us, and to thank God that our portion is so much larger than was that of our predecessors.

'Do you know, my child, why one is so conceited when one is young? It is because one does not yet know how great and how difficult are the objects of one's endeavours. One feels oneself to be strong, brave, and intelligent, and as one has not yet tried one's powers one thinks that they are equal to anything. Look at this man; he lives in a little valley at the foot of a mountain, before his eyes are only a narrow space and near objects. He can see them perfectly, nothing escapes him, and he says to himself, "I have excellent eyes; I can see all I want to see." He begins to ascend the mountain; as he goes higher the space widens, he discovers objects farther off, he can still see them clearly, and he continues to pride himself on his powers; he goes higher and higher, and the horizon grows wider and wider, and his sight becomes less clear; he tries in vain to see over this vast country, and to distinguish these multiplied and distant objects; many look confused, or escape him altogether; and when he has reached the top of the mountain and sees before him an immense space

and all that is crowded into it, he acknowledges that his eyes cannot reach so far, or take in so many things. At the very moment, therefore, when he has attained the highest eminence and has tried his eyes to the utmost, he most feels his weakness, and is content to lay down his pride in the presence of God. Our intellect, and all our faculties, my dear child, are like our eyes; the mountain we have to climb is life, and its experience makes us feel and own our insufficiency more and more with every step of advancement and improvement. If we were perfectly wise we should know beforehand, and at the foot of the mountain, all that we should see when we reached the top. This is impossible, and it is absurd to expect children to be as wise and as prudent as men are. But you are clever and wise enough, dear Henriette, to understand clearly that neither your cleverness nor your wisdom are as perfect, as unerring, as you imagine them to be. All I ask is, that you should not trust to them presumptuously, that you should acknowledge beforehand that there are a great many things which escape your view, and that the moment when you will see from the highest point, and over the largest extent, will be exactly the one in which you will be most sensible of your insufficiency and most inclined to modesty.'

Again, on the 22nd June, to his second daughter:—

'My dear Pauline,—Here is another kiss today, for your birthday. This day nine years your mother was lying in bed, near the window, in my little room, in the street *La Ville-l'Evêque*, very

tired but very happy, and I, too, was very happy. My dear child, you cannot remember your mother; but you should think often of her. We can never think enough of those who loved us so much and who are no longer with us. "*Not lost, but gone before.*" Is not this true, my dear little one?

'You are right in wishing to train your mind yourself; you can do so, for you have an excellent heart and understanding; you know quite well when you have done wrong, and you never want to vex those you love. What I advise, my dear child, is that you should not always give way to your first impulses; that you should try to put a little more equanimity into your character and temper. Life, dear, is full of contrasts, of good and evil, great joys and great sorrows, of many little troubles, and many little pleasures. If our minds were as uneven as our fortunes, we should soon be tired and broken down, and a burden to our friends and to ourselves. When you are at Trouville, you will see ships tossed by the sea, driven by winds and waves hither and thither, to the right and to the left. What would happen, dear child, if there were no pilot to steer the ship through all these oscillations and dangers? She would soon founder or fall in pieces; but the pilot governs the ship while he prays to God who governs the sea. And the ship sails on her way and generally reaches the haven. This is a type of our condition in this world; we have to govern our own inclinations while we constantly, and with a firm faith, invoke God's help and protection, and try to preserve our pre-

sence of mind, our courage, our vigilance, and our serenity, through all the difficulties, perils, and vicissitudes with which our course is beset. I hope, dear Pauline, that God will permit me to remain with you all long enough to help you during your apprenticeship to life, and to teach you how to help yourselves.

'From what Henriette tells me I see that you have received some very pretty presents. This increases my regret that I was not with you. You must spend the five francs which I have asked grandmamma to give you, on something you want, while waiting for the present I intend to bring you.

'I had two adventures at Windsor. The first was winning the sweepstakes at Ascot. Every one who accompanies the Queen puts in a sovereign and draws a ticket with the name of one of the horses that are going to run. I drew "*Scutari*," and "Scutari" won the principal race. Twenty-three sovereigns for me, which will balance the twenty pounds I had to spend in fees to the servants at Windsor Castle.

'Here is my second adventure; it will make you laugh, but pray do not laugh at it before company, as it might find its way into some newspaper, which would annoy me. On Wednesday evening, at Windsor, the Queen retired at eleven o'clock; we stayed behind, talking for half-an-hour. At midnight, I set out to find my own apartment, and I lose myself in the galleries, saloons, and corridors. At last I slowly open a door, taking it for mine, and I see a lady beginning to undress, attended by her maid. I shut the door as fast as I can, and begin again to

search for my own room. I, at last, find some one who shows me the way. I go to bed. The next day, at dinner, the Queen said to me, laughingly, "Do you know that you entered my room at midnight?" "How, ma'am; was it your Majesty's door that I half opened?" "Certainly." And she began laughing again, and so did I.

'I told her of my perplexity, which she had already guessed; and I asked whether if, like St. Simon or Sully, I should ever write my memoirs, she would allow me to mention that I had opened the Queen of England's door in Windsor Castle at midnight while she was going to bed. She gave me permission, and laughed heartily.'

He wrote the description of Windsor Castle to his son :—

'I write to you from Windsor, my dear Guillaume. It certainly is one of the most delightful and picturesque castles in the world; its exterior is a Gothic fortress of the Middle Ages, the interior is a very elegant and comfortable modern palace. I arrived yesterday, two hours before dinner; I dressed, and at a quarter before eight I went into the drawing-room through a long, very long, gallery, full of busts and pictures, not very wide or very high, the ceiling grey and gold, with sculptured compartments. There is nothing very remarkable in the drawing-rooms except the view, which extends over the park and the country; both were as green as possible. We then went into dinner. The dining-room is splendid—enormous; 150 people can dine in it. There were

nearly eighty of us, all English except myself. The ceiling is of old sculptured oak, divided into compartments, and in each compartment are painted the arms of a Knight of the Garter. The arms of every one who has been a Knight of the Garter are there from the beginning until now. Over my head was No. 352, and I sat in about the middle of the room. The walls are hung all round with steel armour—helmets, lances, cuirasses, and swords. At each end is a gallery, one for music and the other for spectators; on the table, and on a huge sideboard at the end of the table, the most splendid service of silver-gilt plate. On my left sat the young Queen, whom they tried to assassinate the other day, in gay spirits, talking a great deal, laughing very often and longing to laugh still more; and filling with her gaiety, which contrasted with the already tragical elements in her history, this ancient castle which has witnessed the career of all her predecessors. It was all very grand, very beautiful, very striking. I talk to you, my little boy, as if you were grown up.

'I have nothing pretty to tell you. I am very busy; busy about things you do not care for: you will care for them some day. I hope that in your time affairs will be a little less complicated than they are in mine, they will always be intricate enough. We are not put into this world only for our own pleasure and comfort: there is trouble to be taken, there are great annoyances and great sorrows to be borne. You will have your share, my child. God grant that the burden may be light! Your life

is very easy at present, I hope that it will long remain so. You are surrounded only by people who love you and try to do everything to please you. It is a great happiness that you have two good sisters whose advice and friendship will be yours through life. I pray God always to preserve them for you. He has taken from you a charming, excellent brother, who would have been a second father to you. You will never know how much you have lost; this is one of my greatest sorrows. I wish that the whole world could know what my dear François was, and what he would have become. I shall often talk to you of him, my dear little boy.'

M. Guizot's mother and children were established at Trouville in a pretty little house, which they described in their letters as carefully as their father described for them Windsor Castle. They were out a great deal on the sea-shore; and they did a few lessons, for Mdme. Guizot did not approve of holidays.

'Thank you both for your English letters,' M. Guizot wrote to his daughters; 'they are well expressed, and have very few faults. I shall be very glad if you become thoroughly well acquainted with the language, history, and literature of England. I have always studied them a great deal, and every day they interest me more and more. The English are a great and an honest nation. They have many faults and deficiencies, but the great qualities—morality, sincerity, dignity, energy, and perseverance — predominate.'

'The more I see of England the more I respect her. She does not know how to make her virtue attractive and agreeable to other people. She is haughty, reserved, and somewhat hard, although she has a great fund of benevolence. It is impossible, however, not to be a little under the charm of one's personal impressions; and I am touched, very much touched, by my reception here, by the kindness and respect, almost the affection which is shown me by persons of all classes and every shade of opinion. If I had you here, my children—you and your grandmother—I should be quite happy, but I miss you exceedingly; however, we shall soon meet.

'There is one thing I should like for you, dear Henriette; it is that you should accustom yourself to read long books; not so as to tire yourself each day, but you must read a little every day of some long work; and you must finish the whole of it. There is a great deal more benefit in reading one long work than in skipping over twenty. You are not able to read long English books while you are at Trouville; but this is what I should like you, my dear child, to do when you return to Val-Richer. Either in my study or in the gallery you will find Lingard's *History of England*, I should like you to read that and Hume at the same time. Choose a period; for instance, the History of the Anglo-Saxon Kings up to the Conquest of England by the Normans. Read it first in Hume, then put Hume on one side and read the same period in Lingard, and so on to the end. When you have read these two works slowly and simultaneously in

this way, you will begin to know something of the History of England.

'If it would not frighten Pauline she might undertake the same course of reading. But I am afraid that she would find it very long, and I do not wish her to tire herself.'

The complications of the Eastern Question prevented M. Guizot from making his proposed visit to France; he continued, nevertheless, to hope to do so. He wrote on the 3rd August :—

'My dear Henriette, this letter will reach Trouville on the 6th. No one, I think, will consider it wrong in me to write only to you on your birthday. I have sent to you, through another channel, a little parcel which will arrive on the same day, containing other parcels which you will distribute, or rather which you will have distributed before you receive this letter. When I am away from you, my dear children, the greatest pleasure I can have is in giving you little pleasures, until I take you a great pleasure by taking myself.

'It is not the first time, my dear child, that I have been away from you on the 6th of August, and the older you grow, the more I regret it. Eleven years old ! why, it is a lifetime ! May your life be a happy one ! I dare not hope that you will escape sorrow, even great sorrow : God does not grant this to us, and we have no right to expect it. But may you have few cruel trials, and may you have a deep, true, and lasting source of happiness which will help you to bear them. I hope that you have the elements

of happiness in yourself—good temper, good sense, courage, unselfishness—not too sanguine expectations from man, but a full confidence in God. This, dear child, was your mother's character; you resemble her in many ways; you will have to make great efforts in order to be like her in all. May God help you to become so! I desire this earnestly, both for your sake and for my own: it gives me inexpressible pleasure to trace her likeness in you.'

A few days later, at the door of a little house at Trouville, three children—almost out of their senses with joy—saw their father start up in his carriage, terrified by the danger his poor little ones ran of being crushed by his horses at this long-wished-for moment of reunion. Only two days could be given to Trouville; the King, the Château d'Eu, and politics urged their claims, but the father had seen his children again, the mother her son, the children their father, and each felt more able to endure with courage another separation.

'The only rest I had was at Trouville,' M. Guizot writes from Calais on the 15th August; 'what with politics and what with etiquette one never has any rest at Court. But with you, my dear children, talking with you and looking at you bathing in the sea, my rest, both of mind and body, was perfect. This is the sort of rest I look forward to when I grow old. The present is not a time to think of retirement; we must give our thoughts just now to what we can do for our country. Do not you, my dear Henriette, love France, and see that we are bound to do all we can for her?'

CHAPTER XVI.

1840–46.

RETURN TO FRANCE — HE ACCEPTS THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE time was at hand when it became more than ever M. Guizot's duty to devote all his mind and intellectual energies to the service of France. In the midst of the agitation which extended over Europe, he preserved the irrepressible hopefulness which was one of his elements of strength ; in public life it never forsook him. In his inmost heart and in his private concerns he was more inclined to anxiety than to confidence; the trials and sufferings which he and his family had gone through were too great not to have left ineffaceable traces behind them.

On the 10th October, he wrote to Mdme. Guizot :

'DEAR MOTHER,—Among the many motives which make me deeply regret not having been with you on the 4th October one of the most urgent was my anxiety to express to you on that day, more than on any other, all my love and my gratitude. What do I not owe to you ? All you did for me as a fatherless child you are now doing for my motherless children.

There are in you two qualities which are inexhaustible, courage and affection. You bore your own trials without breaking down, you are now helping me to bear mine. Thanks to you, I am able, without failing in my duty to my children, without being distracted by anxiety about them, to fulfil other duties and to render my life as valuable as God has, in all probability, destined that it should be. Dear mother, always and in all things, you have helped me, and you still help me. You do not know all the tenderness, respect, and gratitude I feel for you in my heart. May God preserve you a long time—a very long time for me and my children. I cannot now tell you with what lively pleasure I see their fondness for you; may God permit you long to enjoy it! It used to be an intense satisfaction to me to watch the care that my dear son took of you, to see how pleased he was to be with you and to bring out for you all the resources of his excellent and charming disposition. I used to fancy that he was paying you back a part of my debt, and I loved him all the better for it. Oh, what a wound, dear mother! what an incurable wound! I cannot touch it without being inwardly overcome with grief. Such an exquisite, loveable nature! so gentle and so full of promise! My confidence in him set my mind completely at rest. I should have left everything to him, I should have entrusted to him you, my children, my home, my memory, every dear recollection, every favourite plan for the future—all, absolutely all, with the most perfect security! And it made me so happy to prepare his life, his career,

his position! He would have so thoroughly enjoyed it, he would have filled it so honourably, for himself as well as for me. He was the complement of my life and he perpetuated his mother's existence. Dear child! I think I see him now, his noble, tender, and refined countenance! but he himself, alas! . . . I do not ask God to console me, I ought not to be consoled, we are consoled only too soon, we forget too soon. And I do not murmur or revolt, but my heart was pierced through and through, and everything renews the soreness of my wound! May God protect my children! May God preserve my children! and as well as them, with them, you, for their and my sake. God knows that I am not ungrateful! I know, I feel all the hope and happiness they will one day afford me. I wish they could know how much I love them; this is what one never can know. True love is always much greater than its object has any idea of.

'Let us speak of other things; it does not do to allow oneself to be too much moved when one is so far off.

'We are in a very anxious crisis. In the beginning there was much carelessness and presumption on all sides. There are now obstinate misunderstandings and mutual embarrassments; nevertheless there is a sincere desire to avoid an explosion, and no ill-will on the part of England against France, or on that of the English Government against the French Government. Therefore I do not despair. We shall come out of this crisis hurt and wounded; but we shall, I think, recover from it. I expected to have

received a messenger to-day, who would have brought me news of the meeting of the Chamber, and the authorization to take some step in this affair. Time passes, and he does not come. I must wait a little longer.'

'*Two o'clock.*

'I missed your letter this morning, and yet I received several from Paris. There is again some mistake or delay, such as has already happened two or three times. I remind myself of these instances that I may not be anxious. Good-bye, dear mother. Affectionate kisses for you all.'

M. Guizot intended to come to Paris for the opening of the Chambers. Some of his friends pressed him to delay his visit on account of the difficulties of the situation. On the 20th, he wrote to the Duc de Broglie :—

'I have thought it well over. I shall start from here on the 25th, go round to take up my mother and children in Normandy, and arrive in Paris on the night of the 28th, or on the following morning. One must not show anxiety when one has no cause for it.

'I want nothing in London ; I seek nothing in Paris. Here, as well as there, I shall mix in no intrigue. I shall neither say nor do anything which is not in perfect harmony with all that I have said and done for the last eight months. I promised my support to the Cabinet without entering it; this is what I have done and what I shall do. Why should I give an appearance of hesitation and constraint to my conduct ? I am a Deputy in the first

place, and an Ambassador in the second. I think more of my duties as a deputy than of my duties as ambassador. As a Deputy, I shall act in accordance with my judgment, my past conduct, and my honour : as an Ambassador, I shall speak in harmony with all I have thought, written, done, or agreed to since I have held this post. I think all this perfectly compatible. I have, myself, not the slightest hesitation.'

While M. Guizot was writing these words, the King refused the draft of the Speech prepared for him by his Ministers ; the Cabinet of the 20th May resigned, the King recalled M. Guizot to Paris and entrusted him with the formation of a Ministry.

He started at once, before he had time to tell his family, for whose removal to Paris he made some hasty arrangements. The packet by which M. de Banneville, a young attaché for whom M. Guizot had a great friendship, sailed, foundered through a collision with an English steamer. Mdme. Guizot was extremely anxious. As soon as she heard of the accident, she set out, without waiting for any instructions, in a little carriage of the country, with the children. Just as she was starting, she received this letter, written on the 27th, from her son :—

' I have this instant, dear mother, received M. de Banneville's letter telling me of the loss of the *Phœnix*. Thank God, no one was drowned! The poor young fellow I sent in my place is safely at home with his parents. This news has agitated me very much. Yesterday must have been a day of terrible anxiety

for you. You will probably see Banneville to-day at Val-Richer, and this will delay your journey for at least a day. What a dreadful accident! How impatient I am to have you all here with me! My large carriage, and everything it contained, are lost; and everything, too, belonging to poor Herbet. Fortunately I had every one of my papers with me. We must continue to thank God that no one was drowned. But how I long for you! Come quickly. Kisses to you all.'

At six o'clock in the evening of the 29th October, Mdme. Guizot was waiting, in the house in the Rue la Ville-l'Évèque, for her son, who had not yet returned from the Tuileries. Her face was full of a mother's anxiety.

'Well?' she asked.

'I have accepted the Foreign Office.'

'How could you accept such a burden?' cried Mdme. Guizot.

'I thought it was my duty.'

This was enough both for mother and son. Mdme. Guizot submitted to her fate; she already knew all the anxieties and sorrows which she would have to bear, without, however, anticipating the sad and final catastrophe.

The children saw only one thing, could only understand one thing, that their father was going to stay in Paris, and that they were going to stay with their father. Joy filled their hearts. They have never forgotten that time. They were still very young, but, through God's Providence, they never

again, throughout their lives, had to submit to another absence from their father so long as the one they had just endured.

It was a real reunion. In his busiest days, M. Guizot always found time to visit his mother two or three times. His children watched their opportunity for a kiss between the audiences,—they always got their kiss and always found him ready to interest himself in their affairs and their pleasures. Their visits to Val-Richer was short, for M. Guizot could seldom spare a few days for the country. During several summers Mdme. Guizot refused to go so far; and it was in the suburbs of Paris, at Passy, or Auteuil, that she found the fresh air needful for the children. Val-Richer was always, however, the home, the privileged centre of all the freedom and enjoyment of their country life, and during the three or four months they spent in Normandy, they kept up a correspondence as active as the one between Paris and London.

More than once M. Guizot would write to his mother or his children on the Council-table, whilst his colleagues were discussing some question from which he could distract his attention for a few minutes, undisturbed by what was going on around him.

He writes to his son :—

'Run about and amuse yourself, my dear little boy. I am overpowered by business and by letters, small and great. When some messenger wakes me up in the middle of the night, and I have to spend

half-an-hour in reading despatches, I find it difficult to go to sleep again, and I get up late. You do not go to sleep a second time, I think, for you never wake. Sleep away, my child—sleep as much as you can. Grandmamma tells me that you take a book to bed to read when you awake in the morning. This is very serious. I should like a picture of you when so occupied—M. Guillaume in bed with a book in his hand, while all around are asleep. What book is it? Tell me. I am curious to know.

'You have no idea of what took place yesterday in our garden. Late in the evening, after dinner, we were still in it, about nine o'clock, when General Colettis called on me. He walked off with some one, I cannot remember who. Half an hour afterwards we all went in, except General Colettis and his companion. No one knew that they were still there, and they did not find out that the doors and blinds and shutters were all being closed up; they went on walking. About half-past ten, when they wanted to go away, they found themselves imprisoned in the garden. They called out and knocked. Nobody heard them. So they both climbed up the little wall on the side of the boulevard, and from the top — all among the bushes and creepers — they begged the passers-by to deliver them. At last succour came, so they were not obliged to sleep under the acacia. When I got up this morning, I heard for the first time of their captivity and their deliverance.

'Here is another thunder-storm. I am writing

to you, dear Pauline, to the sound of thunder, and in a room inundated by the rain. They are sponging it all up as fast as they can. It is a great pity. We have chosen a bad year for building our conservatory and our orangery. We are not able to choose our years; we must take them as God sends them, and turn them to the best account, be they sad or gay, calm or stormy. You are not sad—are you, my dear child, or stormy? Your letter says "No." It is a very nice letter—long, well written, and very affectionate.

'I love you dearly, my dear little girl, and I have never told you — any of you — how much that really is. You are a good girl, and I hope you will be happy; I will do all I can to make you so. You are very happy now—are you not? Every one loves you. Your health is good; you are fond of Val-Richer, of your music, and of all your lessons (may I venture to say *all?*). You amuse yourself, you go out walking and driving, you enjoy everything. My dear child, be happy and grateful, and tell me all that happens to you, and everything that enters your head.'

The father's tender prayer was entirely answered. Thirty-three years later, the daughter, who scarcely preceded him to the grave, said on her death-bed to her sister, her eyes overflowing with tears of gratitude, 'I have been so happy, nothing has been wanting in my life.'

On the 29th October, 1840, Europe feared that war would set her in a blaze. The situation was

now becoming less strained, and the public mind was beginning to calm down.

'I have received very good news from Alexandria,' M. Guizot wrote to his mother on the 20th June, 1841. 'I hope that at last we are going to finish this business, and that a treaty will be signed in London proclaiming the restoration of good feeling between France and the rest of Europe. For the last eight months I have been working for this result, while endeavouring not to bring it on too hastily. When it comes, I shall be very glad that it was not hurried. We shall have exhibited dignity as well as prudence. This will be one of the great events in my life. From 1832 to 1835 I think that I contributed more than any one else to maintain or re-establish order at home. In 1840 and 1841 I shall have obtained peace abroad. If I were to retire from public life immediately afterwards, I should, I think, carry with me the estēem of all Europe. I hope that I shall not lose it if I remain.'

On the 19th October, 1842, M. Guizot wrote to M. de Barante, who was staying in the country, having left St. Petersburg in consequence of the ill-will manifested by the Emperor Nicholas towards Louis-Philippe :—

'My dear friend, I do not like to leave Auteuil without replying to your letter. I return to Paris to-morrow. It seems as if I were going back to the noise and the crowds of the winter. There will be none before the session opens; on the contrary, I shall gain the time which I now lose in the perpetual

coming and going, and yet the impression on my mind is just as I tell you. 'Here it is rest, and in Paris work. For the last six weeks I have been working at public affairs with more care and fewer interruptions than one has in the middle of the turmoil. I often regret these interruptions; it is a painful feeling to do ill what one is capable of doing well, and what, if well done, would do a great deal of good. In everything—in our own conduct as in our fortunes—our great endeavour in life should be to submit to imperfection, without being contented with it, and to keep firm hold of our ambition, while we accept patiently our deficiencies. If I am proud of myself for anything, it is for this. I have learned to be contented with little while aspiring to everything. The generation which you and I have seen pass away lost itself by the folly of its pretensions. The one which we see beginning is too humble in its aspirations.

'Your impression of the state of the country pleases me much. I really think that we are on the right road; but we shall travel on it very slowly and painfully. Setting aside all the evil propensities, all the germs of disorder which develope so freely in democratic societies, they have the incurable vice of lowering the stature of public men in comparison with the greatness of the affairs which they have to treat.

'France has always been called to a lofty destiny, and its horizon is as wide as ever; but the character and aims of those who have to work out this destiny

sink lower and lower. In this lies a practical difficulty which meets you at every turn, of which I can see no solution. I am convinced that this will be the cause of my greatest difficulties in the approaching session. I shall be continually obliged to force higher views upon the public—that public on which I and all of us depend, and which will feel wearied and aggrieved by my endeavours.'

In the following year, on the 2nd Nov. 1843, he wrote again to M. de Barante, one of the few among his friends whom neither fear nor scruples could induce to destroy M. Guizot's letters :—

'I am very much in your debt, and so you have given up writing to me. I am hard at work. I am trying to put in a good train, and as forward as possible, certain things which I shall not be able to attend to when the Chambers have opened. Spain and Greece are going on well. There is no other news in Europe.

'The reception at Eu was very successful on the surface, and still more so in reality. If only the good impression be not effaced! A representative government is like Louis XI., it makes a great many blunders, and then repairs them. Everybody tells me that the session will be a very easy one. I do not believe a word of it. There is no such thing as an easy session, but when affairs are going on prosperously people are easy in their minds. The beautiful words of Scripture, "They rest from their labours, and their works follow them," do not apply to representative government; those who return to

power do not rest from their labours, and their works do not follow them. It is true that the Bible says this only of the dead, and it is right in so saying. Rest and justice are only for the dead.

'However, the more experience I have had of public life the more indifferent have I become to its annoyances, vicissitudes, and trials. I am so hardened to them that I scarcely notice them. The only real sorrows are private and family sorrows. These inflict wounds which time may close, but can never heal, and which leaves the mind weaker and weaker, and more and more incapable of enduring fresh ones.'

It was from the Château d'Eu that M. Guizot wrote to his daughters on the 1st September, 1843, while waiting for Queen Victoria :—

'Thanks for your two letters, my dear children. I received them yesterday evening as I went into my bed-room. I will reply first to you, my dear Henriette. Pascal says somewhere, "Who is to go first? Is that man more worthy than I am? An unanswerable question, an eternal dispute. He is older, or has a higher title—no more difficulties. Pass on." This is a great convenience in English society. There is never any embarrassment, no one is offended. At first I was somewhat scandalised by seeing a boy of twenty—because he happened to be a duke or a marquis—go out before a man whose age or reputation entitled him to respect. I was wrong. In granting precedence to titles, we grant nothing more; we do not any the less acknowledge the

intrinsic superiority of personal merit; we only suppress a number of vague and worrying pretensions which disturb society. Every one knows his own external rank. As to moral rank, it remains what it really is—a question always open, a battle which is always beginning again, and has to be won over and over again. The result is a great deal of emulation, which is the life of society, and very little envy, which is its scourge.

'I go on talking like a man who has slept well. I was tired last night. I sleep as well in my carriage as I did twenty years ago, and I have a much better carriage than I had twenty years ago; but I am twenty years older. I feel well rested this morning, and the weather continues superb—not a breath of wind. This is what we want for to-morrow. The entrance to the harbour of Tréport is difficult. We do not at all know at what o'clock the Queen will appear. She ought to be off Cherbourg this evening. She has a steam-yacht of great power—an engine of 450-horse power, in a very light ship. The Prince de Joinville, who has gone to meet her, is in despair. He says that he will never be able to keep up with her with the *Pluto* and *Archimède*.

'Will she go on to Paris? There are bets for and against. I persist in believing that she will not. A drive in the forest of Eu, with a grand luncheon under a tent, a play and a concert—these are the pleasures in store for her, without reckoning those of our agreeable conversation. There is another much-contested question—Will the King go to meet her on

sea? This is a delicate point. We have become, and and with reason, very anxious on the chapter of possible accidents, only the King never will think of them.'

It was at the Château d'Eu, in the midst of political discussions, that the friendship between M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen, which had begun during M. Guizot's embassy, became an intimacy. He writes in his memoirs of this friend who afterwards became so dear to him:—

'Lord Aberdeen, the most liberal of Tories, was a man of serious and equable disposition, of clear and acute judgment, with a mind at once lofty and modest, penetrating, and reserved, and imperturbably just. Always bowed down by sadness, for repeated losses had wounded him in his tenderest affections, he yet remained a warm-hearted and most delightful companion, although his manner was cold and his countenance austere. When we first met, I was far from guessing by what bonds of business and friendship we were shortly to be united, but I felt drawn towards him; indeed, I may say, we each experienced a sudden and natural attraction to the other.'

Eighteen months after the Queen's visit to the Château d'Eu, when the debates on the Right of Search with regard to vessels suspected of carrying on the slave-trade were beginning in both countries, M. Guizot wrote to Lord Aberdeen, on the 12th January, 1845:—

'Lord Cowley gave me yesterday your despatch of the 9th. I have only time to tell you that I consider

it entirely satisfactory, it agrees with my opinions as well as with yours. It arrived in a lucky moment; the debate will be opened to-day in the Chamber of Peers, and to-morrow in the Chamber of Deputies. I hope that it will have a happy issue in both Chambers; but, whatever occurs, you may rest assured that I shall use your decision and your words in no other sense than that in which you use them. I do not thank you, but they have touched me deeply. For the last three years, my dear Lord Aberdeen, we have been carrying on together a good, honest, and noble policy. I have a firm belief in its success, and that our two countries will profit by its fruits; but, whatever happens, I shall always be deeply grateful to this policy, for to it I owe your friendship.

'More even than by your despatch of the 9th, I am touched by the concluding lines of your private letter of the 3rd. I will not use more words than you do. But believe that those few words reached my heart, and will remain there.

'Remember me, I pray, to Sir Robert Peel, and ask him to bestow on me a little of the friendship he entertains for you.'

Lord Aberdeen's Ministry fell, and just as it was falling he wrote to his friend a few lines of regret and tender, modest confidence which were never forgotten by M. Guizot. But England and the Government of England remained unshaken, in spite of all the uneasiness felt by all who were anxious for peace in Europe.

In February, 1848, when M. Guizot fell in his turn,

constitutional monarchy fell with him; the storm of revolution once more carried away the shelter which France had considered safe. His English friends were still ignorant of the fate of M. Guizot, whom the Opposition impeached on the eve of the overthrow of the Monarchy; and Lord Aberdeen was impatiently waiting, in sadness and anxiety, for news of his friend.

One of Lord Aberdeen's daughters-in-law was reading the newspaper to him :—

'M. Guizot has been arrested!' she cried. It was one of those false rumours which were continually circulating at that time. She turned, and saw that her father-in-law had fainted away in his arm-chair.

CHAPTER XVII.

1846–48.

REVOLUTION — EXILE — DEATH OF MDME. GUIZOT.

In spite of the violent parliamentary struggles which followed the elections of 1846, M. Guizot seemed to be triumphant and his policy firmly settled. He continued, however, to regret the domestic enjoyments which he was often obliged to sacrifice to the duties of his position.

In 1847 he wrote to his younger daughter, who was for a short time separated from her sister :—

'Certainly, my dear Pauline, I will write to you as often as I possibly can while you are at Trouville. I have a great deal to do. The end of the session is always overburthened with work. But I have been long convinced that one never wants time for the things one wishes very much to do, and I wish very much to tell you frequently that I love you with all my heart. What a pity that life is so short! One has not time enough to devote oneself entirely—to show even all one feels to those we love. One has only a dim perception of the joys which it would be so delightful to experience, which might pervade every-

thing and be renewed at every instant. And so we grow old without having fully enjoyed the happiness which might have been ours, and we separate, our hands still filled with the happiness which we should have liked to give, and might have given, to others. Thank God, my child, we are not separated for ever! We shall see each other again some day, but God alone knows what that day will be, or what we ourselves shall be on that day. He has not thought fit to show us the future life distinctly, but he allows us to have glimpses of it. And I never could understand, and I understand now less than ever, how, without this prospect, we could endure the trials of life, or resign ourselves to the thought that its best enjoyments have so much that is incomplete and passing.'

Again, on the 2nd July :—

'The letter I received from you this morning, pleases and touches me, dear Pauline, and I will answer it at once. You have reason to think yourself happy, and I rejoice in seeing you enjoy so intensely your own happiness. Preserve your joy and your gratitude, my child, and do not give way to sad presentiments. Yes, things are so arranged that we are often not allowed the full enjoyment of the most legitimate, the most lasting, happiness. Of those whom we love, some leave us, and we leave others. Our lives are linked with those who have preceded us and those we have to leave behind; and both these cherished ties are broken here to be renewed hereafter in another world. Happy, thrice

happy, when they are broken only according to the natural order of position and age, and when we are allowed to retain them as long as the laws of nature usually permit. It is the premature blows, the unnatural separations, which throw the mind off its balance. We must bear them without murmuring, as the mysterious dispensations of Providence, who, from some motive, unknown and incomprehensible to us, strikes us on the very spot where we thought ourselves safe, tears away from us the object which His ordinary laws justified us in the hope of preserving, and adds to the pain of parting the unexpected anguish which it is very difficult for us not to consider cruel and unfair.

'I have received two such blows, my dear child; I have twice closed the eyes of those dear ones who ought to have closed mine. I submitted, and, I venture to say, I submitted not as one submits to necessity, but as one accepts the Divine Will,—without any secret rebellion, but preserving my faith and my gratitude. But I still feel the horrible surprise of these blows. God grant that you may be spared them! May He visit you only with natural trials such as our minds are forced to anticipate! and may He give you at the same time the courage which you will need to bear them, —they will be sufficiently painful for you. I wish I could think, my dear children, that I have exhausted your share, as well as my own, of unexpected sorrows,—the heaviest that we have to bear in life!'

In the beginning of August, M. Guizot wrote to his elder daughter :—

'You are leading, my dear Henriette, a quiet and lonely life. My life is lonely, but not quiet. I am lonely, although I am almost always in company. My home is lonely. I have not you there to visit five or six times a-day, to rest and refresh myself in your company. With you, I forget my life of labour and struggle, it always seems as if I left my burden at the door. The older I grow, the more room is occupied in my inmost heart by my affections. I do not say, as one often hears said, that public life has disappointed me, that I am disgusted with it, that I have no longer any ambition, even of the best and noblest sort, that I have ceased to be deceived by the world and mankind. This would not be true. Public life has not deceived my expectations. I take as much interest and pleasure in politics as I did twenty years ago. I have not found either men, or human affairs, or the world, below my anticipations. I have by no means the feeling of beautiful illusions which have vanished, of great expectations disappointed. I do not regret the dreams of youth. On the contrary, I feel that God has bestowed on me more than I fancied possible ; and experience has confirmed rather than destroyed my most sanguine expectations. But while the great and important interests which occupy my time have lost none of their value in my eyes, I am convinced of their insufficiency to fill my heart. Neither the engrossing occupations of politics, nor the excitement of opposition, nor the gratifications of

vanity, have ever wholly absorbed and satisfied me. I have never been thoroughly and really happy except through my affections, and in the bosom of my affections: and if I should succeed in everything else, it would be of very little consequence to me if I had no one on whom to bestow them. One's heart is one's life, and one's heart is in the bosom of one's family. I can say this with more authority than anyone, for I have known and tried everything else.

'The conclusion of all this is that I shall be very happy on the 14th, as happy as you, my dear child. I would willingly travel all night to spend to-morrow with you and return hither the following night. But this is impossible. My place to-morrow is in the Chamber of Peers. I am anxious that the end of the Session should go off well; the last week has been successful and I will neglect nothing.

'I love you with all my heart, my dear Henriette, and I thank God for the present He gave me eighteen years ago. How happy your mother would be to-day, were she with us! Among all my regrets not one of the least is that I am not able to share with her the happiness given me by the children whom she bestowed on me. She sees and enjoys it from her unknown dwelling, I am convinced. May this idea be a reward and an encouragement for you. You should love the memory of your mother—I dare not say as well as you would have loved *her*, that is impossible, but you should cherish her memory tenderly, very tenderly.

You will never know how much you owe to her, although she left you so early. When I shall have really attained the rest of old age, I shall talk to you of her more than I have ever yet done, in our two nests—Val-Richer and the Rue Ville l'Évêque. You shall know her through me. Here are kisses for you and Pauline, from your mother as well as from me. And you must, both of you, kiss for me your excellent grandmother, who has stood by you with a tenderness and devotion which has doubled the gratitude I owed her on my own account. May it please God to preserve her to us for a long time. This is my prayer every day, and to-day more than any other day.

'I hope you thought the dress I sent you pretty. That giddy little Pauline has never told me if my parcel reached you; I think it did, however, she would have told me if it had not.

'I am delighted that you will have Rosine with you to-morrow. You will never, in the course of your life meet with a more affectionate and excellent friend; or one in whose love and advice you may place more implicit confidence. I wonder if she will ever know how sincerely I esteem and am attached to her. I shall, perhaps, some day say a great deal more to her on this subject than I have hitherto done.

'Good-bye, my good, my dear Henriette. Time is getting on. We shall be together on the last day in the week, let us all pray that nothing may interfere with this prospect. Farewell; a thousand kisses. I

am not very tired. Guillaume is quite well, he says that he is going to write an enormous letter to you to-day. We do not yet know the result of his Greek essay. None of the examiners were professors of the *Collège Bourbon*. Guillaume was guilty of a barbarism which somewhat damps his hopes. He is nevertheless as merry as ever, and as impatient as ever to see you again. The College fills up his time, but not his heart.'

Whether far or near, with them or away from them, it was M. Guizot's delight to contrive little pleasures and luxuries for those he loved. He often himself chose dresses and ribbons for his daughters; in their absence he superintended the alterations in their rooms.

'I enjoy beforehand very much the new arrangements in your apartment,' he writes. 'You will be really well lodged; it will be large, healthy, and comfortable. They promise me that the chimney will not smoke any more. I had the steward with me yesterday for ten minutes, looking into every hole and corner of the apartment. Take care, however, of one thing, my dear children—do not accustom yourselves to look upon all this grandeur, this comfort, these adornments, as necessities. You will lose them some day. I hope, indeed, that your trials of this kind will not be as severe as mine have been, and that you will not be reduced to such narrow circumstances as I have sometimes experienced. I trust that I have secured for you a sufficiently high position to start you well in life, but even

in this case you will probably not be as highly placed as you are just now. And in every position poverty and vicissitudes are possible, and you may not be spared these trials. Hold yourself well above them. The reverses of fortune are light and indifferent compared with those that touch our hearts and wound us elsewhere than in our clothes and our furniture. Losses of fortune must be taken and borne not only with courage and dignity but with calmness and cheerfulness, and considered as scratches, not as real wounds in life. During my youth, and more than my youth, I lived with the most perfect models of fortitude in this respect, and to whom it came quite naturally. Some day when I am at leisure I will tell you some anecdotes which will touch you deeply, and at the same time make you laugh. However, you have a living example beside you.'

The day came, when, in the midst of the crumbling away of the whole structure of society, M. Guizot's children were to experience the instability of all things human. A few months after receiving the above letter, his second daughter, who had taken refuge in London, replied laughingly to an English friend, who asked her if she often went into the Park, 'No; because our carriage, the omnibus, does not go through the Park.' The lesson which her father had tried to inculcate came easily to her. Events spoke more authoritatively than man, even than the wisest and most beloved. The Revolution of 24th Feb. 1848, carried away everything at once—cherished

hopes, brilliant prospects, laborious and anxious efforts persevered in for a country which became more dear in proportion to the changes and reverses of its fortunes. For a time M. Guizot was deprived even of his country. He, like his colleagues, was impeached, and forced to seek an asylum in a foreign land.

At first M. Guizot did not think this necessary. On the morning of the 25th Febuary, he wrote to his elder daughter from the house of Mdme. de Mirbel:—

'My dear Henriette, your few lines have made me very happy, strange as the word seems to me at present. You are always my first anxiety. Take good care of your grandmother. Whether together or apart God watches over us and will reunite us. I had always a great friendship for M. and Mdme. Lenormant, and I now love them as we love the friends who have bestowed upon us the greatest possible service. I sleep well, and my health is good. I have had no bodily fatigue, it is only my mind that is tired, and very tired. It is impossible yet to see clearly what ought to be done, either as regards you or me. Let us remain where we are. I am treated with an enthusiastic friendship which touches me deeply. I received yesterday the most unwearied kindness from a poor portress. I tell you this to comfort and reassure you. Good-bye. My love to you all. Do not let Guillaume go outside the door. As soon as I see what ought to be done I will let you know. Farewell again, my dearest. I should like to embrace also all your hosts, all of them. When you write tell me how Mdme. Le-

normant is. You may have to go out soon in order to arrange our home in the Rue la Ville-l'Évêque. Never go out except with Rosine or Mdme. de Staël.'

The revolutionary tempest raged more furiously, and was more threatening to M. Guizot's personal safety than he had at first suspected. When he left Paris his children had preceded him into exile, they were taken to England by some devoted friends. I will borrow from a little narrative of those bitter days, written by his second daughter, her recollection of the moment when they all met again in a hospitable house in London.

'On Friday, March 3rd, at six o'clock in the evening, M. de Rabaudy came to tell us that my father had landed at Dover; it was in an English newspaper, we could hardly believe it. M. de Rabaudy said that he was going to the station to wait for the arrival of the train. It was just eight years since he had seen my father arrive in London as Ambassador—we may truly say, "How times are changed!"

'I prayed over and over again that God would sustain us if our hopes proved false. We scarcely dared to trust to them; and yet the heart is so inclined to believe the things it hopes for! We sat down to dinner listening to every noise. At seven o'clock a carriage stopped at the door; at once I jumped up, crying out, "Here he is!" I was not allowed to look out . . . . we hear steps in the anteroom, the door opens—it is he indeed! O God!

Thou only canst tell all that passed in our hearts during this moment of such happiness as is seldom granted in life. I cannot put it into words, I cannot describe the instant when we found ourselves in his arms, the remembrance is too deeply graven on my heart for me to be able to express it. As my father said, "There are in life great compensations: the greatest joys follow the greatest sorrows." We went on gazing at him, and crying out, "Father! father!"

'He looked very pale and tired; he had suffered so much. Thank Heaven his escape was very easy! After leaving the Ministry of the Interior, about one o'clock on Thursday, 24th (M. Odillon Barrot was just being brought thither), my father was hidden by Mdme. Duchâtel in the room of a portress in the Rue Vanneau. In the evening Mdme. de Mirbel came to fetch him, and took him to her house; she hid him there, and looked after him with unwearied devotion until Wednesday, March 1, when he left Paris with M. de Fleischmann, who took him as his valet as far as Brussels, by the Northern Railroad. When there my father was out of danger; and at Ostend he took the steamboat to Dover. He was not recognised on the road, although he waited at the station in Paris for an hour and a quarter. The train, which was to have started at seven did not set off till a quarter-past eight. What thanksgivings we should offer up to God!'

Mdme. Guizot alone was wanting to complete the reunion of the family. She was obliged to remain in

Paris because no carriage could pass in the streets, which were blocked in every direction by barricades. Her strength of mind astonished the faithful friends who surrounded her. She was left at first to the tender care of M. and Mdme. Lenormant, and afterwards she waited at the house of Mdlle. de Latour Chabaud until it became possible for her to undertake the journey, in which her faithful friend was to accompany her. At times the prospect of leaving home, at her advanced age, for a foreign country, seemed to frighten her. 'I *will* go to join them!' she then repeated; and her strong will gained the victory over the feeble body, which had been shaken by so many trials. During those days of violence her grandchildren often blessed God for the deafness which prevented her hearing the cries constantly vociferated under the windows of the 'Bibliothèque Royale,' in which they were concealed. To the sound of the *Ça ira*, which would have revived such sinister recollections in her mind, were joined perpetually the threats, 'Down with Guizot! Give us Guizot's head!'

M. Guizot awaited his mother's arrival with equal courage and anxiety. On the 13th March he wrote to M. de Barante :—

'Dear friend, thank you for your few lines. My exile is as tolerable as I could expect. When my mother reaches us, and I expect her this week, I shall be surrounded by all the chief objects of my love. I am very well received here; almost as well as if there were no grievance against me. But I am, and shall

remain, profoundly sad. What a spectacle! what a future! In spite of my optimism, I always, in my inmost soul, believed the evil to be very great, and this was one of the reasons why I struggled so ardently against it. I did not, however, thoroughly appreciate its extent. It was not until I came hither that I knew how great it was.

'To-day there is a large meeting of Chartists—twelve or fifteen thousand of them—at Kennington, close to London; they have met to ask for only half of what the Communists demand in Paris. The walls are covered with handbills, issued by the police, forbidding all assembling for the purpose of going in procession to the meeting: exactly like Delessert's proclamation three weeks ago. Everybody—on one side the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Lincoln, on the other the 2000 Thames stevedores—the whole of the aristocracy and of the respectable classes, down to a very low stratum, rally round the Government, and rush to swear themselves in as special constables to support it against violence. There will be at Kennington more volunteers to repress disturbance than to make it. This is a fine, yet a painful sight to me.

'I shall say no more. I have too much to say. Both my mind and my heart are full. I intended to have added a few words to express my ardent friendship, my constant affection, my intense regret that I can see you no more.

'I shall set to work again. I have found, close to London—at Brompton—a little house, which is

almost in the country; it is good enough for us, and inexpensive. I shall be able to go into London easily every day. Farewell, my dear, dear friend!'

Already, indeed, M. Guizot had returned to work, moved as much by external necessity as by his own inclinations. The income which he derived from France was very insufficient; his salaries from the University and the Institute were sequestrated, and he was determined to have recourse only at the last extremity to the offers of money which poured in upon him from all quarters. He accepted an offer of literary assistance made to him by M. Lenormant, who had formerly supplied his place as Professor of Literature.

'I do not pretend to thank you, my dear friend,' he wrote, on the 24th March, 'but I want to tell you how deeply I am touched by your letter, not more, however, but as much as I have been by all your and your excellent wife's kindness during those terrible days. To you I owe the greater part of all the fortitude I could summon during the time when I was separated from my family. Now that I have them all round me, and that I am about to begin work, I accept, without hesitation, your proposal of collaboration; and I hope, that as well as being very useful to myself, it will not be unprofitable to you.

'Here are my projects. I intend to resume them all at once:—

'1. My *History of the English Revolution.* I have reached the Republic and Cromwell. I can write it here (in two volumes) with all the available materials

in print or MS.; everybody will put them at my disposal.

'2. My *History of France, as Told to my Children.* I began it at Val-Vicher, in 1839, and I have written three chapters. I think I could write in six volumes a history which would be of real value in itself, and interesting and readable in its form, and likely to become generally popular. I wish you would send me a list of all the histories of France which have appeared since Sismondi—small and great, elementary summaries, or learned works. I have lost sight of this kind of literature; I must renew my acquaintance with it. I shall see which of these books I can get here, and I shall ask you to send me any that are worth having, and that I cannot obtain here. I could get on quickly with this work; and I think that even here it would have a great sale.

'3. You have anticipated my third project: I intend to continue my *History of Civilization in France.* A great many important materials are not to be found here, especially as regards the philosophical and literary part; these facts are collected nowhere, and must be searched for in every direction. Your collaboration can alone supply this defect. You must beat up the whole country, start all the game, and send it to me; I will endeavour to cook it. To begin with, please to find and send me a list of the principal books and documents which you think are indispensable for the period at which I stopped (the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries). I will see what I can find here, and I shall begin to arrange and stimu-

late my ideas. Tell me what you yourself did, and published at the end of your lectures on this subject; I am quite in the dark now.'

A few days later (on the 31st March) M. Guizot's mother expired in the little house which he had hired at Brompton—without pain or struggle, like a tired workman whose task is finished. The sufferings and anxieties of the last few days, the effort it had cost her to rejoin her son, used up all her remaining physical strength. Her moral courage and her tenderness were inexhaustible to the end. When she could no longer speak her eyes followed the movements of those she loved with affectionate interest. And yet she died without regret, murmuring at the last moment, 'I am going to join *him*,' thus faithful to the memory of the husband she had lost fifty-four years earlier, and whose image had been ever present in her heart. Her last wish testified to this unceasing remembrance. 'You will leave me here!' she said to her son, 'as I cannot rest by your father's side I will stay where God has brought me.'

When she first set foot in London, and found herself in the arms of her son and her grandchildren, she said, 'Now I am willing to die!' Hardly a fortnight had elapsed, when she died, in the full possession of her faculties; strong, simple, and natural to the last, supported by the unshaken faith which had carried her through so many trials, and leaving to all who knew her the remembrance of the most unaffected and unquestioned power of authority, and a dignity which attained to majesty.

'I think I see her still,' M. de St. Beuve writes,* —'and who that had once had the honour of seeing her could ever forget M. Guizot's venerable mother, in her simple, antique dress—her countenance with its strong and deep expression, its sweet austerity, which called to my mind the portraits of the nuns of Port Royal, and which in default of Philippe de Champagne has been preserved for us by one of the most refined painters of our age,†—that mother of the Cévennes,‡ who kept until the end of her days the most devoted and submissive of sons?—I think I see her now in the official saloon which she only passed through, and in which she appeared for a moment as the living representative of faith, simplicity, and of those substantial virtues which were brought to light by persecution at the time of the *Désert.*'

Her death was worthy of her life. Her last act of devotion was to brave fatigue and suffering, and break through all her usual habits, to join her exiled son. The eternal country was opened to her by God.

'Dear Friend,' M. Guizot wrote on the 1st April to Mdme. Lenormant, 'God has just called my mother to Himself. She bore the journey wonderfully; last Saturday she seemed to have caught a little cold without any apparent reason, on Tuesday she had a shivering fit, which frightened me. On

* *Nouvelles Causeries du Lundi*, vol. ix.

† Ary Scheffer, whom M. Guizot used to call the painter of souls.

‡ See p. 1.

Wednesday the cold seemed to be almost gone, but was followed by general irritation and weakness, scarcely any suffering, but an involuntary jerking in all her limbs. Yesterday even this symptom disappeared. She bade us her last farewell, gave us her last counsels, saw us and heard us to the very last moment, and expired at half-past seven o'clock with as much physical as mental tranquillity. I shall be eternally grateful to the friends who sent and brought her to me. She owed to them the rest and happiness of her last days, I owe to them the not being separated from her until the last moment, when God, not man, ordained it.

'She loved you much, very much, my dear friend, and also your husband and children. She continually talked of the time she spent with you, and of your care and affection. You will shed tears over her memory, and you will consider it a happiness in your life to have known and loved her. Tell your aunt,* from me that my mother was thinking a great deal about her not six days ago. Pauline has a little cold, otherwise my children are well. I am now left alone with them—the affections which belong to the future. The chapter of my past affections is closed.'

And a few days later, on the 6th April :—

'Pauline's cold is going off; Guillaume has resumed his studies with me. He finds them rather solitary; not so attractive as his college studies, but I will do my best to make up for what he has lost.

* Mdme. Récamier.

He likes conversation, and is naturally fluent and animated. I would not trust him to anyone but you, but for the present I shall keep him with me. It would be a very painful separation for us all, and I think that, on the whole, it is better that he should remain with us. You have a real mother's heart for my children, and I never receive a letter from you that does not touch my father's heart to the quick, and also my heart as a son. You have cause for loving my mother as much as you did, and will always love her; she loved you tenderly and thought about you a great deal. Write to me as you would have done to her about your health, and take care of it, as she advised you. Alas! our little house is now arranged with reference to her eternal absence. We followed her yesterday to her last home in the Kensal Green Cemetery. A part of it is reserved for Dissenters—Presbyterians, and others—in which I have bought a plot, and her name will be there. I am sure that she would not object to anything in all this.'

On the tomb of Mdme. Guizot, who died at the age of eighty-four in a foreign land, are engraved the same words as are inscribed on that of her granddaughter, Mdme. Cornelis de Witt, who died at the age of forty-three after an equally active and useful life :—

'Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, that they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

On the 15th April, M. Guizot wrote to M. de Barante :—

'Indeed you speak truly, my dear friend, when you tell me that my heart would have ached all my life if my mother had died away from me. She had scarcely seated herself, on the day of her arrival, when she said to me, "Now I am willing to die." She passed away almost without any illness or suffering, her body almost as easy as her mind; and I never knew a mind so full of strong feeling, and at the same time so serene.

'She took, of late years, a most affectionate interest in you and Mdme. de Barante, and the poor child you lost, and often talked of her to my daughters. She was one of those whom it is impossible, and it would be wrong, to forget.

'My children are well. I see a great deal of them. Guillaume has resumed his studies with me. I learn again what he learns. We are reading together Homer and Thucydides, Virgil and Tacitus, and we talk interminably of what we read. This does not make up for college,—nothing can do so. It was to him like a country in which one is engaged in public life; but he gets constant employment and an intellectual stimulant which he enjoys.

'My girls are very busy and very happy. Courage comes easily to well-disposed natures, and the early trials of life excite more than they tire us. I have established myself a little out of London, where I was liable to be invaded by visitors, some of them real friends and others only curious and idle.

'I have begun writing again—the *History of the English Revolution* and that of *Civilization in France.*

I am as much interested in my work as ever, and I see into it much more clearly. I also began, ten years ago, at Val-Richer, one summer when I was at leisure, a *History of France for my Children*, which, as I went on with it, grew fit for other readers besides children. I shall continue it.

'I was very tired, especially mentally tired, last winter. Tired and sad; not that I foresaw what has happened, but I felt that I was engaged in a struggle, which, instead of finishing, success aggravated. I was engaged in a never-ending fight with vulgar errors and low passions. I am recovering from this painful state of mind; I enjoy my liberty, my absence of responsibility, in a climate which although not mild is healthy.

'When I look abroad, all my thoughts are sad; but not so when I look within. I wait, and shall go on waiting with patience as long as God pleases, and without knowing what may be in store for me. My mind is not discouraged, nor have I lost confidence in my cause. This makes resignation easy, even a resignation which will have to last a long time, and to which I see no end.'

It was with this calm fortitude and unconquerable optimism that M. Guizot waited for whatever fortune Providence might have in store for him. He tried to inspire his children with his own unshaken devotion to his country. On the 20th of July, 1848, he wrote to his son, who was spending a few days in the country:—

'My dear child, I do not like you to return with-

out having received a few lines from me. Thank you for your letter of this morning. Make yourself quite easy, you need not use many words to express your affection for me. I know and I rejoice over it in my inmost heart without saying much about it on my side: real happiness in true affection does not consist in words, but in the mutual confidence which dispenses with them.

'I am delighted that you have had the opportunity of riding again. I hope that, in spite of the long interruption, you have done honour to French horsemanship, which is not in great repute in England. I hope that you will tell me who gave you this mount.

'You will not find any great events in the papers you have not read. There will be, however, enough to interest you. You take a lively interest in everything which happens in France, and you are right. One must love one's country and devote oneself to it, —love it even in its blindness and ingratitude. Your generation will have to do much, *in* France and *for* France. You will not succeed entirely, nor will you be fully satisfied with your efforts. A very incomplete and a very dearly-bought success is the best that we can hope for in this world. I trust, however, that your share of success will be larger than ours has been, and not so dearly bought.'

CHAPTER XVIII.

1848–52.

RETURN FROM EXILE—THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

THE first dawn of hope for the country's approaching recovery appeared on the horizon during the fearful days of June, 1848.

'I long to press your, and your husband's, hands,' M. Guizot wrote to Mdme. Lenormant, on the 1st of July. 'God grant that you may not again have to pass through such terrible convulsions! I can think of nothing but Paris, and of you in Paris. Do you know that the effect here has been very good? France needed to prove that she was still alive. She has given this proof. A society which, after having let everything go, has shown that she was capable of defending herself in this way, is not yet dead, or likely to die. The English say that she must always be taken into consideration; and they are beginning to say that, after having thrown Europe into confusion, she is showing the way to escape from confusion. Have we really taken the first decisive step out of social anarchy? Is political anarchy now our

only enemy? This would be quite enough ; and yet it would be a great thing to have nothing worse.'

Social anarchy was diminishing, but political anarchy was to have a long duration. M. Guizot was not invited to step into the arena to oppose it. Several constituencies talked of sending him as their representative to the new Assembly, which was to meet in 1849 ; but whether from timidity or prudence, some of the Conservatives opposed his nomination, lest it should provoke hostility. M. Guizot insisted on announcing publicly, in a short address to the newspapers of Calvados, that he continued to be, as he had always been, a Liberal-Conservative, without ceasing to be, from intimate conviction and principle, an adherent of Constitutional Monarchy. But having done this, he awaited in England the decision of his friends.

On the 18th April, 1849, he wrote to his elder daughter :—

'You have not told me the exact state of your throat. Take care of yourself, and bring it back to me quite cured. It is very cold here, and it must be colder still on the Kent hills. I came home yesterday at four o'clock covered with snow, and last night there was a regular storm. The mail has, however, arrived, but without bringing me anything, at least up to the present moment. I seldom get my letters from Paris before three o'clock. Yesterday there was a deluge of newspapers of all sorts ; fifteen of them with articles on my address. The *Temps*, the *Pays*, the *Crédit*, the *Vrai République*, the *Répub-*

lique, &c. Fury on the part of the Republicans, terror on that of the Moderates. I represent Monarchy. All this will certainly not help forward my election, but will give me the position which suits me. I am used to a mixture of compliment and abuse, but I never had so much. We are keeping all the papers for you.

'No news from Calvados. I am convinced that being already uneasy, this hubbub of newspapers will frighten the electors still more, and that they will take refuge in saying respectfully that their minds are not made up. We shall spend the summer at Val-Richer. Let us pray for fine weather. Rest, and an agreeable occupation, our own circle, a pretty country, and fine weather—I shall enjoy it all exceedingly.'

M. Guizot's candidature was given up. He went back to Val-Richer in July, 1849, a few months after the Act of Amnesty, which once more allowed him and his colleagues to return to their country. He had found in England real friends, and a general sympathy and respect which profoundly touched him and softened his exile: it was exile, however; and he rejoiced greatly on finding himself back in France, in his beloved home, and surrounded by friends who came eagerly to welcome him.

He was anxious, but not alarmed, at the state of the country.

'Do not fear that I shall be out of heart and spirits,' he wrote to Mrs. Austin, one of the most intimate and constant of his English friends. 'I am, indeed, sad, but my sadness is not of the kind that depresses

and irritates the mind. I continue to have faith in my country's future, and in the good cause which will in time triumph in France. I think that the disease which has attacked society in our country and in many others, is very serious, and we are in one of the most shameful phases of the malady; but I am determined not to believe, and I do not really believe, that this can be the end of the glorious history of France. We shall yet recover from it. As for me, personally, I have enjoyed so much happiness, and endured so much sorrow, both public and private, in the course of my already long life, that I feel I have no right to complain. One of your most chivalrous noblemen, the Duke of Ormond, said, after the death of his son, Lord Ossory, "I had rather have my dead son than any other living son," I say the same thing with regard to my lost happiness. In my public life, God has honoured me by employing me to effect three great things—public education, the foundation of a free government, and the preservation of peace. Of these three hard tasks the third has succeeded beyond my expectations; the strain that it is bearing at this moment proves this. I own that the two former have a doubtful aspect; but I am convinced that it is more in appearance than in reality. We are going through a storm. I believe, firmly, that the opinions I have endeavoured to disseminate, the institutions I have tried to establish, will be purified rather than destroyed by it. I shall, perhaps, not witness their success, but I shall have watched over their infancy.

With regard to my home life, God has taken from me the loveliest and sweetest of the gifts He bestowed on me; but they once were mine, and I enjoyed them intensely, and I still enjoy them intensely. I should consider myself unjust and ungrateful, not only towards God, but towards those excellent and charming beings who were mine during so many years, if the joys which they lavished on me did not still find an echo in my heart. They people and charm my solitude to this day. I ought not to say my solitude, for I have round me my children, who are very happy and very affectionate to me. But I will tell you, my dear Mrs. Austin, the hidden anxiety of which I try never to speak. I have lost all feeling of safety in the objects of my affections, and I no longer feel myself able to bear any new blows which may be laid on me. May God spare them to me.'

A perpetual, incurable anxiety about those who were left to him was indeed the secret malady which constantly tormented M. Guizot's mind. He never let them feel the weight of it by excessive and tiresome precautions. The cruel recollection of past griefs made his tenderness only still more deeply felt in the present.

'Your letter on Thursday, my dear child,' he wrote to his son, on the 16th October, 1849, 'went to my heart. No, certainly, one affection does not need to turn out another in order to find a place in my heart. I love your brother François as if he were with me still, and I love you as if you had always been my only son. I intend to talk to you of

him; to tell you how excellent, how charming he was, and why I had such hopes of his future. It is for you, my dear child, to realise those hopes. I rely on this, and I will help you by giving you on all occasions my sincere advice and warnings.

'To begin at once: put your college studies before everything else, never steal from them any time unless they can well spare it. Give all your care to doing this work well, as well as you can; this is the work of greatest importance for me as well as for you, I care more about it than about any little commissions I may give you. When I have any that are pressing, I will tell you that they are so. You are right in continuing your studies on the plan which you pursued at King's College; let this, however, not prevent your conforming exactly to the habits, methods, and conditions of French studies, and fully satisfying them. One must belong first to one's own country, and adopt all that is good in its method of study, and afterwards one should borrow all the good one can find in the systems of other countries. I am delighted that you are going on so well, and are so well pleased with a student's life. You will be able to amass in it stores of strength and happiness for your public life—strength for the good and happiness for the evil days.

'When you have time tell me a little about the French books M. Nisard makes you read and the remarks he makes on them. You will not, however, be obliged to take up your time in writing to me for long; we shall return to Paris in a month, towards

the 15th November; it will be a great delight for us all. And talking takes much less time than writing, and can be done at any hour. Farewell, my child, I embrace you from my heart.'

M. Guizot had the happiness of marrying his daughters to his satisfaction in March and May, 1850—Conrad and Cornelis de Witt became really his sons—and the family circle, while it extended, drew round its head with as close an intimacy as ever. It was a source of great rest as well as enjoyment to his mind. 'There is only one position which I envy,' he said, laughing, in earlier days, 'it is that of a man who has married his daughters to his liking.' 'I am now one of those who ought to inspire envy,' he repeated afterwards. All his children were gathered round him at Val-Richer; he admitted into the family circle the only sister of his sons-in-law, Mdlle. Elisabeth de Witt, as well as their maternal aunt, Mdlle. Temminck. The latter spent the last years of her life there, and died without ever having left Val-Richer. M. Guizot continued assiduously his literary labours, in which the *History of the English Revolution* held the first place. A few articles on passing events and a few short journeys alone interrupted its progress.

M. Guizot wrote to his elder daughter from the banks of the Rhine during the summer of 1850:—

'This day, again, is yours, my dear Henriette. I have calculated that if I did not write to you until to-morrow, my letter would not reach you before the

7th instead of the 6th. As I am far off, I must be very particular to make up for my sacrifice in not being near you. It is a real sacrifice.

'God has blessed you, my dear child; may He preserve the blessings He has granted you, may He confer upon you new ones every year, and may He enable you to deserve all that He will give you, and to bow without murmuring before those that He withholds from you. To have a lively enjoyment of His gifts and not to murmur at His corrections—this is the whole of life. Sorrow even without repining is very bitter, but it does not overwhelm the mind. I dare not hope that God will always spare you trials; one does not live, one is not happy without incurring the cost. I trust that at least the foundation of your happiness may not be disturbed, that God may allow you always to keep the protecting arm which He has bestowed on you for your support in rough paths. I can offer but one prayer for you, my dear child, and it is the same for both of you. Take care of each other, do not indulge too much in the blind and hasty confidence of youth. I shall soon be with you to watch over you myself, as much as it is possible to do so.

'I have not yet had a line from any of you. I expected a letter yesterday. In reckoning over again I am not much surprised at my mistake. It was a mistake, however. I have seen Guillaume's handwriting on a letter which he sent me on from Paris. This was something, but I hope for better things to-day.

'I shall probably spend the morning at Stolzenfels,

the King of Prussia's fine castle on the Rhine. I am very well, and I greatly enjoy the very pretty scenery which surrounds me. Yesterday I climbed, stick in hand, to the highest point of my favourite hill among the seven or eight which enclose Ems. I thought that there would be some glory in this ascent. Not in the least. A wide path, rather steep, but even and well kept, reaches to the very top, with benches at intervals on which one may enjoy at one's ease the changing views of the valley and the river, which are seen alternately as the road turns at every 500 steps. Three quarters of an hour to ascend and twenty minutes to descend. It is a delightful walk. After dinner I went to see Nassau, a very pretty little town, which I reached in an hour. Above the town, on a solitary height, crowned with dark-green woods, stand the ruins of the ancient Castle, the birthplace of the House of Nassau; in the town itself, surrounded by fine lawns and beautiful modern trees—catalpas, weeping willows, and tulip-trees—stands the Castle (restored and enlarged thirty years ago) of Baron Stein, who retired thither in 1814, after quarrelling with the King of Prussia for not having kept the promise made to the national party who had delivered his kingdom. I went in and asked to see the room in which M. Stein lived and died; it is in a tower which he built himself, at one of the angles of the Castle. An old *Beschützerinn*, well dressed, and with a good, gentle, grave face, came to open the door. In Baron Stein's study his writing-desk, and all the furniture, are in ebony; it

contains a recumbent statuette of Christ, after the descent from the cross, in white marble; the portraits of Luther, Melancthon, of some ancestors, and of Baron Stein himself. Everywhere appear his arms; there are bas-reliefs of saints,—St. Adalbert, St. Alexander Nevski,—all this Christian and feudal medley in a modern, brand-new building; deep and elevated memories and sentiments mingled with a certain amount of childish affectation. I offered a *thaler* to the *Beschützerim* as I went out; she pushed away my hand gently,—she did not want either to accept the money or to offend me; she was pleased by my homage to the memory of her old master, and did not wish to be paid. I did not press her, and I went away.

'The Castle is inhabited only by Baron Stein's daughter, the Countess von Giech, a widow, already passed middle age. I did not give my name. I should have had to see her, and I wanted only to see the relics of her dead father.'

Hardly two years had elapsed since the fall of the political edifice to which M. Guizot had attached 'the labour of his life and the worldly glory of his name,'* when the King, Louis-Philippe, passed away from earth,—he died at Claremont on the 26th. August, 1850.

Some of M. Guizot's children were at that time travelling in England, he wrote to them immediately :—

* From M. Guizot's will.

'When you arrived at the Brunswick Hotel, you must have found Gen. Dumas' letter announcing the King's death. I suppose that you start to-day for Ketteringham. You should all three wear correct mourning for the King. It is a political and personal duty. You are in England, so wear exactly the sort of mourning which the English would wear for their King.

'Write to Mdme. Mollien, who is at Claremont, and ask her to be so good as to present your respectful sympathy to the Queen. A week before you leave, write to Mdme. Mollien, or General Dumas, to ask if the Queen has any commands for you; and say that you do not ask to pay your respects to her, as you do not know if she can see anyone, but that if she would receive you, you would be very happy to wait upon her, and very grateful for the permission.

'The King's death did not take me by surprise. It is an interesting event for the world, and especially for me. He occupied a large place in my life, and my name has been very much connected with his. The world has seen very few such good kings, as, on the whole, he was. He gave France eighteen years of the most just, mild, free, and sensible government that she has ever known, or that, probably, she ever will know.'

The name of M. Guizot was never connected with any other government than the one which he here portrays. Already the events which definitively excluded him from public life were looming in the distance, and the consistency of his life, as well as

the freedom of his opinions were destined to remain intact.

On the 8th July, 1850, he wrote to M. Piscatory, who, in spite of their occasional differences of conduct and opinions, had long been his intimate friend :—

'It is always well for you to write to me, my dear friend, and I always thank you for it. Whenever we agree, I am delighted ; and whenever we disagree, I should always like to know the reason. In the present case, I should like you very much to be in the right. I do not consider a Republic as in itself the best form of government. I prefer and approve more of a Constitutional Monarchy. I know, however, that a Republic may be both great and excellent, and as far as I am concerned, it would suit me very well. Unfortunately, I also think that this kind of Government demands more good sense and morality than any other. Now, the present Republic is not the result of our good sense and morality, but of our want of good sense and morality. Hence my views as to the present and the future.

'There are two men with whom I am as well acquainted as if I had spent my life with them,—Cromwell and Washington. You may be certain that neither the one nor the other would have believed for a moment in the Republic we now have—the one would have overthrown it, the other would have had nothing to do with it. If you can keep it, and at the same time reform it, do so. Meanwhile I am patient, and I persist in my opinion.

'I entirely agree in all you say of the present state of affairs. The President may tranquilly await 1852; he will be re-elected, because there is no one else to elect. He will be, just as we said in 1830, "the king of our choice." And once re-elected, it is indeed possible that he may not remain as he is now, that his position may be changed. I do not look forward so far; but I see the possible contingency that you mention. We shall see what happens then. I do not think that even then, however great the change of names, the realities will be essentially different from what they are now. What we now have may last but cannot alter. We are under a tree which has no roots, and which does not grow; it grows neither above the ground nor under the ground, but it stands and may stand for a long time.

'If they want you to be in the committee of twenty-five during the prorogation I do not see why you should refuse. You should neither seek nor avoid it. You are not one of those men who fly from difficult or perilous duties, and you are one of those who always succeed in escaping from a difficulty after having got into it. Do you remember when you jumped over the *Pont de la Concorde* into the river to save a man from drowning? You did not save your man, but you got out of the water very well. This is what would happen to you again.'

The new joy brought into M. Guizot's family by the birth of two little grand-daughters, was dis-

turbed by the delicate health of one of them; his elder daughter stayed in Paris to nurse her sick child.

On the 16th July, 1851, M. Guizot wrote to her in an interval of hope :—'I am delighted to hear of this continued improvement, my dear child. I quite hope that the Divine Goodness and human care will save this poor little one. No human mystery is greater, in my opinion, than the destiny of those creatures who are scarcely born into the world before they have to leave it, without knowing anything of life, hardly conscious of their own existence. I humbly accept the designs of God with regard to them, because the designs are His; but they are absolutely impenetrable to me. I trust that your Élisa will not have this mysterious fate, that she may really take hold of life — that she may know and hear you, smile at you, speak to you, and that she will afterwards have her share of human joys and sorrows. I can follow her in this career, but if to-morrow she were taken away from us, I should lose her altogether, I should mourn for her almost without having seen her, she would be like a ray of light, promising a beautiful day, and suddenly disappearing in darkness. I pray, I hope with you, my dear child.'

God took back His gift. M. de Witt was as sad and as suffering as his wife, and they both set out to pass the winter in Rome. Politics were in a very anxious state, and the separation was, in consequence, especially painful. M. Guizot wrote more frequently than ever to his children to make up for the igno-

rance which absence entailed. He wrote on the 15th November, 1851 :—

'Here we are, re-established in Paris, in the midst of the turmoil. I do not take much pleasure in it, and I shall lose a great deal of time without any adequate result. But it cannot be helped.

'Guillaume is again with us. I am much pleased with him. He is interested in his new studies. On the day after to-morrow I shall resume my philosophical conversations with him and Cornelis. I read, this morning, a dissertation of his on the connexion between morality and beauty in literature; it was full of excellent and original ideas, well arranged and well expressed. He works hard.

'I turn from Guillaume to politics. The situation is very critical and the strain is great. There is considerable animation in Paris, that is to say, in the political world; in the general public there is more than tranquillity, there is apathy. To tell the truth, no one is much frightened. On the day before yesterday, the believers in a crisis were, or thought themselves, frightened; there was a report of an intended "*coup d'état*," in the night; the doors of the Assembly were closed, and the leaders arrested. Thirty or forty people assembled at the house of M. Baze, the *Questeur*, and there they discussed eagerly, during the first half of the night, the possible means of defence. No attack came, and every one went to bed. M. Berryer asked M. Dupin if there were "any secret door by means of which I could return to the Chamber and defend you if you were attacked?" "Upon my

word," said M. Dupin, "I am looking for a door through which I could escape."

'I will tell you how I arrange my life. I get up at seven and work till ten; then I dress. I receive visitors from eleven to one, which means nearly two. I return to my study. I go out at three, either to the Academy or to see Mdme. de Lieven. I come home at five. Philosophical conversation. In the evening I go out as usual. I am determined to preserve my hours of solitude, although it will be difficult to do so. I positively will finish the works that I have begun.

'M. de Montalembert's reception at the Academy is fixed for the 18th December. I shall miss you greatly. I promise to think of you during my speech.

'Your descriptions please me much. Do not, however, tire yourself too much by writing. The ceremonies of the Sistine Chapel produced on you exactly the impression I predicted. The Roman Catholic religion began and developed in such miserable and barbarous times and nations that the two weapons—external pomp and authority—were indispensable, and were perhaps the only efficacious ones. Only visible beauty and power could reach the soul; the imagination had to be either charmed or frightened. Hence the two esssential characteristics of the Catholic Church—external splendour and the complete separation of the clergy from the people. When the human mind became much more active and difficult to please, it was necessary to admit moral and intellectual life, and each individual Christian to a

larger share of privileges. This is the explanation of the two principal characteristics of the Reformation, predominance of internal feeling over outward pomp in the services of the Church, and the predominance of the laity over the clergy in its discipline. The two systems corresponded with the state of society and of men's minds at the time.

'Your grief, my dear child, will never leave you. God will, I hope, give you better consolation than worldly distractions, but the best and dearest consolation will never entirely heal the wound caused by the blow which has fallen on you. I have several times in my life been severely wounded, and in turn marvellously cured. My joys and sorrows are, as you know, all round me in my room, I cannot lift my eyes without meeting the remembrance of all that has been sweetest and saddest in my life: they are so intimately blended in my mind that I no longer know them apart, when I look at those dear faces I feel at the same time all the happiness and all the grief that they have caused me. Nothing that we have felt deeply is ever effaced; the storms which agitate the heart calm down on the surface as they do in nature, but the treasures which have reached its inmost depths remain there. Your dear little Élisa's memory will live on in your heart, together with the new treasures which will, I hope, be granted to you by Providence. Whatever your life may be in the future, she has taken her place in it for ever.'

The *coup d'état* of the 2nd December, and a slight

indisposition on M. de Montalembert's part, postponed his reception by the Académie Française. It took place on the 5th February, 1852; on the next day M. Guizot wrote to his daughter: 'Just a few lines this morning, my dear child, for your pleasure and mine. The reception at the Academy was very fine; an immense crowd; more than 200 people went away because there was no room. The excitement was general and sincere. My speech is entirely and completely reported in the *Débats*. The proof was sent at once to the censor, and some suppressions and excisions were made. The higher powers ordered the suppressions to be suppressed, and the speech to appear as it was delivered. Suppressions were also made in M. de Montalembert's speech, and orders were given to allow it also to stand—not altogether, however; two or three passages were still to be left out. This is the first time, I think, that the censorship has been applied to the Academical speeches since 1811. But the censorship now-a-days is very moderate and liberal compared with that in 1811. M. de Chateaubriand's speech was suppressed entirely and altogether, neither delivered nor printed. Even in this we see progress. You will recognise my optimism in this sentence. I had a mind to send you a copy of my speech to read before it was published, just as if you had been present. I gave it up for fear of postal indiscretions.

'Lord John Russell has severely but very justly rebuked Lord Palmerston, who defended himself very feebly, and with considerable embarrassment.

I am delighted. Justice, even if tardy, is only the more conspicuous. I do not always expect even tardy justice in this world; we often have to wait for it until we reach a better world than this. But when it comes soon enough for mortal eyes to behold, it is a satisfactory and refreshing spectacle.

'Good-bye, kisses for you both. Time is going on, however. We have reached the top of the hill which separates us; we are on the slope of the right side.'

He wrote again on the 25th February :—

'I felt certain, my dear child, that you would like my speech, especially the passage you mention. I, too, have long admired and loved those words of our Saviour,* not only for their great goodness, but for their profound truth. A common fault of the Catholic Church as well as of the Protestant is to refuse to acknowledge this truth; exclusively occupied with the unity of the faith and of the ultimate end in view, they forget that there may be many roads and many mansions, and they become narrow and tyrannical. The Catholic Church in its vast sphere, and the Protestants in their little corner, by this means distort and belie the Gospel which, while there is absolute unity in its doctrine, is broad and liberal in its charity. If I were twenty years younger I would devote my life to setting this truth in a powerful light; it is especially

* 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'—St. John, xiv. 2.—TR.

applicable and needful in the present state of society and opinion, and should be recognised and loudly proclaimed by all Christians—Catholics or Protestants—if they wish Christianity to recover its strong and salutary influence. But I am too old, I can still see and point out the truth, but I can no longer undertake for her sake those long and ardent conflicts which are her condition and her glory here upon earth.

'I will tell you in what respect M. de Montalembert has wronged the revolution of 1789 and the Constituent Assembly. All that he says of it is true, all the reproaches he addresses to those times are well founded; but he has omitted to say three things which are equally true and which he ought to have taken into account.

'First. Good and evil are so intimately mingled in every human act and event that in the best and most useful evil still abounds—moral and material evil—witness the religious wars, persecutions, iniquities, and madnesses, in the midst of the propagation of Christianity. This is not a sufficient reason for being silent as to the good which was mixed with the evil, or for confounding both in the same anathema.

'Second. In spite of the false ideas and lax morals of 1789 good intentions predominated; this is an important and attenuating circumstance, and ought never to be forgotten in judging or speaking of this period.

'Third. The Revolution of 1789 has not been

so unproductive, or the Constituent Assembly so impotent and sterile, as Montalembert asserts ; a great deal of its work is still going on in the actual state of our society, and in the goodness and justice which still survive amidst its faults and foibles. If we were snddenly transported back to the France of one hundred and fifty years ago, we could not endure the sight of its absurdities, oppressions, and iniquities. The ills we now endure must not make us forget those from which we have been delivered.'

CHAPTER XIX.

1852–58.

LITERARY WORK—PLEASURE IN HIS GRANDCHILDREN.

It became more and more easy for M. Guizot to be perfectly impartial in his judgment of contemporary events. After the *coup d'état* he definitively gave up public life to devote himself to those philosophical and historical studies in which he took an equally eager delight both in the beginning and in the end of his life. He still preserved his passionate interest in the politics of his country. He was no longer an actor; his part henceforward was to be only a spectator; sometimes, however, a 'consulting counsel.'

He wrote soon afterwards to M. Piscatory:—

'You say that this proud impartiality has shocked some of our friends and allies. I expected this. I am determined to allow myself the satisfaction of keeping out of parties and coteries as well as out of crowds. I ought, at least, to be permitted to regain my liberty as a set-off against my defeat. I rejoice in having some friends like yourself who agree with me.'

On the 11th March, 1852, he wrote to his elder daughter:—

'I have just finished my second campaign of dinners: on the day before yesterday, at Admiral Mackau's, where I met M. de Falloux; yesterday, accompanied by your sister and Cornelis, with Mdme. de Champouis, to meet Marshal Vaillant, the conqueror or liberator of Rome; to-day at M. de Hatzfeldt's. I have another invitation for Tuesday from M. Molé. Afterwards I shall rest. This sort of life does not please me at all; in the first place in itself, for I had rather dine at home; and also because I cannot return these civilities, even by asking people to come to me in the evening. I was quite right not to resume my Tuesdays, economy and politics equally forbid them. In order to preserve, as I intend, entire freedom of speech, I must not have too many people talking round me. On the whole, I have led a very retired life this winter, and I hope it will be still more retired at Val-Richer. I cannot tell you how anxious I am to finish the works I have begun.

'My bad spirits yesterday were in consequence of the Law of Public Education.* I cannot bear to see anything spoiled which might be so good. There

* The decree of March 9th, 1852, entirely modified the organization and the discipline of the University. It prescribed a new system under which the principal feature was to be the *bifurcation*, that is to say, dividing the students into students of science and students of literature after the first few years of study.

are excellent reforms which might have been made, both in the University and in the Educational Laws. The President might have passed them openly and without opposition; they would have been useful to himself and his government, and at the same time good for the present state of the public mind and education in France. He has entirely missed his aim and misunderstood his own interests as well as those of the country. He has destroyed all the good there was in his uncle's university, and he has not supplied its place, as he might have done, with anything good of his own. He has degraded and broken an instrument which he might have made excellent; and he has done this rather from carelessness than from any bad intention. It is sad. I am so unfortunate as to have very decided and well-considered opinions on the subject. I thought about it, and was engaged in it for four years. I shall certainly, if I live, allow myself the satisfaction of leaving a record, not only of what I did, but of what I thought and proposed to do during the four years that I was Minister of Public Education. It is one of the passages in my life to which I attach the most importance, and I wish to leave a full and accurate account of it.

'Our heart is strangely constituted. It was in this house that I lost your mother and brother, who—with you—were my greatest sources of happiness, and I am as attached to this place as if I had had nothing but happiness in it.

'I am under the fire of the Academies. I spend two mornings a-week at the Académie Française in

looking over examination papers. Did I, or did Guillaume, tell you that we were going to propose as subjects for prizes, essays on the works and genius of the great writers of antiquity—Thucydides, Demosthenes, Livy, Tacitus, &c. Guillaume is delighted, and he is determined to compete in honour of one of his literary heroes. I am very glad for his sake; it will be an excellent exercise and time well employed, and perhaps a beginning of success in life.'

He wrote on the 12th April, 1852, to his son, who had gone to pay a visit to his daughter in Rome, and who was beginning his essay on Menander:—

'My dear child, I am glad that you are so delighted with all you see. It is a wholesome pleasure. I do not care for frivolous amusements; but pleasures which are valuable, which develope our mental faculties instead of flattering our weaknesses, are good and useful. You are on the threshold of life, and you will have your trials. I trust that happiness will one day be yours, the right sort of happiness, such as you desire for yourself. You must wait patiently for it, and rather endeavour to deserve it than go in search of it. Our destiny consists of two parts, the one is hidden from us and God settles it according to His will; the other depends upon ourselves, and this is the only one which we ought to trouble ourselves about. As to the former, all we can do is to have faith—do what we may, we can neither foresee it nor alter it. You are right to be ambitious. Ambition is one of the best of youthful passions. It is a wish for distinction

unalloyed by any of the bad feelings which are often mixed with it in later life. One is sometimes too ambitious at forty, but never at twenty. You must tell me what are the objects of your ambition.

'I am not astonished at the impression made on you by the amount of light in the South. It makes the great difference in the climate. I have retained such a lively impression of this from my infancy, that even now, after nearly fifty years spent in the north, whenever I shut my eyes I see the sky and the sunshine of the south. The light which formerly used to rejoice my eyes has remained treasured up in my mind.

'We have settled the subjects for prizes at the Academy. On Thursday we shall certainly adopt M. de Montalembert's second proposal, "An essay on English Political Orators." It is too large and rather too modern. Politics will occupy too much space—but never mind—these five literary compositions on great men and great times suddenly breaking the silence of our own degenerate day will have a good result. Do not trust too much to the syllabus for direction in composing your essay on Menander, it is clever but vague; it opens views without tracing paths. We will talk of this. You have quite enough materials at present for your work. I suppose the prize will be given in 1854. When you return you must get *Meinecke* and carry it to Val-Richer. I hope that we shall both be able to go there on the 15th June. We are waiting impatiently for warm weather, it is fine but still cold. My gardener

writes: "The frost continues; not a drop of rain has fallen for six weeks; the ground is as dry as wood and very *contrary*" ' (acariâtre).

A life of complete independence, and, although in retirement, actively and usefully employed, with his children all round him, was the one chosen by M. Guizot, and never relinquished by him. He found a tender satisfaction in the happiness of those around him.

'My dear Cornelis,' he wrote on the 21st June, 1852, to one of his sons-in-law, 'it is to you that I write on your wife's birthday. I feel that it is a very happy day for us all three. I used to be very anxious, more anxious than I ever told to anybody, about my daughters' future; I was very fastidious for them and consequently very uneasy. You and your brothers have realised all my dreams and surpassed my expectations. What more can I say? As regards myself, if I have ever been of any use in this world, I am rewarded for it by the happiness of my daughters; and it is through you two that it has come to me. May God keep you just as you are, and in the same worldly position. I do not consider it to be my duty to wish for fewer and less exalted things as I grow older, than I did in my youth; my inclinations do not point that way. I am just as exacting and ambitious—perhaps more so than I used to be, but in truth your domestic happiness is so perfect, that I ask for nothing better in that respect. As to your external and public life I ask for something more and something different, and *whatever happens* I

hope that this will come. You are made for public life; in it you will do good to others and honour to yourself. Wherever you may be, and whatever you do, continue, my dear children, to be closely united, it will be through life, and for you all, a source of great happiness and great strength. A sincere and intimate union between five or six people is a much more rare and more powerful engine than people think; and thus I conclude my homily of the 22nd June, and I trust that this prayer, at any rate, will be granted.'

Twenty years later M. Guizot repeated the same pious, tender, and paternal prayer in his will:—

'God has given me great blessings, great trials, and again great blessings. He bestowed upon me the matchless favour of living in the very closest intimacy with minds and hearts of the highest distinction. My dearest relations satisfied my most ambitious desires. And these treasures were twice withdrawn in my domestic life. God gave and took away the greatest happiness that this world can afford.

'He took away from me an excellent and charming son who had just attained manhood. He has not allowed many cherished friendships to accompany me to the grave.

'He permitted the fall of the political edifice to which I devoted the labour of my life and attached the glory of my name. After so many and such grievous losses God still left me a large share of happiness. My children have been the charm of

my old age. I thank them for their affection for me and for their union among themselves. I earnestly pray them to remain always as united when I am gone as they have been while gathered round me. They will find, in family union, sources of happiness and strength which will support them beyond their expectations in the trials of life.'

Work was M. Guizot's chief consolation, and at Val-Richer he was able to give himself up to it entirely. He was therefore always anxious to return thither.

'We shall start on Thursday evening, the 26th, unless there should be unforeseen obstacles,' he wrote on the 16th May, 1853, to his younger daughter; 'and hope to reach you on Friday morning, the 27th. I shall thus be able to be present again on Thursday, 26th, at the sitting of the Academy. I wish to show my good-will. This will be my only intrigue in favour of *Menander*.* Guillaume is in almost as great a hurry as I am to be at Val-Richer, for the benefit of your society, and for that of his work, which he wants to get on with. I, too, have a great deal to do.

'A certain Count Sprengponter, who was Russian Ambassador at Napoleon's court in early days, passed through Gotha on his way back to St. Petersburg. A Saxon friend of his asked him what Napoleon really

* M. Guizot's son, who had scarcely attained the age of twenty, competed for the prize offered by the Academy for the best essay on the life and works of Menander. The prize was divided. M. Guillaume Guizot was crowned *ex æquo* with M. Bénoit, Professor at Nancy.

was, "He is a man whose projects would take a hundred years to carry into effect; and as he has only twenty-five to live, he cuts each year into four." I am not Napoleon, but I should like to cut my years into four.

'On Saturday, I dined at Rothschild's. There were not many retired politicians,—only Salvandy and Montebello. Some very fine people, however,—the Prince and Princess de Beauvau, Mdme. Potocka, the Duke and Duchess Galliera, Baron and Baroness Seebach.

'The talk was all of turning hats and tables. I said that I had seen nothing of it, and that in my experience only people turned. The Princess declared that after dinner she would show me something, and she asked for my hat.

'"It will never turn," I said.

'"And, why?"

'"Because it has spent its life on *my* head!"

'They took my hat. Mdme. de Beauvau put her hands on it, first with her sister, and next with one of the young Rothschilds, and then with myself, for more than half-an-hour. It remained perfectly motionless. I went away and left them engaged with a table.'

Mdme. Cornelis de Witt, M. Guizot's younger daughter, was weak and out of health after the birth of her second child, and settled herself at Hyères for the winter.

M. Guizot took great interest in his grandchildren, even when they were at a distance, and

almost from the time of their birth. He wrote, on the 25th November, 1853 :—

'I suppose, as you have said nothing about them, that Cornelis II. does not continue to fly into such passions. You are right in checking them early, but do not worry yourself, or restrain his independence too much: every tree should follow its bent. I am not, however, afraid of your being too strict. And tell me some more about Marie. I often think of her. Your absence from home will do her no harm: I am sure that the sunshine will be almost as good for her as for her mother. She could have done without it, but she will flourish all the more in it. Little Margaret is developing rapidly and healthily in every respect, she seems to understand very quickly and without any trouble. I cannot say how it delights me to see her mother's happiness in holding a strong, living child in her arms. There is always the lurking memory of her past grief which doubles her joy in the present.

'Nothing is talked of but the Fusion; but it is talked of very cautiously, for the newspapers do not venture to pronounce its name. All that has appeared on the subject is rather a bitter little article in the *Correspondance Havas.* But it is talked of a great deal and everywhere; and indifferent people, who are those that have chiefly to be taken into account, approve, and say, "It may be of use some day, it is something to look forward to."

'There is no news from the East. Negotiations are renewed, and an armed intervention is spoken of.

There continues to be a great contradiction between the formal language of the Emperor to foreign diplomatists and the utterances of the Imperial newspapers. The one very pacific and not at all Turkish, the other very Turkish and almost warlike.'

Again, on the 9th January, 1854 :—

'Everybody expected war, last night, except the Austrian Ambassador, who still exhibits great confidence and is sure that all will be settled peacefully. I doubt. Questions of influence and dignity are, when once they are stirred, more difficult to arrange than any others.

'The public here is beginning to be seriously uneasy, and to ask what France has to do with this struggle between Russia and England for influence in the East, and why she should help to destroy one of the secondary fleets in order to establish the supremacy of the English fleet in the Black Sea, as well as everywhere else? The public may have as many doubts, and ask as many questions, as it pleases, the Government will keep up the alliance with England, there will be only a little coldness and embarrassment between the two countries.

'The Admirals declare that we must not think of entering the Black Sea at present: it is covered with fragments of ships, it is the season for fogs and shipwrecks, the wind is from the north-east, there, as elsewhere. We must wait.

'To-morrow, I am going to read to the Academy a paper on Cromwell which they asked me for. I shall finish this week my eighth and last volume, which

would have been already finished had I not been unwell. The historical documents are ready and almost all printed. The work will appear simultaneously in Paris and in London, between the 1st and the 15th February. I shall leave it with regret. I have come to the illness and death of Cromwell, and I linger over it with an almost affectionate interest. There is something that attracts and affects me powerfully in the sight of a great man, not naturally at all inclined to despondency, but who in his last moments passed away with the impression that he had not done one of the things which he had really wished to accomplish, although, externally and in the eyes of the world, he had been always successful.'

'*Jan.* 13.

'Politics do not look well. We hear from Berlin: "The last news from St. Petersburg give very little hope for the maintenance of peace. The Emperor Nicholas persists in refusing any intervention. The Vienna Conference has quite broken up, and, besides, the Emperor Nicholas will not be guilty of the inconsistency of disavowing the victory gained by his squadron at Sinope. He will be ready to begin the campaign in March. One may be certain that he will not take the initiative against the two naval powers, and that he will go forward without paying any attention to them so long as he does not believe that the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin are against him." These are the very words. M. de Reiset, the bearer of the Anglo-French note relating to the Black

Sea, left Paris on the 29th December, and did not reach Berlin until the 6th January, because the lines were blocked, and the engine could not make any progress in the snow. He cannot have reached St. Petersburg before yesterday at the earliest. We shall not receive the Emperor's answer until the 25th or 30th. The question will then make a great stride, probably in the direction of war. Diplomacy has now given up talking about the matter, and is quite right, for no honour has been gained by talking.

'Yesterday, I had a great sorrow. Poor Armand Bertin died at seven in the morning, of angina, from which he had been suffering since Monday—the anniversary of his wife's death. It is, I repeat, a great sorrow and a great loss for me. He was an excellent man, loyal, clever, sensible, intelligent, and a most faithful friend. And poor Hébert! his wife died on the day before yesterday of typhoid and brain-fever. He wrote to me two hours afterwards: "She has gone to heaven to join her daughter, whose image has been present to her mind every instant of the last seven years." Death continues in vain to deal his blows around us, in spite of all that Bossuet says, we always forget how near he is. May God preserve you—all four of you—my dear children.'

There was a strong muster of the family at Hyères; Mdlle. de Witt had just married M. Gaillard, who, at that time, held the post of *payeur du trésor* (public paymaster) at Moulins, and she and her husband set

out immediately afterwards for the south. M. Guizot wrote to her on the 3rd March, 1854 :—

'My dear Betsy,—I write to *you* to-day, for the whole circle at Hyères. You have been my third daughter for the last four years, and I do not see why this relationship should cease because you have married with my full approbation. Your letters tell me what I already knew—that you are very happy. Pray stay as you are. There is a certain resting-place in life to which one must cling whatever happens. The future will not always be as bright as the present; you will have your trials and sorrows like the rest of the world. Hold on firmly, cling more and more closely to your pillar of support. I am delighted that you have found it, and although I have known M. Gaillard only for a very short time, I am confident that, with the help of his arm, you will traverse happily the crooked as well as the straight paths of life.'

M. Guizot's life was spent more and more in the bosom of his family; his work kept him at home, and neither the Academy nor his friends called him away. If he travelled, it was only for a short time, and the day of his return was settled beforehand. Those he left behind were admitted to a share in all he saw.

In August, 1855, he went to England for the anniversary of Louis Philippe's death. On his return he wrote from Paris :—

'I left London yesterday morning at a quarter to eight, and reached Paris yesterday evening at five minutes to eight. Until we can be shot, like a tele-

graphic despatch, this is pretty good travelling as a parcel. I came back with Broglie. I am not at all tired, and I am very glad that I went; but I am very glad that my trip is over, and I shall be still better pleased when it is quite over. I am going this morning to arrange my visit to Maintenon. I see that the Duc de Noailles will have company—Lord and Lady Holland, Dumon, Cousin—nevertheless, I intend to be with you on Thursday. I will tell you to-morrow at what hour you must send to meet me at Lisieux. Marie and Marguerite are quite right in wondering why I am not at home.

'My last morning in England was spent at the Crystal Palace. It is an historical chaos in plaster under a glass cage. It looks grand from outside—perhaps still more strange than grand—but still it is grand. Within, a constant transition from the gigantic to the paltry, from the beautiful to the ridiculous. Colossal sphinxes, as fresh as new earthenware, and packed as close as anchovies. Egyptian art evidently needs ruins and the desert. Hundreds of busts, as many of unknown as of known personages, and coupled together most absurdly; Grisi by the side of Lord Chancellor Mansfield; Peel to match Hercules. Farther on, dolls to represent savages, of natural size and colour—black, red, yellow—eating, scalping, fighting; groups of lions and tigers in aviaries of stuffed birds. Noah's ark without the deluge. But, here and there, magnificent, charming things. A complete reproduction, in the same dimensions, of the Alhambra—the Court of Lions and another

court. It is lovely. Two Pompeian houses, very correct and very curious as a study of Roman habits. And, above all, the gardens in front of the Palace, immense, superb—a happy combination of French garden, Italian decoration, and English turf. At the bottom of these gardens, round and in a great unfinished lake, the antediluvian animals, Mastodons, Megalotheriums, Ichthyosaurians, &c., &c., put together, and reproduced in plaster in their natural size, more huge and hideous than one imagines. There is a frog between twelve and fifteen long, and six or seven feet high. I will allow Marie to be frightened if she meets him at the bottom of our garden (I should say park). Whatever we may say against the creation of our times, it is more beautiful than this was. On the whole, Sydenham Palace is a great curiosity, well worth seeing, and would formerly have been justly counted among the wonders of the world. Moreover, a wonder that was constructed in two years.'

In future, during several months of the year, M. Guizot wrote principally to his elder daughter, for she was separated from him when he was in Paris in the winter. M. Conrad de Witt was fond of agriculture, and he managed the farm at Val-Richer. For fifteen years he and his family passed winter as well as summer in this favourite abode—the real centre of the family, who were all reunited in the spring. The separation was, however, hard to bear.

'My child,' M. Guizot wrote, on the 7th April, 1856, 'Pauline goes on improving. There is, I

assure you, no cause for uneasiness: do not add anxiety to the grief of absence.

'Adolphe Monod's* trial is over. He died yesterday—I do not know at what o'clock—with much suffering from weakness, which had gone on increasing for the last few days. "He rests from his labours, and his works follow him." To no one can these beautiful words be more appropriate. For a long time I have thought of him as of one that was dead, with the deepest respect, and without any bitterness in my grief. According to our human judgment, sometimes too confident, and at others too anxious, when we think of the future, he seemed still to be very much wanted on earth. God has judged otherwise. No doubt he had done so much in his mission that the effects of his work may carry it on. And for himself, he was ready to die, for he had drawn from life all that was needed for eternity. You will grieve, my children, but with faith. As for me, few men have inspired me with so much esteem and sympathy.'

Again in December :—

'My dear child, I shall certainly be very glad to see my expected visitors to-morrow; but my pleasure is much balanced by the idea of your sorrow at their departure. I am not afraid of solitude for you—you can bear it; your life and your mind are full; but when the mind is full it overflows, and needs another

* M. Adolphe Monod, whom Lacordaire called the first of Christian orators, had been confined to his bed for seven months, suffering frightful and mortal tortures.

mind into which it can pour its thoughts. When people are together they can be silent: at a distance they want to talk. However, I shall write often. You will come to us for a short time, and I shall spend a little while with you. And the spring will return.

'I am anxious not to be forgotten by Marguerite and Jeanne before I see them again. My little Jeanne seems to me almost the third edition of one counteance and one mind. Pray take care of her.'

The house was full of children. In April, 1856, M. Guizot wrote to his second daughter, while she was travelling in Brittany :—

'*Ab Jove principium:* Jupiter here stands for the children. I have just left them. They went to sleep last night at half-past eight and did not awake till seven o'clock this morning. I told Baby he had grown fatter. "It is because I have eaten two basins of soup this morning." At dessert we have a great deal of trouble to make Robert sit on his Aunt Adelaide's lap; he goes on repeating "grand-papa." But he resigns himself without murmuring. I never saw a better-tempered child. Marie was enchanted with your long letter and the flowers; but I cannot hide from you that Cornelis was not so satisfied. When I told him, "Marie has a letter from mamma," his only answer was, "*I* haven't." Henriette's little girls are well—Jeanne merrier than ever. They are just starting for a drive in a donkey-carriage, I think.'

'*January* 1*st*, 1857' (to his elder daughter). 'I

cannot spend New Year's Day entirely without you, so I write, though it is a poor compensation. Every one in the house is well. The children have not yet come to look for their presents. Cornelis is very uncomfortable because he has been told that he is to have a box full of wisdom; he wants something different Yesterday evening he tumbled down in the drawing-room, quarrelling with Marie; he hit his head against the nails in the arm-chair, and made two little wounds, that bled. It was nothing at all; but Marie was in despair when she saw the blood. They have both forgotten it this morning. Robert had a bad cold last night; but he slept well, and is better this morning. So now you know everything just as if you were here. I should like to know everything, every minute, about Marguerite and Jeanne, now that I am not with you.'

All M. Guizot's children came round him a few days later, for a heavy sorrow had fallen upon him.

Princess Lieven, who had long been suffering from illness and weakness, expired in the night of the 26–27th of January.

M. Guizot met her for the first time twenty years earlier at the Duchesse de Broglie's. At that time she had just left Russia, her heart sore for the loss of two charming sons, who had fallen victims to the measles, partly owing to the severe climate of the country. M. Guizot had also just lost his son, and the similarity of their grief was the first link in the chain of their long friendship. He wrote to his elder daughter:—

'She died last night—at midnight. An hour earlier she sent me away, as well as her son and everyone else—she said she wanted to go to sleep. I left word that I was to be fetched. In an hour they came for me. She expired without pain, perfectly calm, and in the full possession of her mental faculties. Her mind was as large as her intellect was attractive, her good qualities were all her own, her faults came from her education and surroundings. She said yesterday to Olliffe:—"It would be a pity if I were not to die now, I feel well prepared for it." The affection and sorrow of her son Paul gratified her extremely. I am sorry that her son Alexander could not arrive in time, she would have been pleased to see him. He was always very kind and affectionate to her. He will probably arrive on the day after to-morrow. Count Constantine Benkendorff and his wife came on the day before yesterday. She thanked them with gentleness, but without manifesting any strong feeling.

'*Half-past three.* I have just been making a painful effort. I have been to the Committee of the Academy to hear the speeches read. I read my own. I am to preside at the sitting of the 5th of Febuary. I will neglect no public duty, but with this exception I shall shut myself up. Good-bye, my child, here is a kiss for you. I have a great deal more to say; but to-day I have neither time nor spirits.'

At this time M. Guizot began to write his *Memoirs*—a work of the highest importance for

himself, and equally essential for the true history of his time. As the Duc de Broglie said, 'History will have to take note of it;' and this was M. Guizot's motive and wish, and the great end he had in view. He prepared the materials at Val-Richer, surrounded by books and papers, without losing his interest in country occupations and the farming experiments of his children.

'I shall not return until Friday instead of Thursday,' he wrote on the 23rd February, 1857, to his second daughter, 'I want to give a full week to Henriette and to myself. She is in a great hurry to see you all again. They will come to Paris for a week on the 14th or 16th of March. Your aunt Adelaide seems in just as great a hurry. The weather, since yesterday, has been finer than ever, so soft and clear, just like fine May weather. We go out after breakfast. Yesterday we went over the Upper field, the colza is looking very well. The drainage of the whole of the large meadow will soon be finished. We shall begin making pipes again, this week or next Monday at the latest.'

Three months later, May 27th, he writes:—

'The sun really has come back to us; it never shone brighter than it did this morning. All the outdoor work is going on well this evening. We sowed the camelina yesterday; the beetroot and the carrots are coming up and the colza is ripening. The corn is growing and the hay is getting thick. They cut the grass in the park yesterday for the cows, who enjoyed it immensely. The cow-house was jubilant.

When the big bull had eaten his portion he thumped his manger with his horns, asking for more. The dairy will be finished to-day; Ecker is painting the hen-house, and Guesnet completing the wall. Very few of the last batch of drain-pipes were broken. The dahlias are planted out in the large bed. The stuffed badger has arrived, and is placed in the glass case, where the birds have made room for him. Bocage promised me yesterday a fine fox and a hedgehog. By the time you arrive the new coach-house will be ready,—at least, the carpenter has promised it. This is all I have to tell you as regards things. As to people, we are all quite well. You may feel quite sure that when you all are happy and all round me, I always find life worth living. It is a matter of perpetual surprise to me—a surprise which every fresh experience renews—that such opposite feelings can dwell together in our hearts, such sadness with such joy, such aching voids with such fulness of life; and, above all, I wonder at our unconquerable clinging to the future, when each succeeding day makes our lives belong more and more to the past. So God has made us, and the infinite contradictions in our nature are proofs that our destniy is not accomplished in this life.'

So life passed on, filled with assiduous work, which, however, never absorbed M. Guizot so much as to prevent his occupying himself with the business or the pleasures of those he loved. When he had been writing for a long time, and had expressed his thoughts to his satisfaction, he left his books and

his desk for the room of one of his daughters. 'I have come for a little talk,' he used to say, and, either walking slowly in the garden, examining the flowers, trees, and fruit; or by the fireside, stirring the logs on the hearth, he would go on talking for an hour, sometimes of the book he was writing, sometimes of the people or events connected with it, especially of past historical and personal interests, but always affectionately sympathising in the present of those he loved, and entering into the smallest details in their lives. The little grandchildren had never learned to be afraid of their grandfather, their perfect respect never interfered with their gaiety in his presence. He was not, like his friend Lord Aberdeen, obliged to go to his daughters' rooms in order to enjoy the children's merry noise; the children rushed into his room early in the morning, one after the other, and were allowed to share his early breakfast. When absent, he frequently wrote to them, when present he encouraged them to talk to him.

'This is my conversation with the children,' he wrote one day in the year 1860; 'the four eldest were breakfasting with me. *Cornelis.*—"Robert says he loves Jeanne best; that's not true. I am sure we all love her as much as he does." *Robert.*—"No. I am the one that loves Jeanne best." *Cornelis.*—"No." *Robert.*—"Yes." *Jeanne.*—"You must not love me better than Marguerite; that's not fair." I told Cornelis he was right, I kissed Jeanne, and cut the conversation short. Yesterday, too, Cunin-Gridaine came into the drawing-room, and cried out on

seeing Jeanne, "Dear! how like that little girl is to her mother!" She is charmed with her trip, and she will be charmed to return home to Val-Richer.'

As they grew older it was their grandfather whom the children chose as the confidant of all their little secrets and of the bright hopes which crowd the imagination of the young when they are thoughtfully disposed. He used to listen to their confidences with far-seeing tenderness, and sometimes even to solicit them: his words, his looks, his counsels sank deep in their young hearts, and bore fruit long afterwards.

It was in his home, in the bosom of his family, that M. Guizot henceforth found happiness and rest.

CHAPTER XX.

1858–60.

VISIT TO ENGLAND — DEMOLITION OF HIS HOUSE.

In 1858 M. Guizot yielded to the entreaties of his English friends who wished to see him once more among them, and accordingly spent a few days in Norfolk at Ketteringham, the seat of his old friend,* Sir John Boileau, a descendant of a family of French Protestant refugees, who was distantly connected with M. Guizot. After the 24th Febuary, 1848, the two families had become very intimate.

M. Guizot's travelling companion was his son. He gave a few days to London on the way.

'What were you doing at one o'clock this morn-

* Mr. Senior was of the party who met M. Guizot. In a letter to M. de Tocqueville he says, 'Guizot is in excellent spirits, and what is rare in an ex-Premier, dwells more on the present and the future than the past.' M. de Tocqueville replied, 'I have been much interested by your visit to Sir John Boileau. You saw there M. Guizot in one of his best lights. The energy with which he stands up under the pressure of age and of ill-fortune, and is not only resigned in his new situation, but as vigorous, as animated, and as cheerful as ever, shows a character admirably tempered, and a dignity which nothing will impair.'—Tr.

ing?' he wrote on the 16th July to his elder daughter. 'I have no doubt that you were quietly asleep. I and Guillaume were in Bruton Street, walking home after a violent storm which broke out ten minutes before one, and was still grumbling. We had just left Lady Granville's, whither we went at eleven o'clock after dining with Panizzi. I could lead this life, and perhaps it would amuse me, for a week, but not longer. And I am all the more convinced of this because I greatly enjoy the society to which I have returned; ideas, sentiments, people, occupations, interests, all suit me, but there is neither quiet nor intimacy. I must have both. I have never much liked physical exertion, but it used to be indifferent to me; now it bores and worries even more than it fatigues me; I have no longer time or strength enough to squander them *in a hurry*.*

'There were a great many people the day before yesterday at Reeve's, a very agreeable dinner. We had a great deal of conversation and talked as people do who enjoy each other's society. Yesterday, at Panizzi's, the British Museum, and Liberal High Church party. We greatly admire and are charmed with the Reading-room of the British Museum. It is a vast building, beautiful and practical. The general effect is very fine, and the smallest details are perfectly adapted to their objects—art, science, and comfort combined. Guillaume was quite excited.

'I saw Lord Aberdeen the day before yesterday;

* *Sic in orig.*—Tr.

I shall see him again this morning. We conversed for an hour. His mind and heart are the same as always, but his body feeble, nervous, and shaken. He walks with difficulty, and speaks slowly, and is calm and sad. He said to me, "You will not find a better friend here than I am; the only use I can now be of to you is to be your friend."

'I do not think he would go to Scotland now if it were not to receive me. Sir Henry Holland, to whom I mentioned my scruples, says that it will be good for him, and that my visit will do him as much good as it will give him pleasure. While talking to him I felt pain and pleasure painfully mingled, but nothing but pleasure in hearing him spoken of. He is the object of general respect, Queen and Ministers, friends and adversaries, all honour him and seek his advice. It distresses me beforehand to think of the day when I shall have to leave him.'

'My dear child, I am at Edinburgh,' M. Guizot wrote on the 3rd August to his elder daughter; 'before me is the most picturesque aspect of the most picturesque of towns; a green valley, through the whole length of which the railroad runs, separates me from the hilly slopes on which part of the ancient city is built. To the right stands the old castle on the summit of a rock, at whose base are fine modern buildings in Greek architecture; to the left is the monument to Sir Walter Scott, to the right and to the left are two long perspective views of the ancient and modern town. It is more striking and original than you can fancy. But to-day is the 3rd August; you

will receive this letter on the 6th. I wish I were the letter. I had rather be at Val-Richer than at Edinburgh. I had rather be there every day in the year, as well as on the 6th August. In this new and beautiful spot, in the presence of all these historical recollections there is one recollection which effaces them all, and fills my mind—the remembrance of the 6th August, 1829—your birth, your face which has not altered, my happiness and your mother's happiness—one and the same happiness for both of us—all in the little room in the little house that I have enlarged and arranged, and that is now being taken away from me, and of which next year, perhaps, there will be left no trace. Everything passes away except the soul and all that gave it life in this world while waiting for the life immortal. May God bless you, my child, you, and your husband and children, in the present and the future! We are very far from each other, the sea separates us, and my affection will not be satisfied with an idea, I hold to the real presence, which, I hope, will be restored to me in three weeks. May nothing before that time prove to us the fragility of our dearest hopes.

'Yesterday we had a very agreeable journey from York with Lord Aberdeen, his son, and his physician, in a large invalid carriage, with twelve seats in it. which he engaged in London. The journey was gratis as well as agreeable. When we arrived here, at the Royal Hotel, Princes Street, we dressed. We then went to dine with Lord Aberdeen at Douglas' Hotel, a very fine hotel in the middle of the town, to

which he always goes. The most indifferent spectator would be touched by Lord Aberdeen's kindness to me. He thinks of everything, but if he is afraid that he has forgotten something, he twitches the left side of his lip with a comical mixture of friendliness towards me and anger against himself. He started this morning for Haddo, where he tells me he has appointed a meeting of the whole family, and that I shall see his nine grandchildren; Lady Haddo has six.

'To return to Edinburgh—a splendid ray of sunshine lights it up at this moment, the only thing which it wanted. It is really as peculiar as it is beautiful, and as beautiful as it is peculiar. The side of the hill in front of my room is covered with enormous old houses, churches, and other buildings, and the road up to them leads through meadows and trees. As soon as I have finished my letters we shall go out, and go out alone. The two learned cicerones, for whom Lord Haddington gave me letters, are out of town, as almost every one is at present. To tell the truth, I am all the better pleased. In travelling I love liberty.'

M. Guizot spent a fortnight at Haddo, surrounded by Lord Aberdeen's children and grandchildren.

'We have just come in,' he wrote on the 8th August, 'from a long walk in the park; sometimes we sat down, and then we walked on again, conversing the whole time. Lord Aberdeen had not done so much for a long time, and his pleasure more than doubles mine. He has created a fine park in an ugly

country. It is immensely large; eleven miles from one end to the other, with here and there large old trees; all the rest is covered by a young forest, which he planted himself, intersected by innumerable paths, and divided first by a lake, and then by a river. Between the house and the park is a French garden. He walks slowly, stopping every now and then to point out the principal beauties, with the melancholy kindness of a failing but affectionate old man.

'To-day, at noon, I went to the parish church; it is two miles off. All the family, except its head and the little children, drove thither in two carriages, the servants in an omnibus. The service was altogether Presbyterian; the church was very small and very full. The population seemed well-to-do, both morally and materially. There were as many men as women, all with their books in their hands, and singing fairly well. A music-master was sent for from Aberdeen to give them lessons. The whole congregation consisted of Lord Aberdeen's farmers and their servants; he has more than 900 farmers. I repeated what the Duke of Argyll told me—that he (the Duke) was the last Scottish laird who could call together 3000 or 4000 men. Lord Aberdeen turned to his son Arthur and said, "I think I, too, could gather some thousands." It would be impossible to fill such a great position with more modesty and liberality.

'The more I see of Lord Aberdeen the more friendship I feel for him. His slow, cold, sometimes shy, and occasionally sarcastic manner, covers the rarest

qualities of head and heart. His mind is as liberal and original as it is sensible, and, without the slightest appearance of pretension, he can give a thoughtful opinion on every subject. We have interminable conversations in our *tête-à-tête* walks after luncheon and in the evening, after dinner."

It was the last meeting of the two friends in this world, Lord Aberdeen was slowly and quietly failing, soon he was unable to leave his room, and could see only his children. He expired on the 14th December, 1860.

'For England's sake,' M. Guizot wrote on the 17th, 'I trust that the Duc de Broglie exaggerates when he says that Lord Aberdeen was the last Englishman; however, he certainly was the last of the great political school of English politicians, and he was the most equitable, the kindest, the most large-minded, liberal, and moral of them all. And he was (which no one who only knew his face and manner suspected) tender and modest. To me he was so to an extent which is indescribable. If I were to live for a thousand years, his person and his friendship would be as vividly present to me as they are now, and I shall not live for a thousand years. In the short space of two years, Macaulay, Hallam, and Aberdeen, have passed away: three men of rare merit, and two of them my intimate friends.'

M. Guizot's visit to England interrupted the preparation of the second volume of his *Memoirs*; the first appeared in the beginning of the year.

'The book interests people very much,' he wrote

to his daughter, in April, 'and astonishes them a little; Dumon declares that it exhibits as much youthfulness as experience. Cousin said to Duchâtel, "The first chapter put me into a fever by restoring my youth. I put the work down. I took it up again, and again had fever. It was only after the third attempt that I could read it without being in a fever, and was able to go on to the end. It is excellent, excellent in every respect," and then he pays magnificent compliments. Talking of Dumon, people are full of his success at the Tuileries, he went up at the head of a deputation from the three great railway companies. The Emperor asks everybody, "Why does no one speak to me and serve me in this manner?" Morny says, "If I were the Emperor, I would put a cord round M. Dumon's neck, and drag him to the *Ministère des Finances*." I replied, "Dumon would let himself be hanged." In spite of all this success, Dumon does not expect to get what he wants; something will be done, but not enough to give the spur that is required to the affairs of the railway companies.'

On the 9th July he wrote to his son, who was travelling: 'M. Renan's article on my *Memoirs* is in the *Revue* of the 1st. It is very clever, in a lofty, liberal, and independent spirit, and very good in a political sense; very favourable to me, but a little conventional; he makes me out to be the same stiff, tragical, solitary person that will end by becoming legendary, and as false as any other legend.

'I am looking over the proofs of *Hamlet*, your translation is excellent, and the notes worthy of an

adoring, almost an idolatrous, commentator. The first set of proofs I corrected were full of errors.'

The great subject of interest with M. Guizot at this time was the marriage of his son to Mdlle. Gabrielle de Flaux. His future daughter-in-law belonged to one of the principal Protestant families at Nîmes; her uncle, M. Edouard Flaux, had formerly been a fellow-student and friend of M. Guizot's at Geneva. On the 20th March, 1860, he wrote to his son at Nîmes:—

'My dear child, Pauline has just received a letter from you with which we are all much pleased, you write as if you were so happy; she is going to send it at once to her sister, who will be as much delighted with it as we are. Enjoy your happiness, and when it is yours entirely, take great care of it. Happiness, like every other plant, must be cherished. I am beginning to be very impatient to have a look myself at what charms you so much, and to enjoy my share of it. Do not fail to tell us immediately the precise days* as soon as they are fixed.'

M. Guizot returned to his native town for the first time for thirty years, in order to be present at his son's marriage on the 26th April, 1860. His daughters and one of his sons-in-law accompanied him. They were all delighted to see the places they had so often heard spoken of, and to find how vivid was the remembrance left by their grandmother,

* For the contract and the marriage.—Tr.

Mdme. Guizot, in the hearts and minds of all who knew her.

On their return to Val-Richer they found their house somewhat in disorder. The demolitions going on in Paris had, to M. Guizot's annoyance, reached his little house in the Rue la Ville l'Évêque.

'It was fifty years ago, in 1809,' he wrote to his daughter, 'that I came for the first time to live in this house. It became my property in 1828, when I married your mother. The longest, as well as the happiest period of my life was spent in it. Life, fortunately, does not leave its traces only on the walls within which it has been spent; but the walls were dear to me, and I shall always regret them.'

M. Guizot transported all his library to Val-Richer, and the new arrangements were hardly completed. 'I do not like,' he says, 'to think of all your doors wide open, and the passages, staircases, &c., in confusion. I like the house to be always clean and snug, and comfortable for you. You must pass through this chaos; it is like the wild boar going through the swamp. You are much more like an ermine than a wild boar; however, when once we have got rid of the dust, and the doors are all shut again, Val-Richer will be a beautiful and capital residence. I like to picture it to myself as it will be then. I rejoice in it for you and me, and all who will come after us.

'1860 looks dark. A great event is impending. The King of Sardinia will yield Savoy and Nice to France, provided that France will give her support

and consent to his annexing central Italy, including the Legations, to Piedmont. Paris asks for nothing better, and I believe the treaty is already signed. They are trying to persuade England to agree to, or at any rate not to oppose, this transaction. I am inclined to think that they will succeed, probably by yielding some commercial advantages. The general public will call this a success, but the religious question, which is the important one, will be still further complicated, for it will be not only a positive sanction of the Pope's spoliation, but a sanction which has been paid for. The first time that Lord Palmerston was sounded on the subject, he replied, without absolutely rejecting the proposal, "It is very odd; the Emperor Napoleon declared in the beginning that he wished to maintain the integrity of the Papal States, and desired no territorial aggrandizement for France; in the end he will have accomplished neither of his wishes."'

CHAPTER XXI.

1860–66.

HIS 'MEMOIRS' AND 'MEDITATIONS.'

THE lives of all his children were settled according to M. Guizot's satisfaction. He enjoyed the happiness which was common to them all. His grandchildren grew up and developed round him without there being as yet any necessity for thinking of their future.

On the 4th October, 1860, he wrote to his son and to his daughter-in-law, who were at that time in the South :—

'My dear children, I miss you to-day more than I usually do. This morning, at eight o'clock, the six children breakfasted in my study. They exhibited pages of writing and letters in English. Cornelis and Jeanne bore the palm in writing, Marguerite in recitation; she recited the whole of the dream in *Athalie*, and the lines before and after with a tragical expression which did not succeed in dimming her eyes or paling her cheeks. Then came the mother's and father's present—a very pretty pair of bronze candlesticks for the mantelpiece in the

library. The writing-table, which is to stand near the fire in my study, is not yet come. I shall be glad of it ; the weather is getting cold, and I shall soon quit my place at the window. The four Boileaus were at breakfast, but you two were not there. Your ghosts, however, were all the more present to me, like those of Brutus and Cassius, to whom, it must be owned, you do not bear the slightest resemblance.

'You ask for news ; that is to say, for our comments on the news. The King of Naples has rendered a great service to M. de Cavour, by beating Garibaldi, who has become yielding and submissive. He was seized with a violent fit of hatred, and was ready to commit any madness, but without any personal animosity ; both his hatred and his madness were prompted by others. I think he is not very sorry that his defeat obliges him to be sensible. M. de Cavour will have the trouble of dethroning the King of Naples, who has turned round at the last moment, and is defending himself. I am glad of it, for the honour of the name of Bourbon ; but, nevertheless, he will be dethroned. The Piedmontese army will make way for the entrance of universal suffrage into Naples. History has long been alternately a comedy and a tragedy—it is becoming a melo-drama.

'The death of M. de Pimodan has caused some excitement. The young French nobles overpower Lamoricière with civilities. The Pope has let slip on this occasion an excellent opportunity for embarrass-

ing and discrediting his enemies. The Catholics of discrimination wanted him to shut himself up in Ancona, and force the enemy either to starve him out or take him by assault. They now want him to leave Rome, to protest against everything, and to wander over Europe, a clerical Belisarius. I do not think that he will do this.

'What is going on in Austria certainly betokens a crisis in the Monarchy. Will the crisis lead to regeneration or destruction? I am inclined to hope the former, not only because Austria is a necessary piece in European machinery, but on account of the nature itself of the crisis. The movement is liberal yet not revolutionary; the Austrian barons are asking their Emperor for a charter which will respect and develope their history. The problem is whether the Emperor Francis Joseph will surrender his despotic power, to which the mob submits willingly, in order to become liberal, with the support of the nobles and the middle classes. This is a great problem in itself, and a great novelty among Continental monarchies.

'M. de Cavour and Italy will keep quiet during the winter.

'I have had a long letter from Albert de Broglie: his wife is recovering a little, but slowly; and a very clever letter from M. Doudan, who says: "I cannot think how reasonable people do not know that a Pope without territory is one of the most dangerous beings in creation: a kite without a very heavy tail is likely to give frightful blows on the head." Here are your

two letters. Good-bye, my children, hearty kisses for you both.'

Henceforth M. Guizot went on writing without interruption, passing two-thirds of the year at Val-Richer, and continuing the two great works which he had begun—his *Memoirs to Illustrate the History of My Time*, and his *Meditations on the Christian Religion*. His heart was set on both these works. In his conversations with his children, as well as in his letters to his friends, he liked to develope his ideas beforehand, and he made them still clearer and more animated by anecdotes and reflections, which he had not put into his manuscripts. His conversation contributed to the moral and intellectual development of his listeners, and the following are some passages from his letters on the subject of his labours.

On the 5th June, 1860, he wrote to M. Vitet, one of the most faithful and intimate of his younger friends, who had long been devoted to him :—

'I hope, my dear friend, that you will be happy in your solitude, and also that you will not long be entirely alone. No one—not even you—can know better than I do, that nothing can replace what you have lost.* But time will teach you—as it has taught me—not to despise joys of a secondary kind—to enjoy them, although you do not over-estimate their value. There are depths in the ocean which the

* On the 21st February, 1858, M. Vitet lost his wife (Mdlle. Périer) who was as beautiful as she was distinguished in other respects.

sun's rays that illumine and warm its surface, can never reach—so it is with our minds after certain blows—nevertheless, I can enjoy the sun.

'I am delighted that you were pleased with my third volume. The first part, on public education, is important in itself, and also to my reputation, and contains a special interest for the public. I regret, as much as you do, that the second part is not published with it. I intended to have given in this volume a complete history of the Cabinet of the 11th October, of its foreign as well as of its home policy. A foolish reason, which was entirely a material reason, prevented me: it is that the volume would have been too thick. I am anxious to explain and to define in all its different phases, our foreign policy, which at that time was strikingly original, and has now quite gone out of fashion. When I describe it in the years from 1832 to 1836, I shall have to add a great many diplomatic despatches to my text. I have no other reason to give for having left this part out. I will tell why I am not very sorry for having done so. My administration of the Foreign Office, from 1840 to 1848, is for me a period of equal importance with that when I was at the head of Public Education—from 1832 to 1836. My fourth volume will contain the germs of the two questions, which later on filled the stage —the Eastern and the Spanish questions. It will, therefore, be the introduction to the fifth and sixth volumes, which will contain the history of my administration of foreign affairs. I am not sorry that this introduction should appear by itself, and rather

as the beginning of the second part of my *Memoirs* than as the end of the first part.

'Next winter, when I publish the fourth volume, I shall ask you to notice the third and fourth volumes at the same time, in the *Revue*, partly to explain to the public what I have just told you,—the reasons for the form in which the work appears—but especially on account of certain facts—the Coalition, for instance—on which I wish to have the benefit of your comments.

'You think that while I have avoided certain difficulties, I have boldly attacked and conquered certain others which were very serious. Some of my friends were, and probably still are, very uneasy lest I should split on these rocks. I have never shared their uneasiness, nor do I now. A few weeks ago, Cousin told me in one of his fits of affection, "You have one immense advantage,—you are never at a loss." He spoke truly, and I was grateful for the compliment. When I determined to write and to publish my *Memoirs*, I made up my mind to be perfectly frank; I was convinced that I should always be faithful and affectionate to my friends, and just and moderate to my adversaries. If the book were not frank, it would have no value. If I had myself felt, or allowed others to inspire me with, the least embarrassment, I should not have written at all.'

On the 24th July, 1868, he wrote on the *Meditations* to M. Vitet:—

'I shall be delighted if, as Mdme. Lenormant tells me, you notice my *Meditations* in the *Journal des*

Savants, and I am especially glad that you like the "Meditation on *Christian Ignorance*." Let me tell you that it is, in my opinion, the most original and important of them all,—the one that most conduces to the rational solution of the questions which trouble the mind in the present day. But it requires development. The seeds are planted; one can only guess at what fruit they may produce. Let me tell you that I hold to the title, "*Christian Ignorance*." It is the only one that expresses my idea. *Christian Humility* has become a devotional term and would not express my meaning. My conviction is that Christians are, and must continue to be, ignorant of the *reason why*—the scientific explanation of the great supernatural events in Christianity. To acknowledge the truth, without seeking to explain it, constitutes Christian Faith. I apply this idea to the double nature of Our Saviour and to the Trinity. Both these facts are *evangelically* certain; every attempt to form them into a system, that is to say, to explain them *scientifically*, is vain and false. I own that this theory sets on one side a great many canonical councils and theological systems, but one must choose between Divine assertion and human knowledge. Once more I repeat I am sorry that I could not give all the developments which were necessary to the full elucidation of the subject; but you are one of those rare critics who, having once seized on an idea, can follow it out in all its bearings.'

In 1864 he wrote to M. de Barante one of those

intimate conversational letters which are like the distant echo of a long and close friendship :—

'My dear friend, I have just written to your poor sister.* I pity her from my heart. I know what it is to lose a son, a son who had attained manhood, an excellent son. It seemed to me that you and he were united by a real friendship. We pass our lives between expected and unexpected deaths. Tell me some news of yourself. I do not know if you feel as I do—that you are less able to bear with fortitude the loss of those you love now than you were formerly. The nearer one is to the time when one must leave them, the sadder it appears to see them go before. I entered my seventy-eighth year yesterday, but life does not seem to me fragile for myself. In 1833 I lost my wife, and in 1837 my elder son—both of them so young, so happy, so full of life! Since that time I have lost all confidence in life for others; I have never felt safe.

'It is a long while since I have written to you. I often think of you, and long to talk with you, we spent so many years together. I am sure that it is not from an old man's prejudice that I prefer our times to these. Even if we were not looking at them from this point of view; if we beheld what is now going on from some other sphere, we should be of the same opinion. Indecision and impotence are the characteristics of the men of the present day. They

* M. Étienne Anisson-Duperron had just died. His mother was M. de Barante's sister.

exhibit neither fixed opinions nor strong will in anything they do. They float and follow the course of the stream. Count Bismarck is the only man in Europe who seems to be really ambitious, or who perseveres in a plan, because he has conceived it, and is determined to effect it. He has neither good sense nor honesty, but he has character.

'Can you imagine anything more contemptible than this new phase of the Roman Question? We leave Rome trembling and regretting our departure. Shall we have really left it two years hence? At any rate, our conduct has produced the effect of desertion in the minds of all the clergy I meet.

'Good-bye, dear friend. Give me some news of yourself. How are you? What are you doing? I am hard at work. I am writing the seventh volume of my *Memoirs*, from 1842 to 1846. I expect to publish it in the course of the winter; I shall then resume the second volume of my *Meditations on the Christian Religion*. It will take me three years to finish these two works. Will they be granted to me? I hope so. God must decide.'

CHAPTER XXII.

1866–72.

FINISHES HIS TWO WORKS—FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

THE Queen, Marie Amélie, died at Claremont, on the 24th March, 1866. On the 25th M. Guizot wrote:—

'The newspapers will take you the sad news of the Queen's death. Bocher came to tell me yesterday at six o'clock; his orders were to inform all the friends. The telegraphic despatch says:—"The Queen expired suddenly and quietly this morning at eleven o'clock. No other details." It is said that after suffering for forty-eight hours from a cold, her breath failed her. A great soul has taken flight, after a beautiful life full of sorrows and trials. I shall always think of her with respect and sadness. She bore all her trials with dignity and fortitude; she preserved her animation and serenity to the last; she united the seriousness of a Christian to the vivacity of a Sicilian. Nothing, of couse, has yet been said about the funeral. I am determined to attend it. No other occasion would induce me to re-visit England.'

On the 28th June he wrote to M. de Barante:—

'I am delighted, my dear friend, that you are pleased with the new volume of my *Meditations*. Although we live at a great distance from each other, I am sure that our old sympathy still continues, and will continue. It is, indeed, of very ancient date and it has gone through many trials. It is derived from a source which is far above trials or the effects of years.

'I am sorry that your health never allows you to come to Paris. But while I regret it, I understand it. I am a few years younger than you are, and I have better health; but I scarcely ever leave Val-Richer. I have just spent twenty-four hours in England, to attend our Queen's funeral, and I have been passing two days in Paris for the elections at the Academy of Moral Science. I am always in a great hurry to return to my home, which I never leave unless there is some evident necessity. I have two tasks to finish, if God will allow me, my *Memoirs* and my *Meditations*, I am anxious to say what I have done in this world, and what I think about the next. I shall devote this summer and autumn to the eighth and last volume of my *Memoirs*. I hope to publish it in March 1867. I leave off, of course, with 23rd February, 1848, when my Ministry fell.

'I am speaking of nothing but myself. My life is less disturbed than the world. How many things we should have to say if we could talk together, and how much we should enjoy sharing the same opinions! But we are too far apart.

'Here are the Italians beaten in the beginning; if the Prussians meet with the same fate a solution may be foreseen. If the war should continue, it will invade the whole of Europe; and God alone knows how and when it will end.

'Farewell, dear friend. Preserve all the friendship you gave me long ago, and believe that I do not change any more than you do.'

M. de Barante died on the 22nd November, 1866; a passage in his will testifies his constant attachment to the friend whom he preceded by a few years into eternity. M. Guizot attached great importance to rendering justice to his memory.

In a letter to M. Vitet, who, as well as himself, was suffering severe anxiety on account of another friend, M. Duchâtel, equally bound up with both their lives, M. Guizot says:—

'I cannot tell whether I am glad to know that you are at Pied-du-Terne instead of Dieppe, or if the sadness of expectation be not even more painful than that of witnessing such a scene. I have long been touched by your fraternal affection for Duchâtel. Your sorrow must be, and will continue to be, great. You have experienced one that was still more severe. Like you, I have witnessed the deaths of those whom I loved best in the world. I can remember the anguish of those days as distinctly as if it were yesterday, and yet, at that time, I should have considered it as the greatest happiness to be sure that my anguish would last for ever. I do not say, as

was said by the poor little Queen whose name I cannot just now remember, "Fie upon life!" but I have an immense pity for all that is lost and suffered in it.

'People are pleased with the article upon Barante. I am glad of it for the sake of his family and of his memory. It gives me pleasure to put my own time and my friends into their right place. The Père Gratry* wrote to me, with a delightful, childlike candour, that he opened the *Revue* with fear; but that, after he had read it, he was completely reassured. He thinks that we agree in our opinion, and that I have indicated his views without borrowing from them. I am quite sure that I have borrowed nothing from you, and that, while you agree with me you will say things that I have not said.'

When M. Guizot wrote this notice of M. de Barante he had just finished his *Memoirs*.

'*Ouf!* I have finished my *Memoirs!*' he wrote on the 20th March. 'I have just written the last line of my summary; Michel Lévy will fetch it to-morrow, or the day after. It is now in the hands of the printer and publisher. I have a feeling of great satisfaction and repose. I had the termination of this work very much at heart. I have still one left to finish, and I hope God will give me time and strength to do so. I feel, just now, as if I should like to set off on a

* The Père Gratry replaced M. de Barante at the Academy and was received by M. Vitet. Each had therefore to speak of M. de Barante.—Tr.

tour round the world; but I shall do nothing of the sort!'

M. Guizot's *Meditations* were finished, as well as his *Memoirs*, when he was deprived of the last and dearest of his friends. On the 21st October, 1868, he wrote from Broglie:—

'I found the Duc de Broglie well, both in body and mind, but still less able to move. "I am in good health; but my feet no longer carry me. I am going on well, only I cannot go on at all." Our sympathy is more complete than ever.'

On the 26th January, 1870, he wrote to his elder daughter:—

'My child, you will be almost as grieved as I am. The Duc de Broglie died last night at ten o'clock; he was suffocated as he was getting into bed—without any pain or uneasiness. He expired suddenly. I was with him at four o'clock; he was sitting quietly reading in his armchair; he could use only his left hand; he complained of nothing but want of sleep. When I left him I felt anxious, from the depression, not of his mind but of his countenance, and yet I was not anxious enough. Misfortune is always unexpected. I have lost my oldest, my best, and most distinguished friend. His was a beautiful character; so dignified and yet so modest; such entire and unaffected disinterestedness; such sincere respect for truth at the same time as for liberty—for Divine truth and human liberty; so submissive towards God and devoted to the welfare of mankind—he had every pure and noble sentiment, and no petty passions.

When I think of him I feel, at the same time, his value and his loss. He and his wife, he and Lord Aberdeen, occupy, and will always occupy, the same place in my heart. I am not separated from them entirely. When shall I go to join them as well as those whom I have loved best in this world ?

'Farewell, my child; I still have you. You know, do you not, all that you are to me? Yesterday, when I quitted him, he held out his hand—his left hand, the only one he could use—I think there was a solemn meaning in the gesture. I felt it instinctively at the time.'

Again, a fortnight later, on the 10th February :—

'Albert de Broglie (I find it difficult to call him the Duc de Broglie) brought to me, yesterday, this paragraph from his father's will :—

'"I bequeath to my friend, M. Guizot, a book to be chosen by him from my library at Broglie. I consider our long friendship as one of the most precious of the gifts which God has granted to me."

'I was much affected. He could not have expressed himself more simply and affectionately. Albert, also, was touched. As he was leaving me he said : "I ask you to allow me to do nothing without consulting you. You are my second father."

'As he spoke I seemed to see before me his father and mother ; two of the most beautiful characters that it has been my privilege to know. Such privileges are the greatest strokes of good fortune which can befall us in life.'

M. de Broglie left this world when the attempt at

liberalising the Imperial Government was reviving the hopes of the old Parliamentarians. 'We shall, perhaps, save ourselves the expense of a Revolution,' he said, with a smile. A few months later, in the midst of the disasters which personal rule had brought upon France, M. Guizot's thoughts constantly reverted to his friend, 'How right my poor Victor was to die!' he often repeated.

Life is everywhere and always mingled with death, and joy with sadness. Grandchildren multiplied round M. Guizot, his second daughter gave birth to her fourth son a few days after her own eldest daughter was married to M. Théodore Vernes. M. Guizot was very much pleased with this marriage, which connected him with a family and a man* whom he had always esteemed, and to whom he soon became much attached. He was expecting the young couple at Val-Richer. The birth of his grandson François affected him deeply, on account of the name of the infant. The time had come when there was a tender satisfaction in hearing it constantly repeated.

'Give me news of your sister and of François,' he wrote, on the 23rd May, 1870, to his elder daughter, 'I cannot write this name without emotion, I am glad that it has been given to the child. May God give him grace to resemble his uncle! I have never met a more noble and charming character throughout my long life. He was worthy of his mother.

* M. Felix Vernes, the father of M. Théodore Vernes; he died on 30th Dec. 1879.

'Our sermon yesterday dissatisfied me while I was reading it. There is, of course, no such thing as legitimate idolatry, but one can never honour, admire, or love, sufficiently those natures which are the living though imperfect likeness of the Divinity. We must not refuse to acknowledge their deficiencies; but we never sufficiently recognise their value. I felt this in my youth when I possessed so many objects of tender adoration. I feel it still more now after having gone through so many trials and known so many people. God has bestowed on me the greatest of all favours, one that can be compared with no other—that of knowing and possessing more than one of His noblest creatures!'

These family rejoicings and causes for gratitude were soon followed by patriotic griefs and anxieties. France was advancing gaily to the edge of the precipice.

'I am shocked and grieved,' M. Guizot wrote on the 17th July, 1870; 'shocked by the attitude of the two governments and nations. In 1846, in the Spanish marriages, England suffered a much greater affront than the candidature of the Prince of Hohenzollern could possibly be for France. Lord Palmerston brought forward the Prince of Coburg as the official candidate favoured by England, and was beaten. The marriages took place in opposition to his expressed remonstrance, but it did not enter into the heads of the English, or of Lord Palmerston himself, to go to war with us. Yet the Queen, ministers and nation, were very angry with us. All that took

place was a long and excited discussion on the preliminaries by both parties. To-day a candidate, formally chosen by Spain, is displeasing to us; we say as much to Prussia who supports the candidate, and the candidate retires with the approbation of his supporters. Spain acquiesces in his retirement; this is not enough for us, we ask his supporters to forbid him ever, absolutely and under any circumstances, to come forward again. And on this extraordinary request Prussia suddenly, and without listening to another word, breaks off negotiations and declares war, and there are crowds in both countries who applaud. Which of the two governments and nations is the most entirely deficient in good sense and morality? In truth, I should find it hard to say. It is indeed a case for the application of the saying of the Chancellor Oxenstiern.*

'I see no good issue out of all this, my optimism fails me. Possibly the whole of Europe will be set in a blaze, or possibly some fatal disaster to the one or other country may occur, after cruel sufferings on both sides. I content myself with the proverb, "Short follies are the best." Take care to send us all the news, true or false, and I shall make arrangements for having the letters sent twice every day from Lisieux. I shall need an effort of will to prevent myself from being distracted from my work. The crusades of the eleventh century were not more blind, and they had better excuses in those days for not seeing clearly.'

* 'With how little wisdom the world is governed.'—Tr.

Again on the 19th :—

'This country is in a deplorable state. It is very unequally divided between peace and war. Peace has a larger majority, especially in the country, but still opinion is somewhat divided. M. de Chateaubriand was right when he said, "France is a soldier," and Marshal Lebœuf also is right in saying, "The French like parade, not barracks." The more I think over it the more convinced am I of my own opinion. Unfortunately when one is really right one is only too right. Thiers was quite right: he spoke the truth, if not the whole truth, when he said so decidedly, and I approve highly of the phrase, that "I set value on being remembered with honour."

'What is going on, however, does not surprise me. A nation's policy must have risen into a lofty and serene atmosphere if it is to escape being buffeted by the storms that agitate the regions below. A long habit of free government can alone lift a people to this level. We are very far from it. It is deplorable —but I repeat myself.'

The events which followed surpassed, in their sadness, M. Guizot's melancholy presentiment. He fell ill. At one time his children feared that he did not care to struggle against his malady, that he was too sad and too weary to wish to live. The idea, however, struck him, while lying weak and helpless in his bed, that he might yet be able to serve his country by telling the world his opinion of the actual state of things, of their cause, and of their possible remedies: he rose up and set to work; but his health was shaken

and his strength impaired. His courage, however, was neither the one nor the other. On the 12th September he wrote to M. Vitet :—

'A few words, my dear friend, only to give you news of myself, which I did not choose to do as long as I should have had to give them to you from my bed.

'Grief and indignation are unwholesome at eighty-three years of age. I have been very ill, and I am still very weak. However, I am better, and I feel that I am making a step towards recovery every day. Would to God that I were as sure of the recovery of France as I am of my own ! But France is in an acute crisis. From a distance she seems to be bearing it pretty well, without boasting or despair. What I hear from Paris agrees with these impressions. I no longer call myself an optimist, but I despair less to-day than I did a week ago. We are beginning to save our honour. This is all that I dare hope for. Whether you have any hope or not write and tell me what you see, and what you think. We are two Christian men, we shall understand and support each other. Good-bye. I am tired.'

When the first clap of thunder was heard all M. Guizot's children were with him at Val-Richer ; but it was his principle that in every painful crisis each man should be at his natural post. M. Cornelis de Witt returned to Paris, where his usual duties lay, and his wife soon joined him, determined to bear everything with him and by his side. Their daughter, Mdme. Théodore de Vernes, and her husband and

eldest child, stayed with them ; their other children remained at Val-Richer with M. Guizot and the eldest married couple in the family—M. and Mdme. Conrad de Witt. They sent provisions to Paris and took measures to obtain letters, without anticipating, in the least, the total separation which was in store for them. All communications ceased on the 18th September ; Mdme. Guillaume Guizot reached Val-Richer a few days before to take an affectionate part in the filial duties, in the labours and anxieties of every day, her husband remaining at his post in the besieged capital. On the 9th September M. Guizot wrote to his daughter, Mdme. Cornelis de Witt :—

'Gabrielle arrived last night ; the train was very late, but she is in excellent health and spirits. She has courage and good sense ; the two qualities of most importance in ordinary life as well as in days of trial. Thank Cornelis for his last letter, its fortitude and precision gave me real pleasure ; it exhibited neither despair nor illusions. I shall certainly write to him very soon ; I have written to no one but you for the last fortnight.

'Your children are well, and are behaving well ; Rachel is virtuous, Suzanne tractable, François perfect. Robert and Pierre study a little and give no trouble. Robert is an excellent purveyor of trout, the only food I have been able to touch for several days.

'Good-bye, my child. I am quite sure that you write to me every day, and you are right in so doing ; letters in themselves are a pleasure, even when they contain only sad tidings.'

Letters continued to be written as a protest; although, as they were seldom received, it was a continual effort. On the 4th October, M. Guizot wrote:

'How I miss you! I think this is the first time that the 4th October has been so unsatisfactory. I send you my blessing, my children. Pauline, Cornelis —both the Cornelis—Guillaume, Marie, Théodore, receive each one of you my blessing, and pray that it may not be long before we are reunited! How much happiness and sorrow are contained in a long life! When I ransack up my memory, when I go over again all that I have done, thought, and felt, since the 4th October, 1787, I can scarcely believe that so much has taken place in a few years. And it all still lives and is present in my heart. I do not know if I have learned all that I ought to have learned, but I have forgotten nothing.

'All that are here were with me just now, breakfasting and reciting—Marguerite, a long and charming legend in English verse; Jeanne, an excellent translation of five or six of the most beautiful and difficult pages of Milton; Robert, a copy of verses; Pierre, Rachel, and Suzanne, recited each a long piece of poetry very well, Rachel especially. They are happy, —very happy now. They will have their share of sorrow, God grant that it may not be too heavy!

'I write to-day only to you, for you all. Henriette is writing to Marie. You will all have letters if they reach you. My health is improving daily. I have some reason to hope that my letters to my English friends will not be without effect.'

Again, on the 24th October :—

'At length we are allowed to breathe occasionally. We have received your letters of the 14th and 18th; the one of the 14th reached us last, having gone round by England. I hope that by trying every means, our letters will sometimes reach you. All is going on well in this house, and not badly in the country round. There is neither enthusiasm nor weakness. Calvados is in a disturbed condition; there are 6000 of the *garde mobile* at Dreux. They have already fought well, and I hope that they will continue to do so. Another Prussian attack is announced. I often send letters to England and to the departments. To the English I maintain that England's neutrality may be efficacious without being warlike, and that it ought to be so on pain of losing her political influence in Europe. I advise our departments to trust to no illusions nor yet to despair. For the mad cry, "*à Berlin, à Berlin!*" the cry, "*à Paris, à Paris!*" should be substituted. I am especially anxious about food for you.

'Your children are very good, both boys and girls; Rachel is always exemplary. I do not think I ever saw a child of her age acquire so quickly the feeling of duty and the power of self-government—the two capital qualities in this life. Good-bye, my child; my love to all.'

When the lamentable termination to the war at length threw open the gates of Paris, M. Cornelis de Witt, who was one of the first to leave the city, heard, as soon as he set foot in Normandy, that he

had been elected a Deputy for Calvados. Twice already, in 1863 and 1869, he had been the Liberal Conservative candidate, now that in the hour of public danger he was elected, he immediately set out through the wasted and pillaged country, still occupied by foreign troops, to Bordeaux. His wife arrived soon afterwards at Val-Richer, where she was surrounded by all her family. Her hair had turned white, and her health, though apparently good, had received a shock from which it never recovered. 'My heart has not been at ease for five months,' she said. Only three times had the attempts to carry news of those she loved to her succeeded.

The grief and anger caused by the events which were taking place in Paris—the humiliation of the Commune added to the humiliations of national defeat and the bitterness of a forced peace—cruelly tried the bravest hearts. Mdme. Cornelis de Witt had endured all the privations of the siege with a courageous natural gaiety which surprised her friends. She was often ill during the year 1871, and when she returned to Paris for the opening of the schools, her family were in sad anxiety about her. She concealed all her own personal misgivings, and bravely fulfilled her onerous task. Her father wrote to her on the 21st November in answer to a request on her part :—

'Certainly, my child ; I will give you my manuscript on Washington. I left it in my desk in Paris, where I happened to be when M. Gavard brought it to me from London, and I will add to it my manu-

script on the Duc de Broglie, which is here, and which I will bring with me on the 20th December. Of my three sons, your husband is, and always will be, the politician; he ought, therefore, to possess my two portraits of the two great and honest politicians who founded, with so much disinterestedness, the one a Republic, the other a Constitutional Monarchy. It gave me a real pleasure to write of them as I thought, and it will be an equal pleasure to deposit what I wrote in good hands.'

M. Guizot went on writing without intermission. After finishing his two great works, besides several stray pieces, introductions and reflections which he added to his collected writings, he wrote the lives of St. Louis and of Calvin, the first two of the four great French Christians, both Catholic and Protestant, whom he was anxious to describe. At a later date he intended to add to them the portraits of St. Vincent de Paul and Duplessis-Mornay. He suspended, only while he wrote his notice on the Duc de Broglie, his new and important work on the History of France, founded upon the lessons with which he for many years had delighted his grandchildren. The war interrupted the publication of the book, and likewise interfered with the author's progress, for M. Guizot was absorbed by patriotic anxieties, and employed in trying to enlighten Europe on the state of France, while he endeavoured to raise and sustain the country itself. He resumed his task as soon as quiet was in a measure restored, and his first volume appeared towards the end of the year 1871.

M. Vitet undertook to introduce it to the readers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Guizot wrote to him on 17th May, 1872 :—

'My dear Friend,—I am delighted that you think as you say, and delighted that you said what you thought. I hope that it is really true. It was, indeed, in the first place for the instruction of my grandchildren, for their instruction through their imagination, but not for them alone, that I began, and, God willing, shall finish this important work. I fancied that I might help to restore France in her present ruins by setting before her a faithful picture of the recoveries of former days in her long life. It is only our faith in a resurrection which enables us poor creatures to endure the idea of death. It ought to be the same thing for nations. They are not dead as long as they are and feel themselves to be alive, they do not fall into decrepitude as long as they do not yield to it, and can look back to former resurrections in their history. This has been my second motive (after that of teaching my grandchildren) for writing this book and taking a serious interest in it. Thank you for having so well understood and interpreted me.

'I shall not talk to you of anything else this morning. I am trying to get a few numbers of my book ready before I have to attend to the Synod. It is to open on the 6th June, and will, I suppose, take up my time for the whole month. God has done well in not permitting us to know beforehand the limits

to our powers, if we did we should often not undertake what, after all, perhaps, we may be able sometimes to carry through.'

M. Guizot always tried his powers to the utmost. He at length, to his great satisfaction, succeeded in a project at which he had long been working in the service of the French Protestant Church. He wished to re-establish the ancient traditional discipline, at the same time free and well regulated, of the old French Protestants. He himself prepared all the papers and gave himself up to the work with a constant enthusiasm which could not fail to exhaust him. He wrote on the 27th May, 1872, to his second daughter :—

'Your sister has told you that you would see me arrive on Sunday 2nd instead of on Monday the 3rd June. There is to be a great conference of the evangelical delegates at the Synod on Monday at one o'clock ; they have asked me to attend, and I wish to do so. I therefore hasten my departure by one day. I hope that my little Pierre will be quite well by that time. The fine weather has come back, not yet warm enough, but fine and mild. I am told that Rachel nursed her little brother admirably during his illness—a good, loveable girl by the side of a good, loveable boy. May God bless them both ; I long to see them again!'

M. Guizot directed the opening labours of the Synod ; but he could not continue the effort, and it was from Val-Richer that he followed its final deliberations with constant interest. 'God has bestowed

great favours upon me,' he often said; 'He has permitted me to employ my activity, first in literature, then in politics, and, finally, in the service of religion. I hope to continue this last to the end of my appointed course.'

CHAPTER XXIII.

1871–74.

DEATH OF HIS YOUNGER DAUGHTER — HIS LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH.

M. GUIZOT was once more settled at Val-Richer, surrounded by the greater number of his children and grandchildren; he wrote on 21st July, 1872, to his younger daughter :—

'I delight in seeing your three little ones pass backwards and forwards in front of my windows, and in hearing their voices. François is the least talkative and noisy, Rachel is restrained by her dignity, but Suzanne chatters, screams, and jumps about enough for all three; she has succeeded in exciting Dorothea,* who is shy and proud, and who does not know a word of French. Suzanne knows only a few English words, but she talks just as fluently as if it were French to Dorothea, whom she understands, and contrives to make understand. It is an amusing little scene. I like to look at children, they rest me from looking at men. You are coming on Wednesday; I adjourn,

* A little English friend who was staying at Val-Richer.

therefore this conversation. I find letters so insufficient. Robert will find Figaro and his white rabbits in excellent health, and very glad to see him again. I mean Figaro, I do not know what to think about the memory and sympathy of rabbits.'

Almost on the same day, M. Guizot wrote to M. Vitet:—'Pray write to me; you know how devoted is my friendship. There are very few left of our old and excellent battalion.'

The one to whom he addressed these words was soon to disappear from its ranks.

Fifteen years earlier, on the 23rd February, 1858, M. Guizot had written:—

'Poor Madame Vitet died last night. I am distressed beyond measure. How lonely her unhappy husband will be! No children, an old mother, who is perfectly deaf, and a sister who has a husband and children of her own. What can friends do to solace such grief? What can the cold, distant sympathy of friends whom one sees only from time to time do to replace such an intimate union? I know it by my own experience; and now, when I reflect upon all I feel for Vitet at this moment, I am aghast at the worthlessness and impotence of friendship. Our only consolation is in God. We must cherish the past in our inmost hearts, and look forward to our future life.'

M. Vitet did this, and in his turn, on the 6th June, 1873, he obtained his eternal reward. M. Guizot wrote to his second daughter, who had just returned from spending the winter at Mentone, for the sake of her health:—

'It is a real sorrow, and I know what sorrow is. I have had friends of greater depth and learning than he was, but not one more agreeable. He was full of refinement and distinction in every respect, in his ideas, his feelings, his habits, tastes, sympathies and antipathies. Yet there was no pretension in all this refinement; it was a simple natural elevation, and he was as faithful to his friends as to his opinions. I try to think if he had a single fault, and I can find none. Our friendship dates from 1819, when he first entered the Normal School and a little into society. He was seventeen and I was thirty-two. From that time there was neither a gap nor a cloud. One of the last links is now broken, and I have taken another step into mental solitude. You know what I have left to me, and that I cherish my treasures more than ever. May God spare me as respects my children and grandchildren. It seems to me, that they are the only vulnerable points I have left; but who can tell in what corner, in what inmost recess of the soul, he may be wounded? Farewell, my child; is it not a pity that every joy in life is liable to become a grief? I repeat to myself every day that we ought not to let the trials which God inflicts make us forget His gifts. Good-bye, my child.'

'*June 8th.*

'I am not naturally melancholy; but the trials of life are so many and so great that they have made a deeply-seated melancholy habitual to me; I return to it naturally with every fresh cause. It only rather confuses me to make my recollections of happiness

agree with my instinctive sadness, my bursts of gratitude with my habitual regret. Human life is full of inconsistencies and contradictions. We must learn to accept it as it is.

'I have just received a long letter from Cuvillier Fleury on the effect produced by Vitet's unexpected death, and on the sympathy generally expressed with him. It is right and proper. The country is not wanting in good and honest servants, but its rare and beautiful ornaments are passing away, and I see no new ones arising. It is not enough for a great country to be prosperous, it ought to be splendid. I intend to write a few pages on Vitet in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Although I am avaricious of my time, I must consecrate two or three days to his memory. My great work is going on well.'

The third volume of the *History of France as told to my Grandchildren*, was nearly finished, when M. Guizot, for the last time, interrupted his work to do homage to the memory of a friend—a homage which his friends should have paid to him if death had kept count of years.

It was now that the last severe blow came to shatter all that remained of the powers which had been so long and so admirably preserved. On her return from Mentone, in April, 1873, Mdme. Cornelis de Witt was attacked by pleurisy, which left her weak and languid — more weak, indeed, than languid. As soon as she was able to travel, she went to Val-Richer, to enjoy the happiness she always found in the bosom of her family—a

repose and well-being which did not fail her even then. She was not, however, allowed to remain there. The 4th October always brought all M. Guizot's children round him, and on the next day Mdme. Cornelis de Witt set out for Paris, the first stage on her journey to Cannes. She left with a sad presentiment, which even her bravery could not conceal. M. Guizot followed her to Paris to see her once more. After embracing him for the last time, she quitted his study and looked neither to the right nor to the left as she went downstairs on her way to the carriage which was to take her to the station; she did not speak and scarcely appeared to breathe, it seemed as if she had gathered up all her energies in order to endure a trial which she felt was too much for her strength.

The father and daughter did not see each other again until they met in the life eternal.

On the 17th October, M. Guizot wrote to her:—

'Your letters, my child, reached us yesterday, one in the morning and another in the evening. I need not tell you how much pleasure they gave us. My affections kill my optimism: my long experience has inspired me with permanent anxiety. Every absence, every journey, every known or unknown chance of accidents, shakes my courage to the very centre, although I do not show it. You have, however, arrived, and are settled comfortably. May God take you under His care, my child. We are not there—I do not say, to take care of you for this would be beyond our powers—but to look at you and say to each other, "She is with us!" Your husband

left you yesterday, another cause for sorrow and anxiety. You are, happily, very brave.

'Your children are well. What a pity that sacrifice cannot give us security! Our only resource is in resignation to the unknown will of God.

'His will in public affairs is hidden from us, and my faith is sorely tried in that respect. It is said that the Comte de Chambord's final decision will arrive to-morrow. I no not believe in finality. It is, however, what the country requires—to be settled definitively for twenty years—we do not ask for more.'

This separation was indeed a great sacrifice, for M. Cornelis de Witt was retained at Versailles and Paris by his legislative duties. He took a journey of 500 leagues, as often as he possibly could, in order to spend two or three days with his wife; but these flashes of joy were only just enough to enable them to bear a separation which was becoming more and more cruel every day, for she was growing weaker and weaker. The children she was not able to take with her to Cannes paid her frequent visits. At length her eldest daughter settled herself there, and her sister, who came only for a few days, remained there to the last moment, which was nearer at hand than had been foreseen by their most anxious fears. The invalid's energy long preserved their illusions, but at length she laid down her burden; she no longer struggled or opposed any resistance to the disease which took entire possession of her. She accepted the will of God while confiding to Him all

whom she loved with the calm and simple trust which had supported her through the trials of life. She expired on the 28th February, 1874, surrounded by all her family, and leaving an irreparable void in more than one life.

M. Guizot had borne her absence with fortitude, he now submitted humbly to her loss, but those who loved him were not deceived as to the effect of grief upon a heart which seemed every day to become more tender. He looked forward to seeing her soon again, this was the source of his strength and his consolation, for he, too, felt that his physical powers were waning. He continued to write, but slowly and with difficulty—it was troublesome to him to consult authorities. His remaining daughter had the sad consolation of helping him in his task. He sometimes said, 'There must be one mind in two bodies for us to work as we do.'

The rest, the garden and the flowers at Val-Richer, were delightful to him. It was a fine summer, and he spent many hours sitting in the open air, well sheltered from sun and wind, his books by his side, dictating or conversing, but his appetite absolutely failed and he walked with difficulty. His interest in politics was increased by the appointment of his son-in-law, M. Cornelis de Witt, to be Under-Secretary of the Minister of the Interior. Every visit from the children who lived away from him was a deeply-felt pleasure and an amusement to him. They all anxiously treasured up every proof of the love which they saw passing away as rapidly as a stream runs through the fingers that try to hold it fast.

M. Guizot had written the last lines of the fourth volume of his history, when he yielded to his increasing weakness and took to his bed, never to leave it again. He had been glad to see M. and Mdme. Cuvillier Fleury, with whom he had long been intimate. 'Welcome, friends,' he said to them, when they arrived at Val-Richer, 'for you are real friends.' They were the last who saw him out of bed.

He never lost his thoughtfulness for all whom he loved. He felt the hand of death, and already spoke with difficulty when he said to his daughter (alluding to his approaching dissolution) 'You will write yourself to Mdme. Mollien.' This faithful friend with whom he had been intimate for many years was, although older than himself, destined to survive him.

All his children were present, they had hastened to come to him. Mdme. Gaillard de Witt was there also, with her eldest daughter, M. Guizot's godchild, who afterwards married his grandson, Robert de Witt. His physician, Dr. Béhier, always faithful to the memory of M. Guizot's darling son, watched with a skill that was sharpened by his filial affection every step of the downward progress against which he was eagerly fighting. All was in vain, age and weariness gained the day without any malady declaring itself or any organ being attacked. M. Guizot spoke little, and seemed absorbed in his reflections. He often evoked the memory of those he had lost, and, as time disappeared in the presence of eternity, he spoke of the son of whom he had been bereaved thirty-seven years previously in the same way as of the daughter who had preceded him to her eternal rest by only six

months. More than once when his children were all collected round his bed in his little room, he pronounced the name of France—that dear country whose disasters had struck the first fatal blow to his robust old age. 'We must serve France, it is a difficult country to serve—short-sighted and fickle—but we must serve it well, it is a great country.' Then, as if returning to the taste for poetry, which had been so strong in his youth, and which he had never wholly lost, he would repeat in a low tone some lines from Corneille, or Rousseau's *Ode to Fortune*, searching and finding in his memory the words which had so long been buried under the impressions of years. He wanted to hear read some passages from his *History of France;* he desired one of his grand-daughters, who was watching by him, to look in the third volume for the portrait of Coligny, which he wished to see again. His daughter was kneeling by the side of the bed to which he had already been confined for five or six days, forced against his will to accept all the little services which each one eagerly offered—his tastes and wishes were still for independence, although his strength no longer permitted him to follow them. The look he gave his daughter was almost enough to deceive her as to their approaching separation—it was still so penetrating and so tender—'Good-bye, my child; good-bye!' he repeated. The hearts of all present were sustained by one hope. 'We shall meet again, my father,' she exclaimed. M. Guizot, whose weakness had been so great a few moments before, raised himself on his pillows, his eyes shone brightly, and his voice seemed to have regained its strength as he

replied, 'No one is more convinced of that than I am!' His accent still echoes in the hearts of those who heard him. His words became fewer and fewer.

One after the other, and at long intervals, M. Guizot had added new codicils to his will in affectionate remembrance of many whom he might have forgotten; he had ordered his funeral, forbidding all invitations and speeches. 'God alone should speak by the side of the grave,' he said.

Presently the silence of death set in. He had not opened his eyes or spoken for many hours, his son and daughters were at his side, when suddenly the dying eyes opened more beautiful, more piercing than ever, with a far-off glance of strange clearness as if they already perceived the beloved beings who were waiting on the opposite shore. While his children were watching this glance his soul had already entered into eternity.

A few days previously, as M. Guizot was sitting in his armchair by the side of his desk, overpowered by mortal weakness, he said to his daughter, 'Ah, my child, how little do we know!' Then, suddenly lifting up his hands, 'However, I shall soon enter into the light!'

He had now entered into the light. The perfection to which he had so long aspired at length was his.

THE END.

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